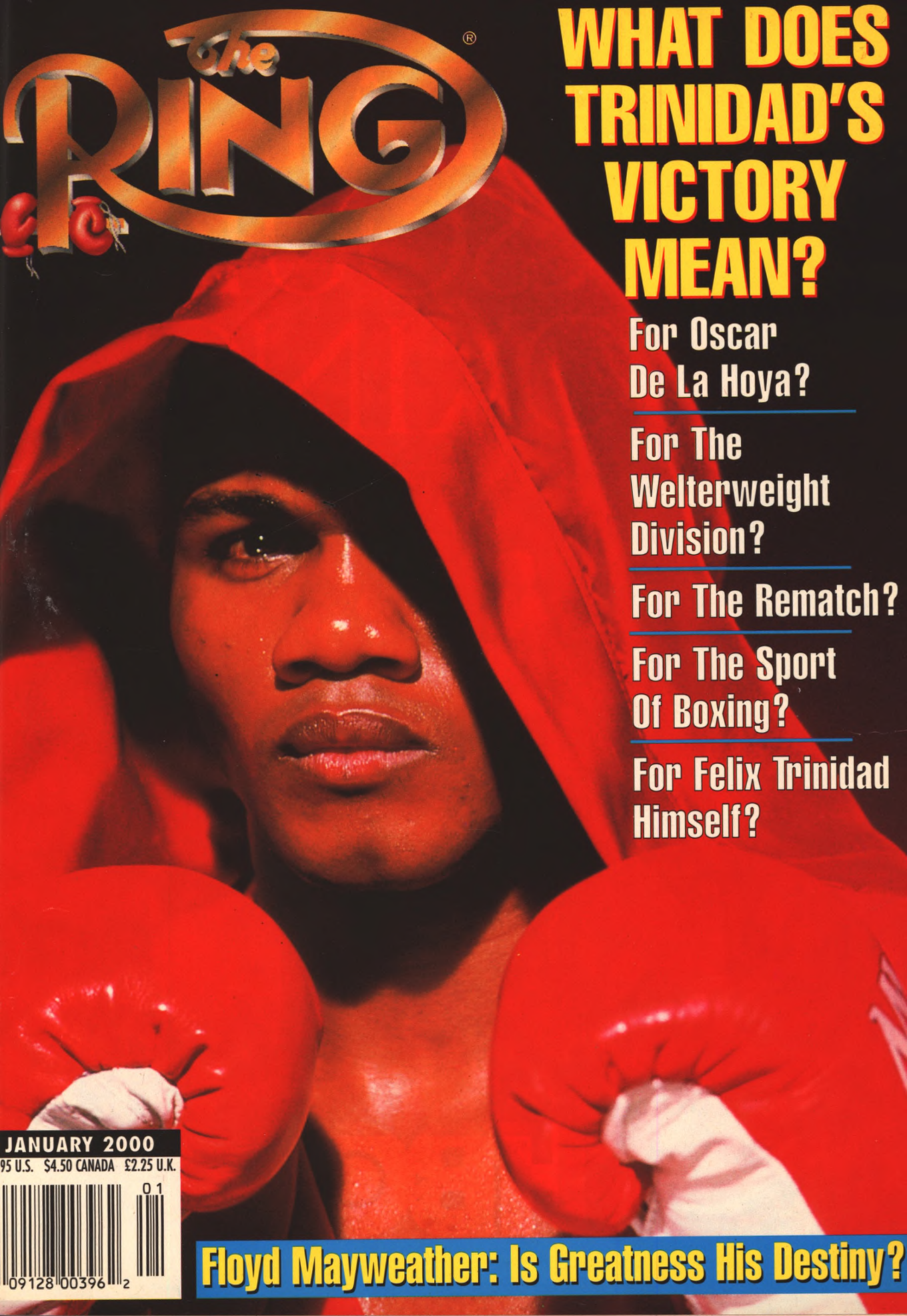
The RING
WHAT DOES TRINIDAD'S VICTORY MEAN?
For Oscar De La Hoya?
For The Welterweight Division?
For The Rematch?
For The Sport Of Boxing?
For Felix Trinidad Himself?
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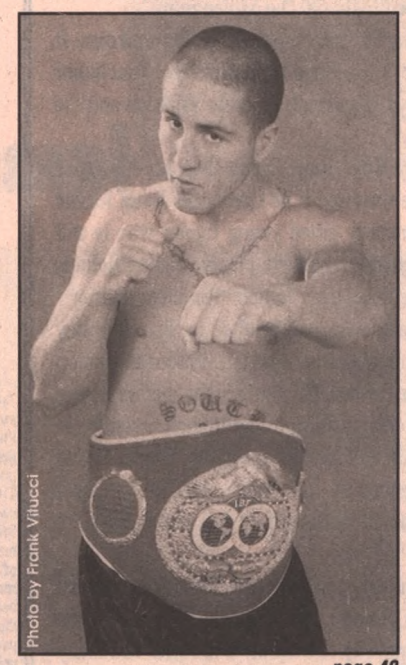

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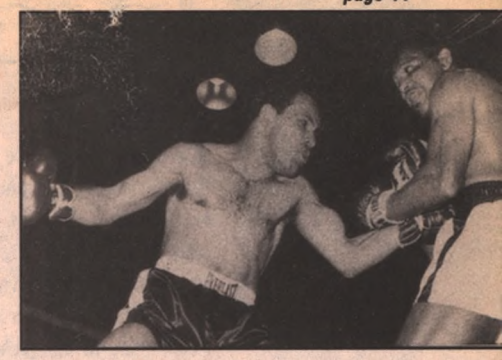

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RINGSIDE

Ever since Oscar De La Hoya was elevated to the top of THE RING's pound-for-pound ratings in the August 1997 issue, which resulted in Roy Jones dropping to the number-two spot, many readers have let us know that they strongly disagreed with the decision. That sentiment was reinforced in "THE RING Readers' Poll," the results of which were published in the June '99 issue. Responding to the question "Who is the best fighter in the world today, pound-for-pound?", 52.5 percent selected Jones, which was more than twice as many votes (24.6 percent) as De La Hoya received. Well, Roy Jones fans can now rest easy, at least for the time being, because starting with this issue, Jones is back on top of the pound-for-pound pile.

Jones' demotion came shortly after he fouled out against Montell Griffin in March '97. When, less than a month later, De La Hoya decisioned Pernell Whitaker, another former pound-for-pound leader, "The Golden Boy" replaced Jones at the top of the heap. De La Hoya maintained that position until this issue because he was, by and large, fighting and beating better opposition than Jones. Support for Jones grew when he unified the light heavyweight title to become boxing's lone undisputed champion, but the pound-for-pound status quo was maintained until the De La Hoya-Felix Trinidad fight.

Now that Trinidad has beaten De La Hoya, albeit via controversial decision, it's time to reevaluate. A case could be made for Trinidad becoming number one. After all, he did beat the guy who held the position going into their match. But although "Tito" seemed a bit more interested in fighting than De La Hoya did, he was also a disappointment, and never really dominated in the manner expected of a pound-for-pound champion. And for those who thought that Oscar was robbed—tough. Overall, Jones has a much stronger claim than either of the participants in the so-called "Fight Of The Millennium."

Putting Jones back on top is not the only change in our pound-for-pound rankings. It may shock some readers, but neither Trinidad nor De La Hoya is number two. That honor goes to WBC super featherweight champion Floyd Mayweather, while Trinidad and De La Hoya are numbers three and four, respectively.

Have we rushed to judgment, giving "Pretty Boy" more credit than he deserves? Maybe, but I don't think so. In fact, I wouldn't be surprised if he challenges Jones for the top spot in the near future. Mayweather is a supremely gifted young fighter who is still hungry despite his early success, and just as importantly, there are plenty of good fighters around his weight to provide enough of a challenge to keep his competitive juices flowing.

Unfortunately, Mayweather's jump from seventh to second resulted in Shane Mosley dropping a notch, from fourth to fifth. But this shift should not be taken as an indication that Sugar Shane has fallen from grace. In fact, the former IBF lightweight champion was very impressive in his welterweight debut, not only beating a legitimate contender in Wilfredo Rivera, but also demonstrating the proper way to close the show. Unlike De La Hoya, who gave away his title and unbeaten record by running the last four rounds, Mosley took the judges out of the equation by redoubling his efforts and stopping Rivera in the 10th and final round.

THE RING's pound-for-pound ratings are not carved in granite, and further changes can be expected. But for now, Jones is back on top. Some might say that he regained the pound-for-pound title by default, but that's only one way of looking at it. Jones and many of our readers would tell you that he deserved to be there all along.

Nigel Collins
Editor-in-Chief

Volume 79, No. 1 January 2000

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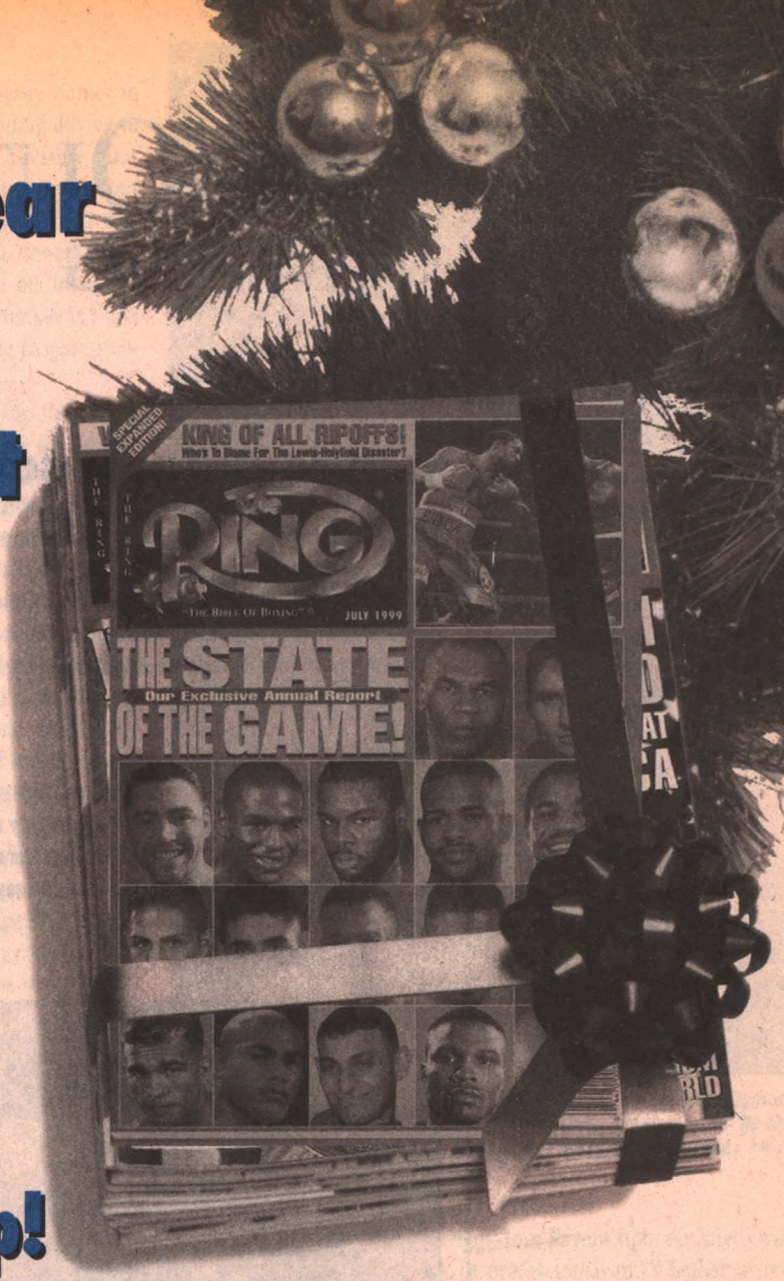

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COME OUT WRITING

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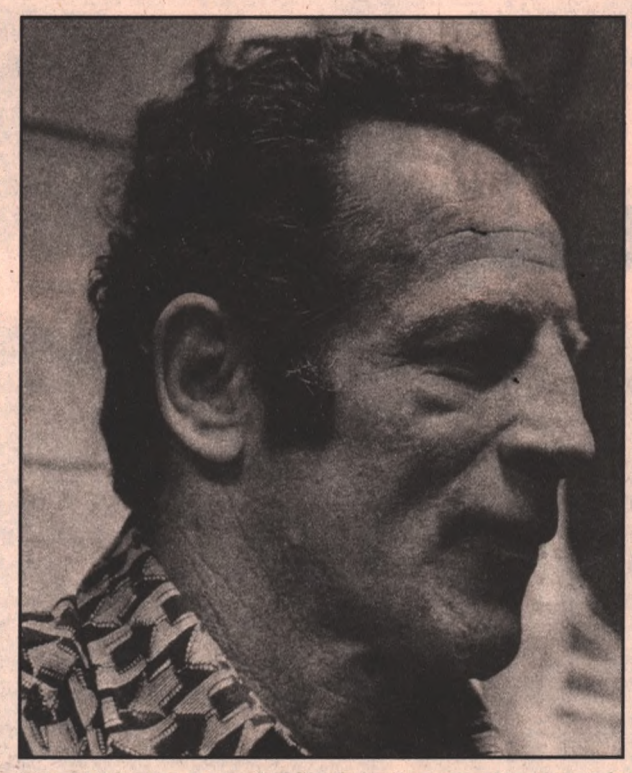
THE AMERICAN SCREAM

I agree with HBO's Larry Merchant that David "The American Dream" Reid is a very boring boxer to watch. He's more hype than anything else. Yes, he is very fast and a good boxer, but fans want to see a boxer who is entertaining. Reid's last four fights have all gone to decisions—very boring decisions. I expected a lot more from Reid, a gold medalist at the Atlanta Olympics who was built up to be one of boxing's future superstars. He is not living up to all those expectations boxing analysts had of him. I predict a knockout at the hands of Fernando Vargas.

JAMES HAUDOUGLAS
Palm Coast, FL

David Reid lacks class. Is he overrated? Of course. What an easy fight he would provide for Fernando Vargas. Reid's most serious problem is certainly not his "tired" eyelid. Reid, much like Mike Tyson, possesses bundles of physical talent guided by a teenage mentality. What is sorely needed is a serious attitude adjustment. But, as a well-known judge would say, "Physical skills fade, but stupid is forever."

DR. EDWARD MARTIN
Asheville, NC



Tony Ayala's attempt at revitalizing his boxing career after 17 years in prison is very similar to Bobby Halpern's comeback in 1976, notes reader Sherman Bergman. Hopefully, Ayala will fare better than Halpern, whose title hopes were dashed in his ninth comeback fight.

AYALA HAS COMPANY

Tony Ayala Jr.'s recent knockout victory over Manuel Esparza after a 17-year layoff was interesting, but far from unique.

In the mid-1950s, Bobby Halpern was a promising heavyweight whose only loss in eight bouts was to Tom McNeeley. However, Halpern's career was sidetracked by a conviction for armed robbery. In 1976, following 17 years in prison, Halpern, then 42, launched a comeback. His return caused a national sensation after he scored eight straight knockout victories.

Unfortunately, Halpern's title hopes were ended by a knockout loss to Guy "Rock" Casale in 1979. Only time will tell if Ayala's comeback will meet the same fate as Halpern's.

SHERMAN BERGMAN
Miami Beach, FL

GIVE TONY A BREAK

Maybe it was Jeff Ryan's honest intention to display humor in his column ("Ryan Out Loud," November 1999) lending advice to those enrolling in "Boxing Fan University." But, advising your readers to "install a dead-bolt lock and renew your pistol permit now that Tony Ayala Jr. has been released" from prison was unnecessary. Mr. Ayala was a 17-year-old boy who committed a horrible crime, but he is now a man who has done his time. It's foolish things like what Ryan irresponsibly did that makes it a difficult task for those who re-enter society to be able to gain people's trust.

Jeff, you didn't make me laugh. I pray for you and those who follow your advice. As for Tony Ayala Jr., until he messes up again, he has my blessings, through God, for a prosperous life.

DEACON CLARENCE E. HOWARD SR.
Tucson, AZ

RECOGNIZE ROY

I was disappointed, but not surprised that Roy Jones was left off THE RING's "20 Greatest Fighters Of The 20th Century" (October 1999). He has done little to endear himself to the boxing fans. Roy is extremely arrogant and uncharismatic. He can be overcautious against opponents he seems capable of knocking out. Most importantly, Jones has had only one battle approaching superfight status, that against James Toney.

His detractors are many, but they must not overlook his credentials and they must acknowledge his genius. He won his first two titles by completely dominating the best fighters in their respective weight classes. In fact, Bernard Hopkins, the man Jones beat to win the middleweight title, has gone on to establish himself as one of the top 10 pound-for-pound fighters in the world today. The aforementioned Toney was unquestionably among the top one or two pound-for-pound claimants the night he lost the super middleweight crown to Jones. Roy has unified the light heavyweight titles and continues his mastery over the best available competition.

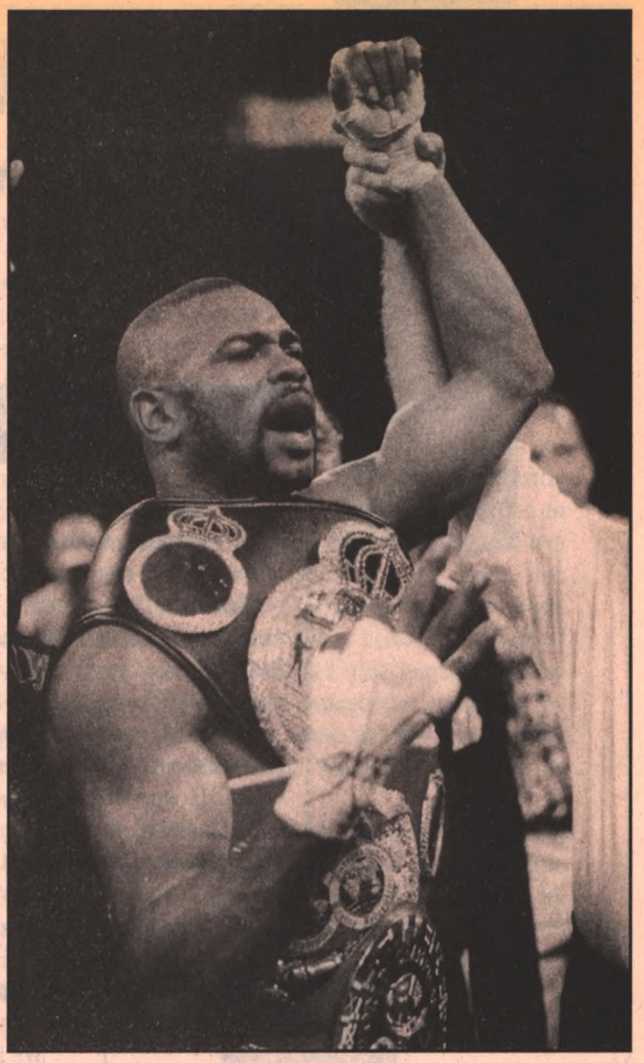
Sugar Ray Robinson is generally considered the greatest fighter ever. Jones, however, is faster, bigger, and hits harder. Robinson also could not match Roy's amazing reflexes and sense of anticipation. Roy has no equal. Muhammad Ali was my childhood idol, but Jones is the most naturally gifted fighter ever to enter the prize ring. I fail to see how the likes of Pernell Whitaker, Terry McGovern, and Kid Gavilan had more of an impact and historical significance than Jones. Hell, the fighter that has made the most significant impact since Louis, Robinson, and Ali is Mike Tyson. Go figure.

People should watch Jones fight. He is truly an artist in the ring. His career may be far from over, but he already receives my vote as the greatest fighter ever, just not the most important. His skills and accomplishments speak for themselves. It's a shame to keep him off the list.

ANDREW KANG
Sacramento, CA

TO THE MAX

Since the USA Network disposed of *Tuesday Night Fights*, I have become a regular viewer of the *Friday Night Fights* on ESPN2. But I just find Max Kellerman annoying. Just when I begin to like him, he says or does something so incredibly stupid, I can hardly believe it.



Roy Jones should have been included in THE RING's "20 Greatest Fighters Of The 20th Century," claims reader Andrew Kang. Jones may not be the most important fighter of the 1900s, but Kang contends that he is certainly among the most talented.

The broadcast of the Kip Diggs-Jose Rivera fight on July 9 was a perfect example of his lack of professionalism. Whether or not the referee told Diggs he would stop the fight if his cut became a problem is completely irrelevant. When Diggs tells the ref he can't see, the referee has no other option but to stop the fight. When a boxer decides to stop fighting, he can't truly believe he is going to end up the winner. If the referee did tell Diggs he would stop the fight if the cut got much worse, he certainly didn't imply the decision would be left up to Diggs. Any fool that watches boxing knows the referee is the only one who can call an end to a bout before the last bell.

Yet, at the end of the broadcast, Kellerman and Brian Kenny were both arguing with Teddy Atlas and Bob Papa about the ref's "bad" call, when the official declared Rivera a TKO winner instead of going to the scorecards. Both were making excuses for Diggs' actions. Arguing over a non-issue is not very professional. Come on, Max, brush up on the rules. And just because you talk louder and faster doesn't mean you're correct in your opinion.

STEPHANIE ALEGRIA
Reno, NV ■

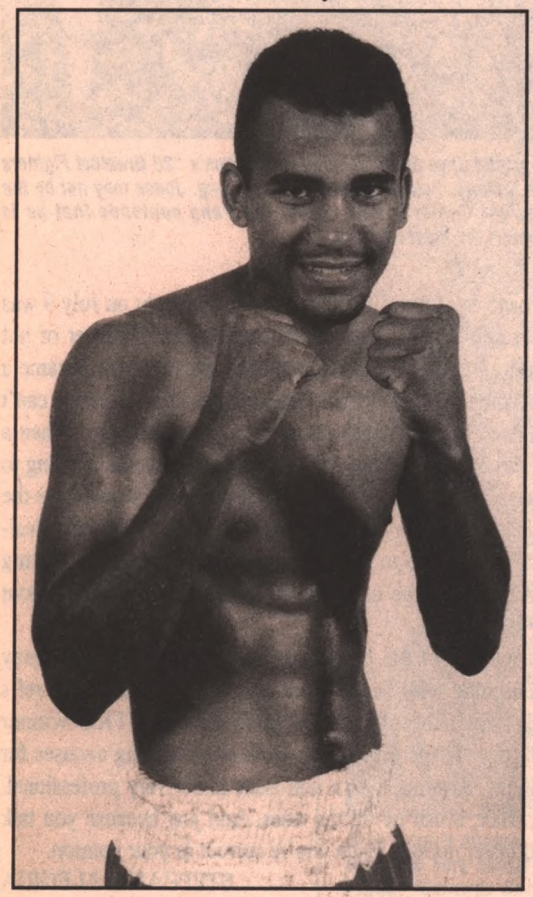
ROUND ONE

FOUL-FILLED FATALITY

The death of Kansas City, Missouri, super middleweight Randie Carver left the boxing community saddened, stunned, and bewildered. Carver, 24, died on September 14, two days after losing consciousness following a 10th-round knockout loss to Kabary Salem at Harrah's North Kansas City Casino.

The contest was marred by the constant dirty tactics of Salem, 12-1 (8), who was penalized by referee Ross Strada in the second round for excessive holding, and again in the third for a headbutt. Salem, 31, used roughhouse tactics throughout the early portion of the fight, leading with his head and pushing Carver, 23-1-1 (14), around in clinches.

The middle rounds were filled with a lot of clutching and wrestling on the part of both fighters, and this clearly had a more deleterious effect on Carver than it did Salem. In the sixth round, Carver began to look weary. His arms were down by his side, and his punches had no sting. By the eighth, his legs appeared gone. He floated gingerly around the ring until the 10th when, after the last of many clashes of heads, Salem connected with a straight left that nailed Carver clean in the face. The fighters briefly clinched, and then Carver, clearly out on his feet, slumped to the canvas and was counted out.



Was Carver killed by dirty tactics?

Carver did not suffer from any pre-existing condition, according to Missouri State boxing administrator Tim Lueckenhoff. Missouri does not have a state athletic commission to regulate boxing, but Lueckenhoff said physicals were administered to both fighters the day before the fight.

"We have sent a tape of the fight off to have it reviewed by [Nevada State Athletic Commission Executive Director] Marc Ratner and are awaiting his results," Lueckenhoff said in late-September. "First off, we'll have Ratner review it, and make sure the referee acted appropriately. From then on, we'll use it as a learning tool. As far as we're concerned, the officials acted appropriately."

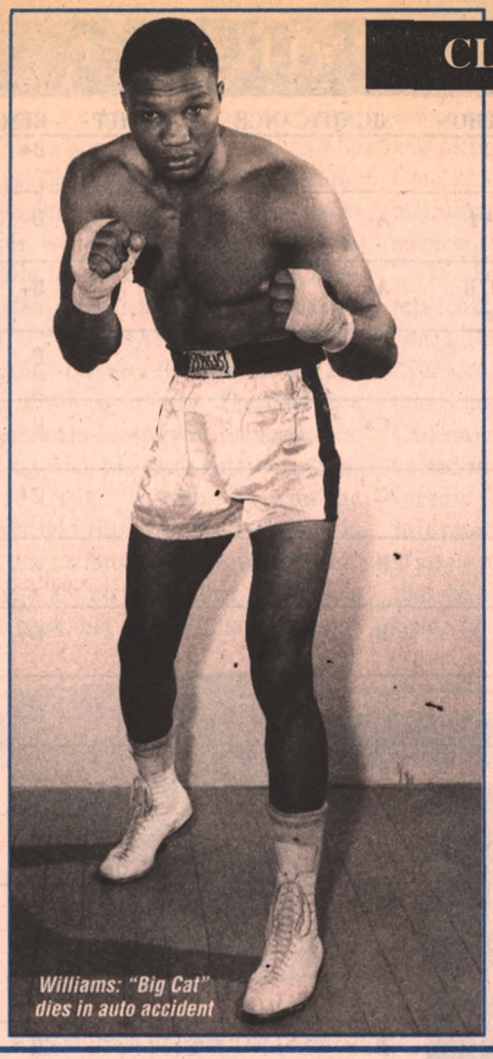
Lueckenhoff said his staff had everything they were supposed to have (ambulance, ringside doctor, EMT with resuscitation equipment) on site. "All those things were in place," he said. "There's been no second-guessing. There's definitely been no finger-pointing coming from our office. The tragic thing about this is we all knew Randie. I knew Randie for five years. It's a grave loss. The thing that hurt the worst is we lost a good person."

Carver's death received minimal national attention because it was not a world title fight, and because the Felix Trinidad-Oscar De La Hoya fight the following week overshadowed everything else going on in boxing. The amicable Carver was a certified medical assistant who was hoping to attend medical school after his boxing career was over. Two days before the Salem bout, Carver visited a home for troubled boys in Kansas City, where he handed out T-shirts and autographed pictures.

"I've known Randie since he was 15 years old, and he was by far the best kid I ever met in the sport," said Tony Holden, Carver's promoter. "With the sport lacking so much integrity, I feel as if we lost one of its brightest stars. Randie had no pre-existing condition. He was never in any major wars. He was always in brilliant shape. I ate breakfast with him the day of the fight and he seemed fine. I think this kid got killed in the ring from dirty tactics. The only thing I hope comes out of this is that a referee is not afraid to pull the trigger on a disqualification."

—Joe Santoliquito

CLEVELAND WILLIAMS, 1933-1999



Williams: "Big Cat" dies in auto accident

Nowadays, Cleveland Williams is probably best known as the other guy in the highlight reel used most often by boxing experts to show Muhammad Ali at his most awesome. Ali was undeniably impressive knocking out the man nicknamed "Big Cat" in the third round of their November 14, 1966, heavyweight title fight. But the fact that Williams was even in the ring that night, and at 210½ pounds looking just as massive and sculpted as he was before he almost died from a gunshot wound a year-and-a-half earlier, was awesome in itself.

Williams was shot by a Texas state trooper during a traffic stop in late-1964 and barely survived the lengthy operation to repair the damage to his internal organs. His weight dropped to a meager 170 pounds, and it was assumed that the career that made him the second-most feared puncher in the heavyweight ranks in the 1950s and '60s (behind Sonny Liston, who stopped Williams twice) was over. But Williams built himself back up and got a roaring ovation when he launched a comeback by knocking out Ben Black in the first round on February 8, 1966. After three more wins, the 33-year-old Williams faced Ali at the Astrodome.

After years of health problems stemming from his gunshot injuries, Williams was killed in a car accident at the age of 66 in Houston on September 10. Fans of the '50s and '60s will fondly remember him for his courage in coming back from near death, and for the big wallop that put away 21 of his first 22 victims. Williams finished his career with a record of 78-13-1 (58).

—Pete Ehrmann

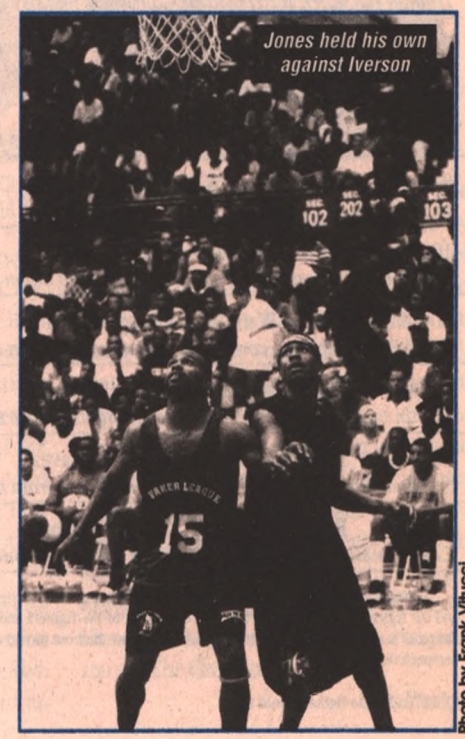
ROY'S BASKETBALL JONES

For a split-second, Roy Jones looked slow. The undisputed light heavyweight champion of the world wore a smile on what seemed like a wind-blown face after NBA star Allen Iverson had just run by him on a breakaway in a charity basketball game at Temple University's McGonigle Hall in Philadelphia.

Other than that one encounter, Jones held his own in a game that featured NBA players Iverson, his Philadelphia 76ers teammates Larry Hughes, Aaron McKie, and Doug Overton, and Washington Wizards all-star guard Rod Strickland. As most boxing fans know, Jones has dabbled in pro basketball before, playing for the Miami Tropics of the United States Basketball League.

"If I had a choice between playing basketball or boxing, I'd be where I am now," said Jones, who played solid defense, scored four points, and had six assists, though his team lost, 135-128. "Boxing is my God-given talent, but I'm not a bad basketball player. Trying to defend against a guy like Allen Iverson in basketball is like some guy getting in the ring with me. Look what can happen: We can make anyone look slow."

—Joe Santoliquito



Jones held his own against Iverson

Photo by Frank Vitucci

TV FIGHTS OF THE MONTH

DATE	WINNER/LOSER	NETWORK	DIVISION	SIGNIFICANCE	MATCHUP	RESULT
9-10-99	Bronco McKart W 10 Jason Papillion	ESPN2	jm	C+	C-	B+
McKart rises from second-round knockdown to score convincing victory						
9-11-99	**Freddie Norwood W 12 Juan Manuel Marquez**	**HBO**	**WBA f**	**A-**	**A**	**D-**
Norwood fighting more like Little Richard lately than Li'l Hagler						
9-11-99	**Floyd Mayweather KO 7 Carlos Gerena**	**HBO**	**WBC jl**	**A**	**D+**	**B+**
Mayweather as brilliant as ever against tough but completely outgunned challenger						
9-12-99	Fres Oquendo W 10 Phil Jackson	FOXSN	h	C-	B+	B-
Smooth-boxing Oquendo pitches near shutout over veteran Jackson						
9-12-99	Kabary Salem KO 10 Randie Carver	FOXSN	sm	C+	B	F
A terrible reminder of the risks fighters take; Carver dies two days later						
9-17-99	Lamon Brewster KO 1 Quinn Navarre	ESPN2	h	C	B-	C+
We're not sure yet if Brewster can fight, but he sure can punch						
9-17-99	Antonio Diaz W 12 Emanuel Burton	ESPN2	jw	B-	B-	C
Late surge by Diaz gets him by slippery Burton						
9-18-99	Eric Morel W 12 Miguel Angel Granados	PPV	jb	B-	C+	D+
Morel picks terrible time to turn in dreadfully dull performance						
9-18-99	Mia St. John KO 4 Kelly Downey	PPV	f	F	D	D+
If these women get any better looking, they'll be fighting and carrying the round cards at the same time						
9-18-99	Butterbean KO 2 Kenny Craven	PPV	h	F	F	D
Apparently, there is a never-ending supply of really bad heavyweights out there						
9-18-99	**Vassiliy Jirov KO 10 Dale Brown**	**PPV**	**IBF c**	**B+**	**C+**	**B**
Jirov isn't pretty, but gets the job done; bodyshot drops Brown for the count						
9-18-99	**Felix Trinidad W 12 Oscar De La Hoya**	**PPV**	**WBC/IBF w**	**A+**	**A+**	**C+**
Anyone else wonder who Willie Pep thought won this one?						
9-24-99	Frankie Toledo W 10 Orlando Canizales	ESPN2	f	B-	B	C-
Toledo fights perfect fight against aging ex-champ, takes easy decision						
9-24-99	**Keith Holmes W 12 Andrew Council**	**Show**	**WBC m**	**B+**	**C+**	**B-**
Holmes too much for ringworn Council in middleweight grudge match						
9-24-99	**William Joppy KO 7 Julio Cesar Green**	**Show**	**WBA m**	**A-**	**C**	**C**
Joppy looked so good he's thinking about going out and ramming his car into a tree						
9-25-99	Shane Mosley KO 10 Wilfredo Rivera	HBO	w	A	B-	B+
Rivera makes it tougher than expected, but Mosley's firepower too much at the end						
9-27-99	Tito Mendoza W 10 Julio Cesar De La Cruz	FOXSN	jm	C-	B	C-
In the last fight ever at The Forum, Mendoza pecks his way to boring win						
10-1-99	Arthur Johnson W 10 Jason Pires	ESPN2	jf	B-	B	C+
Johnson in dominant performance; Pires good but in over his head						
10-1-99	Mickey Ward KO 10 Reggie Green	ESPN2	jw	B	B+	A
Ward scores stirring, come-from-behind stoppage in action-filled war						
10-2-99	Christy Martin KO 5 Daniella Somers	Show	w	D+	D-	C-
Martin could teach a few rated heavyweights how to throw a right hand with power						
10-2-99	Willy Wise W 10 Julio Cesar Chavez	Show	w	B+	D	B+
Someone forgot to tell Chavez that you have to train more as you get older, not less						
10-2-99	**Ricardo Lopez W 12 Will Grigsby**	**Show**	**IBF jfl**	**A**	**B-**	**C**
Lopez finally makes the jump, but we wish he'd done it five years ago when Carbajal was champ						

Category Explanation: "Significance"—The importance of the bout to the division and the fighters' futures; "Matchup"—The quality of the fighters and the prefight determination of how their styles will mesh; "Result"—How the bout turned out, from the viewer's perspective.

(World title fights in **bold** type)

Division key: h—heavyweight; c—cruiserweight; lh—light heavyweight; sm—super middleweight; m—middleweight; jm—junior middleweight; w—welterweight; jw—junior welterweight; l—lightweight; jl—junior lightweight; f—featherweight; jf—junior featherweight; b—bantamweight; jb—junior bantamweight; fl—flyweight; jfl—junior flyweight; s—strawweight

Network key: PPV—Pay-Per-View; Show—Showtime; FOXSN–Fox SportsNet; Uni–Univision

THE BOXING BOOKSHELF

Size is not everything, and for Primo Carnera, it was just a small part of who he was. The largest man to ever win the heavyweight championship is depicted as a gentle, well-mannered galoot, who was basically led by one manipulative manager after another in Frederic Mullally's book, *Primo: The Story Of "Man Mountain" Carnera* (Robson Books, 210 pages, £9.99 paperback). The book is a well-researched history of Carnera's life, spanning from his early days as a "fairground freak," to when he won the heavyweight title over Jack Sharkey in 1933, and up through his death in 1967.

There are no astounding revelations in the book, but some of the most interesting segments explain how Carnera's pair of fights against Young Stribling in late-1929 were fixed, and the curiosity that surrounded Carnera, both by women and men, throughout his life.

The book also chronicles Carnera's relationship with his first manager, Leon See, a little Frenchman who cultivated "The Great Idea" of developing Carnera into a heavyweight champion. See had Carnera's best interests in mind, though he had an underhanded way of achieving success for him. Mullally draws much information from See's book, *Le Mystere Carnera*, where he confesses that he arranged at least 30 "fixed" fights for "The Ambling Alp." For anyone interested in learning about the controversial, compelling Carnera, *Primo* is an informative, worthwhile read.

—Joe Santoliquito

"THE GREATEST" HITS

As you listen to *I Am The Greatest!*, Muhammad Ali's CD of poetry originally issued in October 1963 and recently re-released by Columbia Records with three new tracks, it's impossible not to appreciate what a self-made superstar the heavyweight-champ-to-be was. Compared with the fight game's biggest current attraction, Oscar De La Hoya, who merely provided a handsome face and a willingness to smile, and lets others craft a multimillion-dollar image for him, Ali's personality and eagerness to sell himself were overwhelming. The album was originally conceived to hype the 22-year-old "Louisville Lip's" challenge of then-champion Sonny Liston, and though that historic fight has long since passed, Ali's brash humor, brilliant word play, and remarkable comedic timing make the record still worth a listen 36 years later.

The album kicks off with the title track, Ali's classic recitation of his most famous poem. The second track (or "Round 2" as it's called on the CD) is entitled, "I Am The Double Greatest," and Ali's hilarious ego-tripping only escalates from there. Ali goes on to perform in a short skit about a dragon slayer named—what else—Cassius Clay, delivers his well-known rhyme about how he's going to launch Liston into the stratosphere, and answers a series of questions from an audience, all of which are setups for narcissistic punchlines. Many of the jokes and puns are still laugh-out-loud funny, especially for younger sports fans who may not have heard much of Ali's unparalleled schtick before.

The three bonus tracks not included on the original LP, a slightly different version of "I Am The Greatest," a cover of the Ben E. King classic "Stand By Me," and an impromptu studio performance of "The Gang's All Here" with accompaniment by Sam Cooke, don't quite carry the relevance of the rest of the album, and Ali's rigid vocalizations prove that while he may float like a butterfly, he sings like a B-flat. Still, for those who never got to hear this material when it was originally released, *I Am The Greatest!* is a perfect example of what made Ali one of the most loved and hated athletes ever. When he states, "I don't ask what boxing can do for me, I ask what I can do for boxing," it reminds us why today's biggest stars—De La Hoya, Naseem Hamed, Mike Tyson—all pale in comparison to "The Greatest."

—Eric Raskin

OUTSIDE THE ROPES

Watson: Will be compensated

Michael Watson, a top middleweight and super middleweight contender in the late-'80s and early-'90s who suffered brain damage in his 12th-round knockout loss to **Chris Eubank** in 1991, won his case for compensation against the British Boxing Board of Control in late-September. The wheelchair-bound Watson argued that suitable medical aid was not available at ringside during the fight and that it took too long to get him to the hospital. The High Court in London indicated that they would decide the level of damages at a later hearing, and if Watson gets the £1-million ($1.64-million) that he's seeking, the BBBC could face bankruptcy ... Having pleaded innocent to assault charges stemming from a July 25 fight in an apartment in Summerland, California, IBF junior middleweight champion **Fernando Vargas** filed a countersuit in mid-September alleging that he was struck with a pipe. "Obviously, I was the victim," Vargas said. "I have the scars and I had the contusions to prove it. I feel I've been treated unfairly because of who I am" ... Speaking of Vargas, his most recent opponent, former IBF 154-pound champion and 1992 Olympian **Raul Marquez**, announced his retirement in his hometown of Houston in early-September. Marquez, 28, made two successful defenses during his eight-month title reign and finished his career with a record of 30-2 (20) ... Undefeated two-time former IBF junior flyweight champion **Mauricio Pastrana**, who seems to have the ability to be one of the dominant fighters at the lower weights, will have to keep his dominating to his native Colombia for the moment. It was learned in August that Pastrana is prohibited from leaving the country until he pays support to his ex-wife and their three children ... Heavyweight contender **Andrew Golota** is being sued by Joe Hand Promotions, a pay-per-view distributor, claiming Golota's 1997 fight with **Lennox Lewis** was not worth what they paid for it. JHP said that the match should not have been allowed to take place because Golota was clearly not 100 percent after taking a painkiller injection in the knee ... British fight manager **Frank Maloney** indicated in September that he will be running for mayor of London in May 2000 as an independent candidate. One thing Maloney's surely got going for him is his unparalleled patriotism; will any of the other candidates be willing to wear a suit patterned after the Union Jack everywhere they go? ... Former WBA minimumweight champion **Rosendo Alvarez**, whose recent drunken escapades have been well-documented in "Outside The Ropes," had yet another incident in late-August. He reportedly showed up intoxicated at a gallery in his native Nicaragua, began stripping, and got into a fist fight.

Maloney: London's next mayor?

THE PUNCHLINES

"The worst part about boxing is that promoters protect their fighters, so you always know who's going to win."

—Art Dore, Butterbean's manager

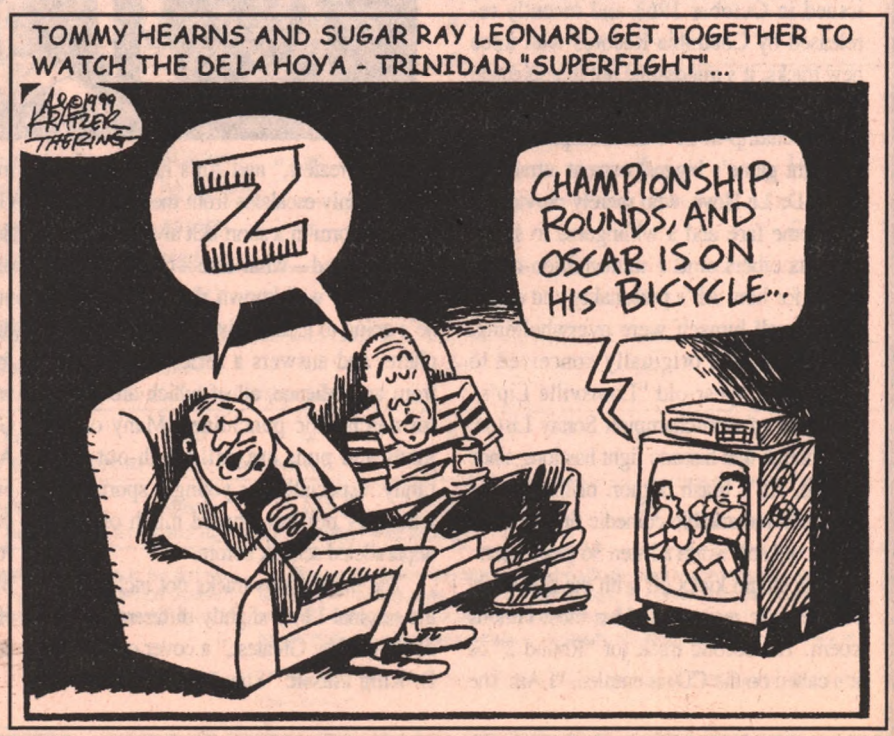
"Have you ever been incarcerated, sir? Go outside, hit somebody with a car, get incarcerated, and see how fat you are when you go home."

—Mike Tyson, responding to *Philadelphia Inquirer* boxing writer Jay Searcy's questions about how Tyson allowed himself to balloon up to 280 pounds in jail

"If you think she looks good now, wait 'till you see her box."

—TVKO commentator Jim Lampley, on female fighter Mia St. John, who recently bared all in a *Playboy* pictorial

AL KRATZER'S VIEW



"THE BIBLE OF BOXING"

RATINGS ANALYSIS

(For period ended October 5, 1999)

POUND-FOR-POUND

1. **ROY JONES** Light Heavyweight
2. **FLOYD MAYWEATHER** Junior Lightweight
3. **FELIX TRINIDAD** Welterweight
4. **OSCAR DE LA HOYA** Welterweight
5. **SHANE MOSLEY** Welterweight
6. **MARK JOHNSON** Junior Bantamweight
7. **RICARDO LOPEZ** Junior Flyweight
8. **ERIK MORALES** Junior Featherweight
9. **NASEEM HAMED** Featherweight
10. **BERNARD HOPKINS** Middleweight

HEAVYWEIGHTS: Everything's on hold until after the two big bouts in November (which had not yet taken place at press time): Lennox Lewis-Evander Holyfield II and Michael Grant-Andrew Golota.

CRUISERWEIGHTS: No changes.

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS: No changes.

SUPER MIDDLEWEIGHTS: No changes.

MIDDLEWEIGHTS: Julio Cesar Green, seventh last issue, exits following his uncompromising TKO loss to WBA titlist William Joppy, who retains the number-two spot. Green's demise boosts Robert McCracken, Jason Matthews, and Davey Hilton up one notch each, to seventh, eighth, and ninth, respectively. Germany's Bert Schenk comes aboard at number 10.

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS: No changes.

WELTERWEIGHTS: Felix Trinidad, now number one, and Oscar De La Hoya, who formerly held that position, switch places due to Trinidad's majority decision over De La Hoya. "Tito" now holds both the WBC and IBF belts. Former IBF lightweight boss Shane Mosley debuts at number six thanks to his 10th-round knockout of Wilfredo Rivera (10th last issue), who departs the rankings.

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS: Living legend Julio Cesar Chavez (sixth last issue) is gone from the rankings for the first time in years following his 10-round unanimous decision loss to Willy Wise. However, as the bout was fought at welterweight, Wise remains unranked. Reggie Green (10th last issue) is also out because of his 10th-round TKO loss to Mickey Ward, who enters at the ninth position. Former junior lightweight champ Arturo Gatti enters in the open 10th spot. Antonio Diaz, Randall Bailey, and Miguel Angel Gonzalez benefit from the reshuffling, moving up one place each to sixth, seventh, and eighth, respectively.

LIGHTWEIGHTS: No changes.

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS: No changes.

FEATHERWEIGHTS: Busy Julio Pablo Chacon passes dormant Angel Vazquez to take over the number-nine slot. Vazquez falls to 10th, but could exit if he doesn't fight soon.

JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHTS: No changes, but eighth-ranked Mbulelo Botile has to decide which division he's going to campaign in. In his most recent start, he fought at junior lightweight.

BANTAMWEIGHTS: No changes.

FLYWEIGHTS: Manny Pacquiao (number one last issue) exits, but not just because he lost the WBC belt to Medgoen 3K-Battery via third-round knockout. The ex-champ intends to campaign as a bantam in the future, but has yet to do anything to become rated at 118. WBA champ Sornpichai Kratchingdaeng is now number one, while Medgoen enters at number two.

JUNIOR FLYWEIGHTS: Former strawweight king Ricardo Lopez is installed at number one because of his decision over Will Grigsby for the IBF title. Grigsby slides from fourth to seventh. Jose Sanjuanelo (10th last issue) departs to make room for Lopez.

STRAWWEIGHTS: With Lopez gone, IBF titlist Zolani Petelo (formerly number two) assumes the top spot. Wandee Chor Chareon moves up from third to second. Chareon, formerly the WBC "interim" champ, is now the organization's full-fledged champion. Undefeated Daniel Reyes enters at number 10.

POUND-FOR-POUND: See editorial on page 4.

THE RING RATINGS

For Period Ended October 5, 1999

How Our Ratings Are Compiled

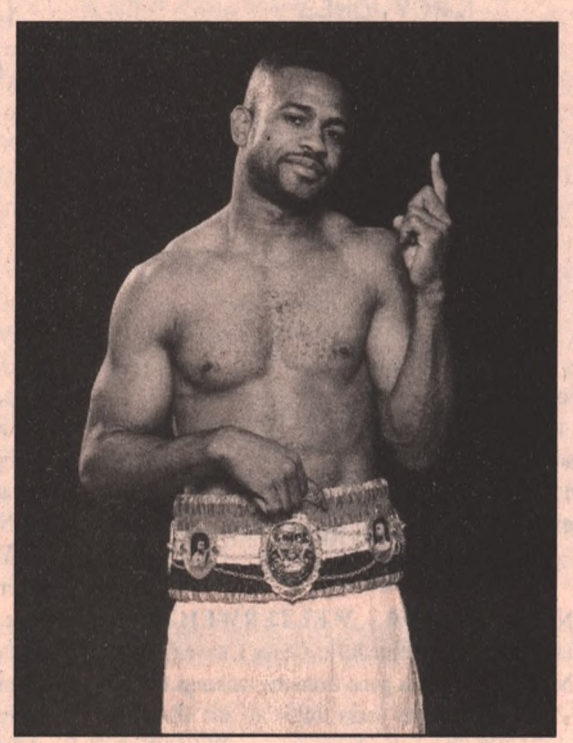
In each division, fighters are ranked according to their abilities and accomplishments.

Being champion does not necessarily mean a fighter will be rated at the top of his weight class.

These ratings reflect how the best fighters in the world rate against one another.

Ratings By The Editors

Records By Fight Fax Inc.



Roy Jones reclaimed the top spot in the pound-for-pound ratings

HEAVYWEIGHTS
Weight Unlimited

1. **LENNOX LEWIS** — England 34-1-1 (WBC Champ)
2. **EVANDER HOLYFIELD** — Fairburn, GA 36-3-1 (WBA/IBF Champ)
3. **IKE IBEABUCHI** — Dallas, TX 20-0
4. **MICHAEL GRANT** — Norristown, PA 30-0
5. **DAVID TUA** — Totowa, NJ 34-1
6. **MIKE TYSON** — Catskill, NY 46-3
7. **ANDREW GOLOTA** — Chicago, IL 34-3
8. **HASIM RAHMAN** — Baltimore, MD 31-1
9. **CHRIS BYRD** — Flint, MI 28-1
10. **KIRK JOHNSON** — Canada 27-0-1

CRUISERWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 190 pounds

1. **JUAN CARLOS GOMEZ** — Germany 28-0 (WBC Champ)
2. **FABRICE TIOZZO** — France 40-1 (WBA Champ)
3. **VASSILIY JIROV** — Kazakhstan 22-0 (IBF Champ)
4. **JOHNNY NELSON** — England 35-12-1
5. **MARCELO DOMINGUEZ** — Argentina 27-3-1
6. **ARTHUR WILLIAMS** — Las Vegas, NV 30-5-1
7. **IMAMU MAYFIELD** — New Brunswick, NJ 19-2
8. **SAUL MONTANA** — Mexico 33-6
9. **KENNY KEENE** — Emmett, ID 46-3
10. **CARL THOMPSON** — England 24-5

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 175 pounds

1. **ROY JONES** — Pensacola, FL 40-1 (WBC/WBA/IBF Champ)
2. **DARIUSZ MICHALCZEWSKI** — Germany 41-0
3. **GRACIANO ROCCHIGIANI** — Germany 40-4-1
4. **LOU DEL VALLE** — Bronx, NY 28-2
5. **REGGIE JOHNSON** — Houston, TX 39-6-1
6. **MICHAEL NUNN** — Davenport, IA 54-4
7. **ERIC HARDING** — Philadephia, PA 16-0-1
8. **ANTONIO TARVER** — Orlando, FL 14-0
9. **MONTELL GRIFFIN** — Chicago, IL 38-3
10. **DAVID TELESCO** — Port Chester, NY 22-2

SUPER MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 168 pounds

1. **JOE CALZAGHE** — Wales 27-0
2. **SVEN OTTKE** — Germany 16-0 (IBF Champ)
3. **RICHIE WOODHALL** — England 25-1 (WBC Champ)
4. **BYRON MITCHELL** — Ozark, AL 20-0 (WBA Champ)
5. **CHARLES BREWER** — Philadelphia, PA 33-6
6. **THOMAS TATE** — Houston, TX 36-5
7. **FRANKIE LILES** — N. Hollywood, CA 32-3
8. **ROBIN REID** — England 26-2-1
9. **MADS LARSEN** — Denmark 29-1
10. **VINNY PAZIENZA** — Cranston, RI 46-7

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 160 pounds

1. **BERNARD HOPKINS** — Philadelphia, PA 35-2-1 (IBF Champ)
2. **WILLIAM JOPPY** — Washington, D.C. 28-1-1 (WBA Champ)
3. **KEITH HOLMES** — Washington, D.C. 34-2 (WBC Champ)
4. **HASSINE CHERIFI** — France 27-3-1
5. **ANTWUN ECHOLS** — Davenport, IA 22-2-1
6. **OTIS GRANT** — Canada 31-2-1
7. **ROBERT McCRACKEN** — England 33-0
8. **JASON MATTHEWS** — England 21-1
9. **DAVEY HILTON** — Canada 37-1-3
10. **BERT SCHENK** — Germany 23-0

JR. MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 154 pounds

1. **FERNANDO VARGAS**
   Oxnard, CA 17-0 (IBF Champ)
2. **DAVID REID**
   Philadelphia, PA 14-0 (WBA Champ)
3. **LAURENT BOUDOUANI**
   France 38-3-1
4. **FRANCISCO CASTILLEJO**
   Spain 46-4 (WBC Champ)
5. **HARRY SIMON**
   Namibia 18-0
6. **YORY BOY CAMPAS**
   Mexico 73-3
7. **WINKY WRIGHT**
   St. Petersburg, FL 39-2
8. **KEITH MULLINGS**
   Brooklyn, NY 16-6-1
9. **BRONCO McKART**
   Monroe, MI 38-2
10. **TONY MARSHALL**
    Albany, NY 33-7-6

WELTERWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 147 pounds

1. **FELIX TRINIDAD**
   Puerto Rico 36-0 (IBF/WBC Champ)
2. **OSCAR DE LA HOYA**
   Whittier, CA 31-1
3. **IKE QUARTEY**
   Ghana 34-1-1
4. **JAMES PAGE**
   Pittsburg, CA 25-3 (WBA Champ)
5. **PERNELL WHITAKER**
   Norfolk, VA 41-3-1
6. **SHANE MOSLEY**
   Pomona, CA 33-0
7. **VERNON FORREST**
   Atlanta, GA 30-0
8. **JOSE LUIS LOPEZ**
   Mexico 42-4-2
9. **OBA CARR**
   Detroit, MI 48-3-1
10. **SHANNAN TAYLOR**
    Australia 25-0-1

JR. WELTERWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 140 pounds

1. **SHARMBA MITCHELL**
   Washington, D.C. 45-2 (WBA Champ)
2. **KOSTYA TSZYU**
   Australia 23-1-1 (WBC Champ)
3. **TERRONN MILLETT**
   St. Louis, MO 22-1-1 (IBF Champ)
4. **ZAB JUDAH**
   Brooklyn, NY 21-0
5. **VINCE PHILLIPS**
   Las Vegas, NV 39-4
6. **ANTONIO DIAZ**
   Coachella, CA 28-2
7. **RANDALL BAILEY**
   Miami, FL 19-0
8. **MIGUEL ANGEL GONZALEZ**
   Mexico 43-2-1
9. **MICKEY WARD**
   Lowell, MA 34-9
10. **ARTURO GATTI**
    Jersey City, NJ 30-4

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 135 pounds

1. **STEVE JOHNSTON**
   Denver, CO 28-1 (WBC Champ)
2. **ANGEL MANFREDY**
   Gary, IN 28-4-1
3. **PAUL SPADAFORA**
   Pittsburgh, PA 27-0 (IBF Champ)
4. **CESAR BAZAN**
   Mexico 35-3-1
5. **IVAN ROBINSON**
   Philadelphia, PA 28-3
6. **STEFANO ZOFF**
   Italy 28-6-2 (WBA Champ)
7. **JULIEN LORCY**
   France 41-1-2
8. **COLIN DUNNE**
   England 29-1
9. **ARTUR GRIGORIJAN**
   Uzbekistan 26-0
10. **ISRAEL CARDONA**
    Hartford, CT 31-3

JR. LIGHTWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 130 pounds

1. **FLOYD MAYWEATHER**
   Grand Rapids, MI 22-0 (WBC Champ)
2. **ROBERTO GARCIA**
   Oxnard, CA 32-0 (IBF Champ)
3. **LAKVA SIM**
   Mongolia 11-1-1 (WBA Champ)
4. **YONG SOO CHOI**
   South Korea 25-3-1
5. **JESUS CHAVEZ**
   Austin, TX 28-1
6. **ACELINO FREITAS**
   Brazil 21-0
7. **DERRICK GAINER**
   Pensacola, FL 31-4
8. **GOYO VARGAS**
   Mexico 39-6-1
9. **DIEGO CORRALES**
   Sacramento, CA 28-0
10. **JOHN BROWN**
    Atlantic City, NJ 20-6

FEATHERWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 126 pounds

1. **NASEEM HAMED**
   England 32-0
2. **FRED NORWOOD**
   St. Louis, MO 35-0-1 (WBA Champ)
3. **CESAR SOTO**
   Mexico 53-7-2 (WBC Champ)
4. **VUYANI BUNGU**
   South Africa 37-2
5. **LUISITO ESPINOSA**
   Philippines 44-8
6. **JUAN MANUEL MARQUEZ**
   Mexico 29-2
7. **MANUEL MEDINA**
   Mexico 56-10 (IBF Champ)
8. **ANTONIO CERMENO**
   Venezuela 33-3
9. **JULIO PABLO CHACON**
   Argentina 34-0
10. **ANGEL VAZQUEZ**
    Hartford, CT 17-0

JR. FEATHERWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 122 pounds

1. **ERIK MORALES**
   Mexico 34-0 (WBC Champ)
2. **MARCO ANTONIO BARRERA**
   Mexico 49-2
3. **NESTOR GARZA**
   Mexico 36-1 (WBA Champ)
4. **LEHLO LEDWABA**
   South Africa 29-1-1 (IBF Champ)
5. **WAYNE McCULLOUGH**
   Las Vegas, NV 23-2
6. **KENNEDY McKINNEY**
   Memphis, TN 34-4-1
7. **ENRIQUE SANCHEZ**
   Mexico 25-1-1
8. **MBULELO BOTILE**
   South Africa 25-1
9. **CARLOS NAVARRO**
   Los Angeles, CA 19-0
10. **JUAN CARLOS RAMIREZ**
    Mexico 17-2

BANTAMWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 118 pounds

1. **TIM AUSTIN**
   Cincinnati, OH 19-0-1 (IBF Champ)
2. **PAULIE AYALA**
   Ft. Worth, TX 28-1 (WBA Champ)
3. **JOHNNY TAPIA**
   Albuquerque, NM 46-1-2
4. **VEERAPOL SAHAPROM**
   Thailand 23-1 (WBC Champ)
5. **NANA KONADU**
   Ghana 40-4-1
6. **JORGE ELIECER JULIO**
   Colombia 42-1
7. **JULIO GAMBOA**
   Nicaragua 24-4
8. **ADAN VARGAS**
   Mexico 32-1-1
9. **DARIO AZUAGA**
   Paraguay 44-0-1
10. **DANNY ROMERO**
    Albuquerque, MN 35-3-1

JR. BANTAMWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 115 pounds

1. **MARK JOHNSON**
   Washington, D.C. 38-1 (IBF Champ)
2. **IN JOO CHO**
   South Korea 16-0 (WBC Champ)
3. **HIDEKI TODAKA**
   Japan 15-2-1 (WBA Champ)
4. **JESUS ROJAS**
   Venezuela 32-7-3
5. **GERRY PENALOSA**
   Philippines 40-2-2
6. **YOKTHAI SITHOAR**
   Thailand 18-1-1
7. **LUIS BOLANO**
   Colombia 31-0
8. **RATANACHAI VORAPIN**
   Thailand 35-4
9. **JOEL LUNA-ZARATE**
   Mexico 32-3-2
10. **ERIC MOREL**
    Madison, WI 22-0

FLYWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 112 pounds

1. **SORNPICHAI KRATCHINGDAENG**
   Thailand 17-0 (WBA Champ)
2. **MEDGOEN 3K-BATTERY**
   Thailand 19-0 (WBC Champ)
3. **MAURICIO PASTRANA**
   Colombia 21-0
4. **CHATCHAI DUTCHBOY GYM**
   Thailand 34-2
5. **IRENE PACHECO**
   Colombia 22-0 (IBF Champ)
6. **LEO GAMEZ**
   Venezuela 32-7-1
7. **HUGO SOTO**
   Argentina 50-6-2
8. **JOSE BONILLA**
   Venezuela 25-5
9. **SAEN SOR PLOENCHIT**
   Thailand 33-1
10. **ALEJANDRO MONTIEL**
    Mexico 40-3

JR. FLYWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 108 pounds

1. **RICARDO LOPEZ**
   Mexico 48-0-1 (IBF Champ)
2. **SAMAN SORJATURONG**
   Thailand 40-2-1 (WBC Champ)
3. **ROSENDO ALVAREZ**
   Nicaragua 25-1-1
4. **PICHITNOI C. SIRIWAT**
   Thailand 21-1 (WBA Champ)
5. **BABY JAKE MATLALA**
   South Africa 50-10-2
6. **MELCHOR COB CASTRO**
   Mexico 57-6-4
7. **WILL GRIGSBY**
   St. Paul, MN 14-2-1
8. **JOMA GAMBOA**
   Philippines 25-4-1
9. **MICHAEL CARBAJAL**
   Phoenix, AZ 49-4
10. **JORGE ARCE**
    Mexico 20-3-1

STRAWWEIGHT
Weight Limit: 105 pounds

1. **ZOLANI PETELO**
   South Africa 14-2-2 (IBF Champ)
2. **WANDEE CHOR CHAREON**
   Thailand 23-3 (WBC Champ)
3. **CHANA PORPAOIN**
   Thailand 39-1
4. **SONGKRAM PORPAOIN**
   Thailand 20-2-1
5. **ROCKY LIN**
   Philippines 26-2
6. **JOSE AGUIRRE**
   Mexico 20-1-1
7. **KERMIN GUARDIA**
   Columbia 31-2
8. **ANDY TABANAS**
   Philippines 35-3-1
9. **OSWALDO GUERRERO**
   Mexico 26-5
10. **DANIEL REYES**
    Colombia 23-0

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May 1983: Michael Spinks Wins It All. Plus: Spinks-Braxton color, Bob Arum, Marvin Hagler, Collins-LaPaglia.

June 1983: What Now For Ray Mancini? Plus: Lupe Pintor, Paddy Flood, Bonecrusher Smith, Charlie Brown, Frazier-Broad, Chang-Zapata, Holmes-Teofilo Stevenson, Tony Ayala, Jersey Joe Walcott.

Aug. 1983: Roberto Duran: One "Mas" Time. Plus: Larry Holmes, Colin Jones, Jimmy Montoya, Alexis Arguello, Billy Petrolle, Duran-Moore, Frazier-Bugner, Resto-Collins, Escalera-Hatcher.

Sept. 1983: Exclusive: Sugar Ray Leonard Talks About His Past, Present, And Future. Plus: Hagler-Duran, Jaime Garza, Panama Lewis, Spinks-Muhammad, Bobo Olson, Mustafa Hamsho, Muniz-Chandler, Hearns-Sutherland.

Nov. 1983: Gerrie Coetzee: The New Heavyweight Champ Sets His Sights On Holmes. Plus: Alexis Arguello, Murray Sutherland, James J. Braddock, Muhammad Ali.

Feb. 1984: Don King Talks And Talks And Talks. Plus: Leonard's return, Eddie Mustafa Muhammad, 1983 quotes, Marvin Hagler, Johnny Bratton, Gerald Hayes, Hagler-Duran color.

June 1984: Bumphus, Lockridge, Duva: 'That Championship Year.' Plus: Ferdie Pacheco, Harry Arroyo, Holmes-Coetzee preview, Pipino Cuevas, Aaron Pryor, Battling Nelson-Joe Gans, Witherspoon-Page.

July 1984: Bazooka's Aim Is True: Gomez Shoots Down LaPorte In The Battle For San Juan. Plus: Michael Spinks, Vinny Pazienza, Tyrone Crawley, Leonard's comeback, Chandler-Sandoval, Hagler-Roldan.

Aug. 1984: Olympic Special: Mark Breland Leads A Strong Squad. Plus: Leonard-Howard, Davila-Sanchez, Bonecrusher-Bruno, Bramble-Mancini, Hatcher-Bumphus, Garza-Orozco.

Oct. 1984: The Beast From The East: John Mugabi Strikes Terror Into The Hearts Of Men. Plus: Olympics, Bill Costello, Davey Moore, Wilfred Benitez, King's heavyweights.

Jan. 1985: Holmes-Bonecrusher Color Action. Plus: Gerry Cooney, pro debuts (Breland, Hill, Taylor, Biggs, Whitaker, Holyfield), Santos-Medal, Meza-Garza.

Feb. 1985: Showdown: Page Clobbers Coetzee For WBA Title. Plus: Larry Holmes, lightweights, Cooney-Chaplin, McCallum-Minchillo.

April 1985: Special Hagler-Hearns Program. Plus: British fighters, Hector Camacho, Donald Curry, Sonny Liston.

May 1985: The Rematch In Reno: Bramble-Mancini Color Action. Plus: Donald Curry, Aaron Pryor, McGuigan-LaPorte.

June 1985: Holmes' Last Hurrah? Holmes-Bey Color Action. Plus: Holmes vs. all-time greats, Paul-Arroyo, 1901.

July 1985: Marvelous Marvin! Are There Any More Mountains To Climb? Plus: Chavez, Tyson, Tubbs, Sullivan, great first rounds.

Aug. 1985: Seven Elected To The Ring Hall Of Fame (Jose Napoles, Jake LaMotta, Panama Al Brown, Manuel Ortiz, Young Stribling, Thomas Jackling, Lord Lonsdale). Plus: Spinks-Holmes preview, Barry McGuigan.

Sept. 1985: Barry McGuigan: Can He Be Boxing's Savior? Plus: Truth Williams, Tyrell Biggs, Greg Richardson, Julio Cesar Chavez, Paul-Blake, Witherspoon-Bonecrusher, Berbick-Bey, Pinklon Thomas.

Oct. 1985: The "Macho Man" Rides Again. Plus: Jeff Fenech, Berbick-Green, John E. Garcia, Dwight Muhammad Qawi, McCallum-Braxton.

Nov. 1985: Will Hagler Feast On The Beast? Plus: Hagler-Mugabi & Hearns-Shuler previews, Lonnie Smith, Pintor-Meza, Chuck Hull, Benitez-Moley.

Dec. 1985: Michael Spinks: Against All Odds. Plus: Curry-McCrory preview, McGuigan-Taylor, Alexis Arguello, Michael Olajide, Chavez-Pratchett.

Jan. 1986: In Search Of A Heavyweight Champion. Plus: Azumah Nelson, Arguello-Jefferson, Olympic update, Chicago boxing.

March 1986 (Awards Issue): Co-Fighters Of The Year: Marvelous Marvin Hagler & Donald Curry. Plus: Ring's Annual Awards, Evander Holyfield, Williamson-Muhammad, Camacho-Roach, 1985 boxing diary.

April 1986: Witherspoon Tames Tubbs For WBA Title. Plus: Dream fights, Greg Haugen, Tyrell Biggs, Mark Breland, Paul Gonzales, HBO tourney, Witherspoon-Tubbs, Frank Warren, Gene Tunney.

May 1986: Marvelous Marvin Tames The Beast. Plus: Hearns-Shuler, Mike Tyson, Bramble-Crawley, Sandoval-Canizales, Marvin Johnson, McGuigan-Cabrera, Arguello-Costello, Weaver-Williams.

June 1986: Barry's Back In The USA: McGuigan Breathes A Breath Of Fresh Air Into American Fight Scene. Plus: Bobby Czyz, Robbie Sims, Qawi-Holyfield preview, Berbick-Thomas, Bruno-Coetzee.

July 1986: Spinks-Holmes II: Who Really Won? Plus: Frank Bruno, Richie Sandoval, Kevin Watts, Tyson-Tillis, Boza-Edwards-Alli, Johnson-Burns.

Aug. 1986: Is Sugar Ray Still Sweet? Plus: Lloyd Honeyghan, Tyson-Green, Cooney-Gregg, Hall of Fame (Eder Jofre, Benny Lynch, Bud Taylor, Sam McVey, Nat Langham, John Chambers), Bernardo Pinango.

Sept. 1986: Gerry Cooney vs. Mike Tyson: Who Would Win? Plus: Cruz-McGuigan, Hearns-Medal, Tyson-Gross, Sims-Duran.

Dec. 1986: The Weekend That Shook The Boxing World. Rosario-Bramble & Honeyghan-Curry. Plus: Butch Lewis interview, Buster Drayton, Hector Camacho, Jake LaMotta.

April 1987: Hagler-Leonard Souvenir Issue. Plus: Czyz, Orlando Canizales, Mugabi-Thomas, Biggs-Snipes, Chavez-LaPorte, Bonecrusher-Witherspoon II, Haugen-Paul.

May 1987: Mike Tyson: Fighter Of The Year. Plus: Year-end awards, *The Ring* annual ratings, Louie Espinoza, Herol Graham.

June 1987: Vinny Paz: Phenom Or Phony? Plus: Tyson-Bonecrusher, Mark Breland, Brian Mitchell, Holyfield, Czyz-Edwards, Olajide-Lee, Curry-Montgomery.

July 1987: Spinks-Cooney: The Fight That Refused To Die. Plus: The new *Ring* ratings, Terry Marsh, George Foreman's return, Khaosai Galaxy, Hearns-Andries, Whitaker-Mayweather.

Aug. 1987: Sugar Ray: Still In Style. Plus: Leonard-Hagler, all-time heavyweight ratings, Czyz-MacDonald, Camacho-Davis.

Sept. 1987: Michael Olajide: The Look Of The Future? Plus: Tyson-Thomas, Jeff Fenech, middleweight muddle, Tsuyoshi Hamada, Juan Roldan, Harold Knight.

Nov. 1987: Tyson Wins Heavyweight Triple Crown. Plus: McCallum-Curry, Carlos Monzon interview, triple champions, Orlin & Terry Norris, Ramirez-Alli, Fenech-Richardson, Matthew Hilton.

Dec. 1987: Spinks & Lewis: Boxing's Beastie Boys. Plus: Starling-Breland, Ramzi Hassan, Honeyghan-Hatcher, Holyfield-Ocasio.

Jan. 1988: Darrin Van Horn-Million Dollar Baby? Plus: Evander Holyfield, Hill-Stewart, Juan Coggi, great hookers, AIDS.

Feb. 1988: Gold Outshines Glitter: Tate Tops Olajide. Plus: Tyson-Biggs, Kalambay-Barkley, Hearns-Roldan, fights we'd like to see.

April 1988: Evander Holyfield: Fighter Of The Year. Plus: Special year-end awards, Holyfield-Qawi II, Foreman-Sekorski, Hill-Angulo.

May 1988: George Foreman: "I Can Beat Tyson." Plus: Tyson-Holmes, Jesse Benavides, Showtime, no-knockout artists.

Aug. 1988: Julio Cesar Chavez: The Kid From Culiacan. Plus: Holyfield, bad decisions, Lockridge-Knight, Starling-Breland II, Brown-Trice, Haugen-Santana.

Sept. 1988: Sugar Ray: Here He Comes Again! Plus: Andries-Czyz, Kid Chocolate, Don Dunphy, Don Lalonde.

Oct. 1988: Mike Tyson: What Price Glory? Plus: Tyson-Spinks, Hearns-Barkley, Davey Moore.

Nov. 1988: Donny Lalonde: "Sugar Ray is Out Of His Mind!" Plus: Hall of Fame selections (Carlos Ortiz, Joe Brown, Billy Graham, Cus D'Amato, Jimmy Jacobs), Nunn-Tate, Molinares-Starling, Honeyghan-Chung, '88 Olympians.

Jan. 1989: Meldrick Taylor: Philly Phenom. Plus: Marvin Hagler, Alex Wallau, Taylor-McGirt, Olympic results.

Feb. 1989: Julio Cesar Chavez. Plus: Chavez-Ramirez, all-time lightweight ratings, Louie Espinoza, Simon Brown, Roger Mayweather.

March 1989: Hearns Next For Sugar Ray? Plus: Leonard-Lalonde, Prince Charles Williams, Hearns-Kinchen, Nunn-Roldan, Hines-Hilton.

May 1989: The Best Of '88. Plus: Year-end awards, Evander Holyfield, Pryor-Morales, Fenech-Navarro.

Jan. 1990: Boxing's Bible Reborn At Age 68. Plus: Carlos Monzon, Mike Tyson, Leonard-Duran, Daniel Zaragoza, Nunn-Barkley, Whitaker-Ramirez, George Foreman (color).

Feb. 1990: Mike Tyson: Riddick Bowe & Ray Mercer Take Aim. Plus: Bobby Czyz, Gerry Cooney, Chuck Wepner, Antonio Esparragoza, Roman-Laciar.

March 1990: The '80s—Great Fights, Great Fighters (color). Plus: Jeff Harding, Evander Holyfield, Pete Rademacher, Sharkey-McCoy.

April 1990: Pernell Whitaker: Fighter Of The Year (color). Plus: Tiger Flowers, Duran-Leonard, Chavez-Taylor preview, Jorge Paez, Ali-Cooper.

May 1990: Big George Talks Tough: "Tyson Won't Be That Difficult!" Plus: Ed Hopson, Russian fighters, grudge wars, Archie Moore, Kid Berg, Marcel Cerdan, Chavez-Cortes.

June 1990: Buster! How James Douglas Shocked The World. Plus: Michael Moorer, Camacho-Paez, Tommy Farr, Excuses, Dick Tiger, Ruben Olivares-Jeff Chandler.

July 1990: "I'm Hungrier Than Ever Before," By Evander Holyfield. Plus: James Toney, Buddy McGirt, Glenwood Brown, Aaron Davis, Michael Carbajal, Jorge Paez, Kid Gavilan, Mark Breland, Ali-Liston II (color).

Aug. 1990: Chavez: His Greatness Confirmed ... Is He The Best Mexican Fighter Ever? Plus: Matthew Saad Muhammad, John L. Sullivan & Mike Tyson, Michael Nunn, Mark Breland, Harold Johnson, Cus D'Amato, Louis-Godoy (color).

Sept. 1990: Marvin Hagler-Can He Resist The Irresistible Temptation? Plus: Thomas Hearns, Sanchez-Saddler, Paul Banke, puncher vs. chin, Beau Jack, Robinson-LaMotta (color).

Oct. 1990: Rocky Graziano—Thanks For The Memories. Plus: Aaron Pryor, Junior Jones, Mike Tyson, Chris Eubank, Wolgast-Nelson, Hall of Fame.

Nov. 1990: Tyson vs. Foreman. Can Iron Mike Stop The Blast From The Past? Plus: Bruce Seldon, best chins, Sullivan-Kilrain (color), Azumah Nelson, LaStarza.

Dec. 1990: Exclusive Annual Report: The State Of The Game. Plus: Douglas-Holyfield preview, Julio Cesar Chavez, Joe Grim, Whitaker-Nazario, Rosi-Van Horn, Benny Leonard, Douglas-Tyson (color).

Jan. 1991: Boxing's Baddest Bad Boy: Nigel Benn Plays By His Own Rules. Plus: Roberto Duran, Kid Akeem, Jose Napoles, Jimmy Carruthers, LaMotta-Zale, Dempsey-Willard (color).

Feb. 1991: Boxing On TV—Now You'll Pay! Plus: Ismael Laguna, Tommy Morrison in *Rocky V*, Reggie Tuur, Chiquita Gonzalez, Harold Green, Joe Louis.

March 1991: Hunger! It Made Evander A Champ, But ... Plus: Dempsey-Firpo, Charles Murray, Khaosai Galaxy, Nunn-Curry, Henry Armstrong, Sonny Liston (color).

April 1991: Julio Cesar Chavez—Fighter Of The Year. Plus: Tyson-Stewart, James Leija, Wilfred Benitez, Pedro Decima, Moore-Bassey.

June 1991: Pain, Frustration, Confidence, And Hope: Meldrick Taylor's Life After Chavez. Plus: Foreman-Holyfield preview, Norris-Leonard, David Kamau, Freddie Steele, Bennie Briscoe, Leonard's career (color).

July 1991: Tyson's Title Hopes: He Ain't What He Used To Be...But It's Not Gonna Matter. Plus: Eusebio Pedroza, Myung Woo Yuh, Willie Meehan, Hearns-Hill preview, computer junior welterweight tournament, Gomez-Fenech, controversial heavyweight finishes (color).

Aug. 1991: Foreman Gives Holyfield A Fight ... And The World A Thrill (color). Plus: Making weight, Harry Greb, Kevin Kelley, Louis-Conn I, Simon Brown-Blocker, Chavez-Duplessis, Sugar Ray Robinson.

Oct. 1991: A Hit Again-How Far Can Thomas Hearns Go? Plus: Battling Levinsky, Oba Carr, Dave McAuley, Muhammad Ali, Lou Ambers, Luther McCarty, ethnic matchups, computer light heavy tournament, Cerdan-Hagler, Rocky Marciano (color).

Nov. 1991: Mike Tyson's Fight For Greatness—Will November 8 Be His Moment? Plus: Edwin Rosario, Jeff Fenech, overrated/underrated, Giardello-Graham, Lennox Lewis, Marcel Cerdan, Leonard-Hearns I, heavyweight computer tournament, Ali portrait (color).

Dec. 1991: Evander Holyfield vs. Mike Tyson: Who Will Win And Why. Plus: Eddie Aliano, Jack Britton, Muhammad Ali, Pernell Whitaker, rating the #4 world champions, Marcel Cerdan, Henry Cooper, Ezzard Charles-Jersey Joe Walcott (color).

Jan. 1992: Our Exclusive Annual Report: The State Of The Game. Plus: Jerry Quarry, Julio Cesar Chavez, Mysterious Billy Smith, Joey Gamache, moving up in weight, Billy Conn-Michael Spinks, Joe Louis (color).

May 1992: James Toney—Fighter Of The Year. Plus: Myung Woo Yuh, Khaosai Galaxy, Rocky Graziano, Billy Soose, Roy Jones, James Warring, Duran-Chavez, Marvin Hagler (color).

June 1992: What Now? Boxing Without Mike Tyson. Plus: Buck Smith, Liston-Foreman, Billy Graham, Holmes-Mercer, Enrique Pinder, Hilario Zapata, Toney-Tiberi, Benny Lynch, Tony DeMarco, Tyson centerfold (color).

July 1992: Does Larry Holmes Deserve A Title Shot? Plus: Nelson-Fenech II, Tracy Patterson, Kelley-Dorsey, fat fighters, Buchanan-Camacho, Holmes-Ali (color).

Aug. 1992: Holyfield-Holmes Prefight. Holmes: "I See Me Takin' Holyfield Outta There." Plus: Iran Barkley, Herbie Hide, George Foreman, Tex Cobb, Carnival of Champions, Harry Greb, Haugen-Mancini, Oscar De La Hoya, Gene Tunney (color).

Sept. 1992: Chavez: Unbeaten At 80-0, But What If He Had To Face These Guys? Plus: Bobby Czyz, Genaro Hernandez, Norris-Taylor, Tommy Gibbons, Sugar Ray Leonard's career, Sugar Ray Robinson (color).

Oct. 1992: The Supreme Dream: The Heavyweight Hopes Of The Heavyweight Hopefuls. Plus: Kevin Kelley, All-Time Top 10: South Africa, Meldrick Taylor, Sharmba Mitchell, Bob Foster, Eder Jofre, Max Baer (color).

Nov. 1992: Is Riddick Bowe The Next Heavyweight Champion? Plus: Morrison-Hipp, Canizales-Chandler, Chavez-Camacho preview, Australia Best of Nation, Tyson speaks from prison, Corbett-Sullivan (color), Tracy Patterson, Pat Barrett, Knockout Brown.

Feb. 1993: America's Tribute To The Brown Bomber: Joe Louis. Plus: Virgil Hill, Junior Jones, Roger Mayweather, Chicago boxing, Orlando Zulueta, Jose Napoles (color).

March 1993: From Question Man To Answer Man: Riddick Bowe Leaves No Doubts. Plus: Lennox Lewis, Lopez-Gamache, Frank Bruno, Rocky Kansas, Frank Fletcher, Crisanto Espana, Bowe-Lewis (color).

April 1993: Riddick Bowe: Fighter Of The Year. Plus: "Grand Slam" fight card, Toney-Barkley preview, Morris East, Joe Louis-John Henry Lewis, All-Time Top 10: Argentina, Fighters of the Year (color).

May 1993: Oscar De La Hoya's Sprint To The Title: Is He Good Enough *Now?* Plus: Carbajal-Gonzalez preview, Lennox Lewis, THE RING Poll, Freddie Pendleton.

Aug. 1993: A Ring Exclusive: Julio Cesar Chavez Speaks Out. Plus: Bobby Czyz, 10 hardest punchers, Rafael Ruelas, Carmen Basilio, closing of the Fifth Street Gym, Sugar Ray Leonard (color).

Oct. 1993: Tommy Morrison: Good Enough To Beat Big George, But Will He Win The Heavyweight Title? Plus: Riddick Bowe, Mike Capriano, Billy Conn-Joe Louis, All-Time Top 10: Puerto Rico, Charles Murray.

April 1994: Michael Carbajal: Fighter Of The Year. Plus: Brown-Norris, Kevin Kelley, Ceferino Garcia, Oscar De La Hoya, Tunney Hunsaker, Spinks-Foster.

May 1994 (92-Page Special) Division-By-Division: The Greatest Fighters Of All-Time. Plus: Virgil Hill & Orlando Canizales, Kostya Tszyu, James Toney, What If ... Dempsey vs. Wills.

Aug. 1994: Bowe's Back! Determined To Do It Again. Plus: Eric Griffin, Pernell Whitaker, Ray Mercer, Roger Donoghue, State of the Game (midterm report), All-Time Top 10: The Philippines.

Oct. 1994: Rating The Champs: Whitaker & Toney Lead The Field ... But Roy Jones Is Closing Fast. Plus: Oscar De La Hoya, Meldrick Taylor, Rafael Ruelas, Curtis Cokes.

Nov. 1994: With Lewis Fighting Bowe ... Is Michael Moorer's Career Off-Target? Plus: Wayne McCullough, Hall of Fame, Alejandro Lavorante, Rocky Marciano, Paz-Duran, Injuries (part I), What If ... Pedroza vs. Sanchez.

Dec. 1994: Fighting-Mad! James Toney Just Wants To Beat People Up. Plus: Duran & Robinson, Don King, Mike McCallum, Injuries (part II), Tom Molineaux.

Jan. 1995: A Puncher's Dream: Oliver McCall Upsets Boxing's Balance Of Power. Plus: Ruelas brothers, Quincy Taylor, "Unfinished Business," Dave Maier, All-Time Top 10: Canada.

May 1995: The State Of The Game. Plus: Olzubek & Arbachakov, Gonzalez-Kelley, Pazienza-Duran II, All-Time Top 10: France.

June 1995: (92-Page Special): Foreman Frowns Upon The Age Gap: "I Don't Think Tyson Should Fight Anyone But Me." Plus: Least deserving heavyweight challengers, Carlos Monzon, Kostya Tszyu.

July 1995: Pernell Whitaker: *The Ring* Makes "Pound-For-Pound" An Official Title. Plus: Riddick Bowe, Ike Quartey, Benn-McClellan, TV prospects, Hector Acero-Sanchez, Harry Matthews, What If ... Robinson-Burley.

Oct. 1995: (92-Page Special): Mismatch? Don't Tell Peter McNeeley! Plus: Fights we'd like to see, Jo-el Scott, Bronco McKart, when stop fights?

Dec. 1995: McNeeley Goes Too Soon—Mike Tyson: The Beast Is Yet To Come. Plus: Tommy Morrison, Naseem Hamed, Chiquita Gonzalez, Gaspar Ortega, best chins.

Winter 1995 (92-Page Special): Buster Mathis Jr.: "Mike Tyson, You Got A Fight Comin' On." Plus: Holyfield-Bowe III preview, Wayne McCullough, Jesse James Hughes, Norris-Vaden preview, *The Ring* Insiders' Poll, What If ... Moore-Ayala Jr.

Feb. 1996: Bowe's The Man (For Now), But Is He Man Enough For Tyson? Also: Lennox Lewis, Hamed-Barrera, Paul Banke, Vince Phillips, boxing on Madison Ave., What If ... Leonard-Pryor.

April 1996: Oscar De La Hoya—Fighter Of The Year. Plus: Mike Tyson, Gabe Ruelas, 1995 in review, All-Time Top 10: Africa.

May 1996: Exclusive Annual Report: The State Of The Game. Plus: Frankie Randall, Tim Witherspoon, Roy Jones, Bernard Hopkins.

June 1996 (92-Page Special): The Top 50 Fighters Of The Last 50 Years. Plus: Barrera-McKinney, Oscar De La Hoya, internet, Decade To Remember (1940s): Jimmy Bivins.

July 1996: Tyson! The Baddest ... But Is He The Best? Plus: De La Hoya-Chavez preview, Fabrice Tiozzo, Tommy Morrison & HIV, Malinga-Benn, closed-circuit, Chacon-Gomez.

Aug. 1996: A Closer Look At Tyson. Where He's At ... And Where He's Going. Plus: Joe Frazier, Roberto Duran, Buster Douglas, Arturo Gatti, women's boxing.

Sept. 1996: Lennox Lewis: Tough Enough For Tyson? Plus: Lewis-Mercer, Olympic team, Pernell Whitaker, Mark Johnson, Rocky, Scrapiron Johnson, heavyweight hopefuls.

Nov. 1996: Pole-Axed! Low Blows, Sinking Bowe, Ugly Show. Plus: Bowe-Golota I, Blinky Palermo, exciting fighters, Winky Wright, Joe Brown.

Dec. 1996: Our Spin On Roy Jones. Plus: heavyweight division, Olympic recap, Luis Rodriguez, Puerto Rican fighters, Danny Hodge, Saad Muhammad.

March 1997 (92-Page Special): Mike Tyson, Can He Reclaim His Greatness? Plus: 10 greatest controversies, Teddy Atlas & Michael Moorer, Kostya Tszyu, George Chuvalo.

May 1997: De La Hoya-Whitaker: Can "Sweet Pea" Stop Oscar's March To Greatness? Plus: Fitzsimmons-Corbett, Junior Jones, Phillip Holiday, Don King, Zaragoza-McCullough.

June 1997 (Special Collector's Issue): Holyfield-Tyson II: What It Means For Now ... And Forever. Plus: Holyfield-Tyson fight poster, Naseem Hamed, computer unification, Sayers-Heenan, state of the game.

July 1997: Leonard: There Wasn't Even A Ray Of Hope. Plus: Felix Trinidad, David Reid, Willie deWit & Shawn O'Sullivan, THE RING's 75th anniversary, Moore-Durelle I.

Oct. 1997: Bang! Naseem Hamed Takes Aim At America. Plus: Riddick Bowe, Phillips-Tszyu, Saman Sorjaturong, Bobby Dykes.

Nov. 1997: Mike Tyson: Is He Finished? Plus: Oscar De La Hoya, Ike Ibeabuchi, Hall of Fame weekend, mismatches.

Holiday 1997: Roy Jones: When He's Motivated, He's Unstoppable—Got That, Evander? Plus: Julio Cesar Green, Sugar Shane Mosley, boxers' day jobs, Tyson's mentor, Kid Lavigne.

Jan. 1998: Give This Man His Due! If You Can't Respect Oscar ... You Can't Respect Anyone! Plus: Sanchez-Mayweather, Morales-Zaragoza, Lucia Rijker, Marvin Johnson, characters.

Feb. 1998: Welter-Skelter! The Hottest Division In Boxing. Plus: Lewis-Golota, Olympic update, Art Shires, boxing I.Q.

March 1998 (92-Page Special): Into The Millennium With The Real Deal: THE RING's Timeline For Evander Holyfield. Plus: Hernandez-Hernandez, Briggs-Foreman, 10 champs recall "The Day I Won The Title," Johnny Thompson.

April 1998: Evander Holyfield: THE RING's Fighter Of The Year (Again!). Plus: Yory Boy Campas, Mullings-Norris, Pinkey Mitchell, Holyfield Q & A, Hamed-Kelley, Oscar De La Hoya.

May 1998: Wrestling With His Reinstatement: Is Tyson Biting The Hand That Feeds Him? Plus: Lewis-Briggs preview, Michael Grant, Manfredy-Gatti, Ski Goldstein, Dan Donnelly.

June 1998 (92-Page Special): The State Of The Game. Plus: Tyson-King, David Reid, Bernard Hopkins, Ken Norton.

July 1998: Holyfield ... Tapia ... Hamed ... Jones ... Trinidad ... De La Hoya: Who Will Be The First To Fall? Plus: Magic Johnson, Chavez-Gonzalez & Lopez-Alvarez, underappreciated boxers.

Aug. 1998: Lennox Lewis: No Holyfield, No Glory. Plus: Felix Trinidad, Pat & Mike McMurtry, Chris Byrd, unbreakable records, contenders & pretenders.

Sept. 1998 (92-Page Special): This Man's Not Unbeatable! Five Top Trainers Reveal How To Solve The Hamed Puzzle. Plus: John Tate, Freddie Norwood, Andrew Golota, Roy Jones, 12 greatest finishes.

Oct. 1998: Really Hard Punch ... Really Soft Lips: Oscar Makes Legs Quiver In And Out Of The Ring. Plus: Hector Camacho Jr., Mayweather-Hernandez preview, *Tuesday Night Fights.*

Nov. 1998: Oscar De La Hoya vs. The All-Time Greats. Plus: David Reid, Fernando Vargas, Cory Spinks, LeRoy Neiman, Don King, Hall of Fame.

Holiday 1998 (92-Page Special): A War Worthy Of An Encore: Why Gatti & Robinson Have To Do It Again! Plus: Kostya Tszyu, Israel Cardona, Mills Lane, 50 greatest heavyweights.

Jan. 1999: Sugar Shane Mosley: The Sweet Tradition Continues. Plus: Evander Holyfield, Julio Cesar Chavez, Erik Morales, Ray "Windmill" White.

Feb. 1999: 1999! It's Gonna Be A Great Year For Boxing. Plus: Mike Tyson, Foreman-Holmes, David Reid, Eric Morel, Richie Mitchell, quitters.

March 1999: De La Hoya vs. Quartey: Does Bazooka Have The Weapons To Shoot Down Oscar? Plus: Sugar Shane Mosley, Lopez-Alvarez II, Roy Jones, Coley Wallace.

April 1999 (92-Page Special): Fighter Of The Year: Floyd Mayweather Jr.: "He's So Good, It's Scary!" Plus: Fernando Vargas, James Page, Luisito Espinosa, Robinson-Gatti II, Archie Moore, Carlos Oritz, 1998 diary.

May 1999: Is It All Over For Tyson? Plus: Terry Norris, Vinny Pazienza, Jesus Pimental, stoppages, mandatories.

June 1999: The Fans Have Spoken: Results Of *The Ring* Readers' Poll. Plus: Michael Grant, De La Hoya-Quartey, Antwun Echols, Ted Lowry.

July 1999 (92-Page Special): The State Of The Game. Plus: Holyfield-Lewis, Felix Trinidad, Stevie Johnston, Emile Griffith, Phil Zwick.

August 1999: Candidates For Greatness: Can Anyone Fill The Heavyweight Void? Plus: Tim Austin, Naseem Hamed, Oscar De La Hoya, Max Scmheling, Holyfield-Lewis.

September 1999: Taking Stock In The Fight Game: Who's Hot, Who's Not. Plus: Tony Ayala, Keith Holmes, Denny & Phil Moyer, scoring.

October 1999 (92-Page Special): Felix & Oscar Go To War! Who's Going To Prevail In The Welter Shootout? Plus: Floyd Mayweather, Harry Simon, Omar Sheika, Al Andrews, 20 greatest fighters of 20th century.

November 1999: Three Belts Aren't Enough! What The Fans Demand Of Roy Jones! Plus: Davey Hilton, Maurice Harris, Byron Mitchell, Ayala-Tapia, '99 Hall of Fame.

December 1999: Insiders' Analysis: Can Roy Jones Chop Down The Best Heavyweights? Plus: Ike Ibeabuchi, David Reid, David Tua, Carmen Basilio, Johnny Summerlin.

Holiday 1999 (92-Page Special): Heavyweight Showdowns! Holyfield vs. Lewis II, Grant vs. Golota. Plus: Francois Botha, Arturo Gatti, Michael Carbajal, Rocky Marciano, Lou Filippo.

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NEW FACES

TEDDY REID

Junior Welterweight

By Joe Santoliquito

Teddy Reid got sucked into a shadowy business and felt there was no way out of the sink hole that imprisoned him. The funny thing was, Reid had no complaints. The money was rolling in. Anything, he felt, was at his disposal. Why pass up the easy money, and live like everyone else? Reid always knew he had talent in a boxing ring, but the checks he would receive for fighting in the preliminary ranks weren't anywhere near as great as the fast cash he made dealing on street corners.

Then Reid started to see signs that his illegal business was crumbling. Rival gangs wanted a share of his action. Police were closing in. Finally, two very close friends lost their lives dealing, and at the ripe old age of 20, Reid decided to retire from the streets—and get back into the boxing ring.

In retrospect, Reid, 28, feels it was the wisest choice he's ever made. The slender 5'11" fighter is finally making some headway in the junior welterweight ranks. Six of Reid's 14 victories have come against undefeated fighters, the most impressive of which was Reid's fourth-round knockout of '96 Olympic lightweight bronze medalist Terrance Cauthen in Tunica, Mississippi, on August 6.

Reid is a puncher with power in both hands and an ability to sense when he has an opponent in danger. He sent Cauthen down four times before finally finishing off the Philadelphian to win the North American Boxing Association junior welter title.

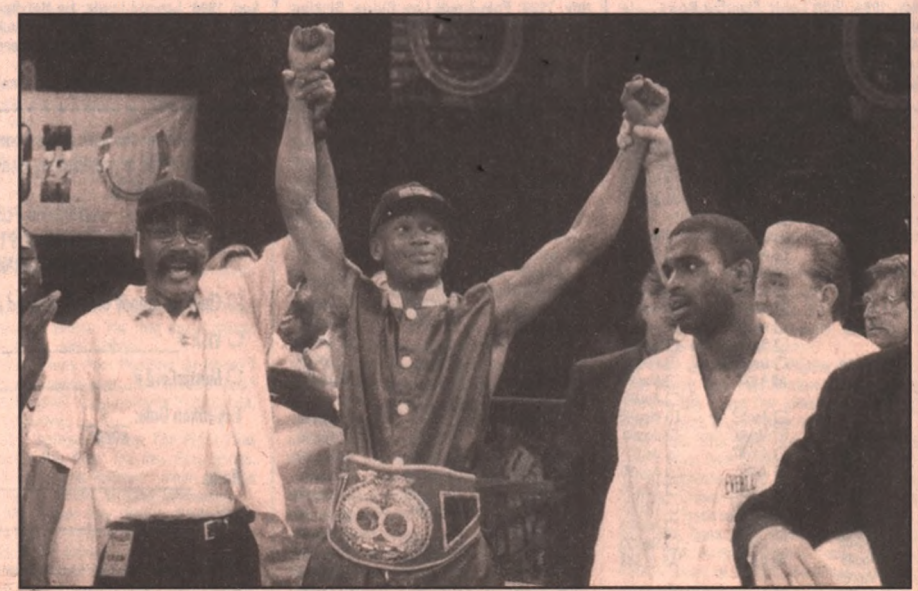
"The kid Reid is good," admitted Marvis Frazier, Cauthen's trainer and the son of former heavyweight champ Joe Frazier. "He beat

(Continued on page 61)

PRO RECORD

1995		
July 2	David Williams, Washington, D.C.	KO 1
Aug. 30	Mike Tidline-El, Washington, D.C.	KO 1
1996		
March 15	Rene Valdez, Las Vegas	KO by 3
June 12	Fred Muwonge, Atlantic City	KO 6
Dec. 20	Norman Huffman, Columbia, SC	KO 1
1997		
Jan. 11	Tim Tipton, Mt. Washington, KY	KO 1
March 14	Carl Griffin, Boston, MA	KO 2
March 28	Eamonn Magee, Boston	W 6
May 14	Roy Bohannon, Nashville, TN	W 4
Aug. 24	Jose Rivera, Boston	L 10
1998		
Feb. 13	Manuel DeLeon, Philadelphia, PA	W 6
March 27	Juan LaPorte, Westbury, NY	W 8
April 23	Jose Fernandez, Port Chester, NY	KO 3
Aug. 5	Pedro Saiz, Port Chester	D 8
Dec. 5	Andrew Lewis, Atlantic City	L 12
1999		
Feb. 2	Anthony Suggs, Washington, D.C.	KO 5
Aug. 6	Terrance Cauthen, Tunica, MS	KO 4
Sept. 3	Jose Aponte, Cherokee, NC	KO 1

FIGHTS	WON	LOST	DRAW	KOs
18	14	3	1	10



Teddy Reid, with Pepe Correa to his right, handed former Olympic bronze medalist Terrance Cauthen his first pro defeat, winning the NABA junior welterweight title in the process.

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★ Willie Pep
★ "Marvelous" Marvin Hagler
★ Ken Norton
★ David Reid
★ Virgil Hill
★ Kid Gavilan
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RYAN OUT LOUD

By Jeff Ryan

WHERE HAVE ALL THE COWBOYS GONE?

If it's a manually operated toteboard that's been keeping track of all the bad verdicts delivered in Nevada during my 16 years on the fight beat, the poor guy hanging the numbers must have repetitive stress injury or rheumatoid arthritis by now. Felix Trinidad's majority decision over Oscar De La Hoya in their welterweight unification showdown is the latest example of a fighter keeping his transmission locked in drive for 12 rounds and, no matter how ineffective the forward march is, being unfairly rewarded for his "aggression."

Defense and style will get you about as far in "The Silver State" as a maxed-out Visa card or an aversion to neon. In Nevada, one of the plodding zombies from *Night Of The Living Dead* would probably get the nod over a prime Cassius Clay on at least two of the scorecards. It's been said that Sugar Ray Robinson could land a knockout punch while going backward. Well, if he ever went backward in Las Vegas, he'd damn well have to score a knockout to win.

Admittedly, there's a part of me that's glad De La Hoya was punished for his imitation of a fourth grader running away from the nerd with cooties. That'll teach him (we hope) to promise destruction and deliver dance steps. Nonetheless, how in the world could Trinidad, who landed fewer punches than his foe and displayed so little passion and fury that you'd have thought someone snuck embalming fluid into his water bottle, walk away with a W for *his* performance? (My card favored De La Hoya, 116-112.) For much of the bout, Trinidad looked like a basketball player trying not to pick up a sixth foul.

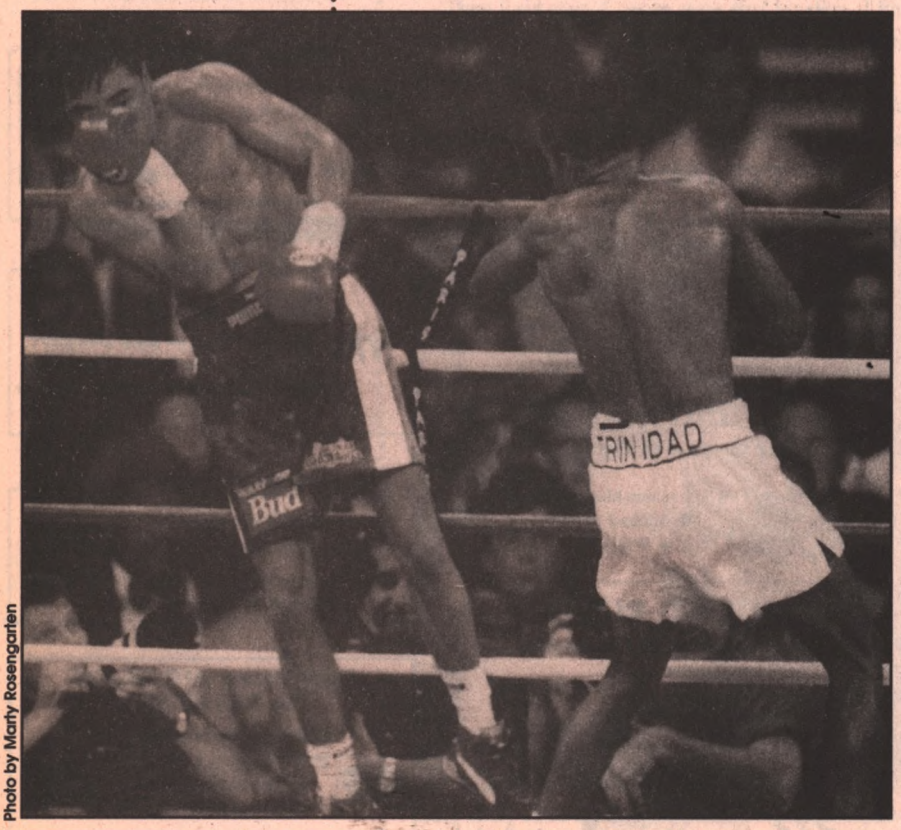


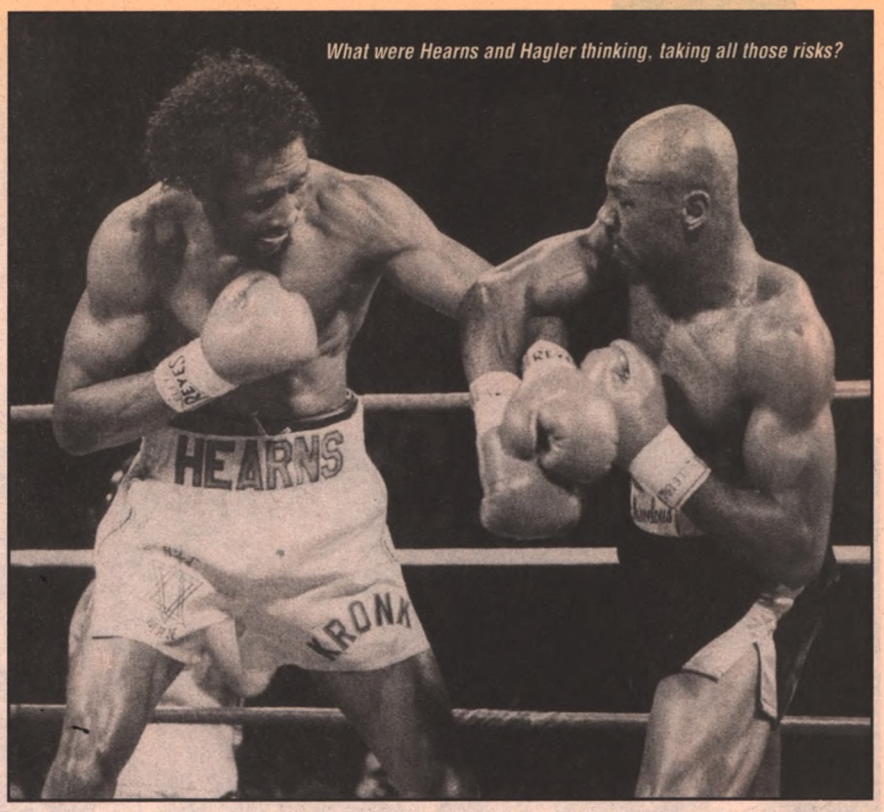
Photo by Marty Rosengarten

De La Hoya ran and hid, and Trinidad somehow won

And to think that this was supposed to be the '90s' answer to Leonard-Hearns. If it was, I'd hate to see the '90s' answer to Mark Breland-Harold Volbrecht. Though fully aware that I run the risk of sounding like some old kook clenching a stale cigar between his teeth, tugging at the stained bill of his Washington Senators cap, and complaining that everything was better when Ike was at the helm (that's Eisenhower, not Ibeabuchi), I'm forced to conclude that they just don't make fighters like they used to.

Just look at the pound-for-pound ratings and the two names forever jockeying for the top spot. Roy Jones seems far more happy in an HBO blazer than a pair of glittery trunks. The light heavyweight

king talks about risk and danger so much, he makes a potential defense against Graciano Rocchigiani sound like an attempted leap of the Snake River Canyon. Meanwhile, Jones' main rival for the PFP title, De La Hoya, elects to fight the most cautious fight of his life in the biggest, most historic fight of his life. Afterward, he says it had nothing to do with a fear of getting knocked out. No, he just happened to choose *that* night to display his boxing ability and, with the world watching, win ugly.



What were Hearns and Hagler thinking, taking all those risks?

Perhaps we should have seen Trinidad's 36 minutes of underachievement coming. When he decked and decisioned a still-decent Pernell Whitaker earlier this year, we credited the Puerto Rican with hanging the first legitimate loss on an all-time great and pretty much overlooked his neglecting to go for the kill against a light-hitting 35-year-old coming off a 16-month layoff. Against De La Hoya, Trinidad fought as though he believed he really was facing "the next Leonard" and, his own crunching power notwithstanding, wasn't going to dare get involved in any meaningful exchanges.

De La Hoya had said beforehand that this bout would be his defining moment. He better hope not. And off his own showing, WBC/IBF titlist Trinidad has gall demanding purse parity for a rematch. Trinidad wouldn't deserve parity against Ike Quartey. At least Quartey sent De La Hoya to the canvas.

Whatever happened to superstars rising to the occasion? Or applying the stamp of greatness? With apologies to Bundini Brown, whatever happened to rumbling, young man, rumbling? Doesn't anyone let their thirst for combat supersede their desire for self-preservation anymore?

Where have all the cowboys gone?

Imagine what Hearns and Marvin Hagler, both in the house, were saying to themselves as they watched this 147-pound version of the Harvest Moon Ball unfold. Geez, they were probably thinking, we were stupid enough to try to bash each other's brains out, when all we had to do was play it safe, hope for some kind of scoring dispute, and then fight for more dough in the sequel. Imagine what the two legends were thinking when they heard a smiling De La Hoya—his priorities typical of the '90s pro athlete—expressing relief that the controversial nature of his loss assured that he wouldn't lose any sponsors.

Maybe De La Hoya and Trinidad don't get ESPN's Classic Sports on their cable systems. If they did, they'd see that it's possible to fight cautiously and still go out and grab victory by the throat. Though careful to not make the mistake of slugging with Roberto Duran a second time, Leonard fought far more aggressively than either "Tito" or "The Golden Boy" did en route to "No mas." Muhammad Ali didn't foolishly trade with George Foreman, but his "rope-a-dope" strategy and perfectly timed counterpunching made their eight rounds compelling. At his best, Duran rarely got hit cleanly, yet despite that, he was rarely in a dull fight during his prime.

Regrettably, the two biggest boxing nights of the first nine months of '99, De La Hoya vs. Trinidad and Lennox Lewis vs. Evander Holyfield, have featured four fighters who took no chances at all, four guys who didn't go after the win but instead hoped it would somehow come to them. Playing it safe may be a reality in today's fight game, but that's supposed to be confined to the manager and promoter. Once the ducking and dodging by the guys in the suits is done and the contracts are finally signed, the fighters are supposed to be frothing at the mouth and saying, "All right, now let me at 'em!"

Since the press gets blamed for everything these days, from President Clinton's woes to the pressure a multimillionaire feels while pitching for the Los Angeles Dodgers, allow me, on behalf of my colleagues in the business, to accept some of the responsibility for what unfolded at Mandalay Bay. This columnist, and many others, spent too much time in the past two years describing Trinidad as an "assassin" and lauding De La Hoya's stubborn refusal to lose. Apparently, Trinidad and De La Hoya picked up this and other publications and started to believe not their own press clippings, *but the other guy's*.

So before the rematch takes place, you won't catch me making that same mistake again. All I'm going to say in print from now on is that on September 18, neither fighter showed us anything nor gave the other any reason to be wary. Punching power? Shmunching power. I'll bet that neither Fernando Vargas nor David Reid is staying awake tonight and worrying. You hear that, Felix and Oscar? That means neither of you has anything to worry about either.

So do us all a great big favor the next time, okay? Touch gloves and, please, come out *fighting*. ■

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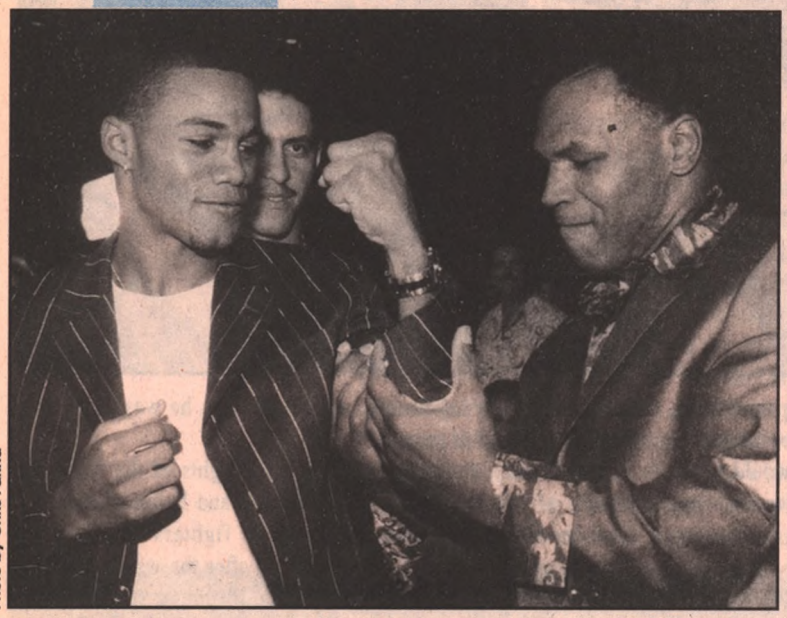


Photo by Chris Farina

Mike Tyson, employed as a secret henchman for Oscar De La Hoya, tried to squeeze the life out of Felix Trinidad's left arm a week before the so-called "Fight Of The Millennium." Unfortunately for "The Golden Boy," Tyson later reversed his allegiance and applied the same grip to De La Hoya's heart, and the effects were obvious on September 18.

Photo by Teddy Blackburn

British bomber Naseem Hamed poses with the son of "The Brown Bomber," Joe Louis Jr., in Detroit. If you ask us, Joe Jr. looks a lot more like Jersey Joe Walcott than like his old man, but looks can be deceiving; after all, Walcott sure looked like a winner the first time he and Louis fought, and we all know how that turned out.

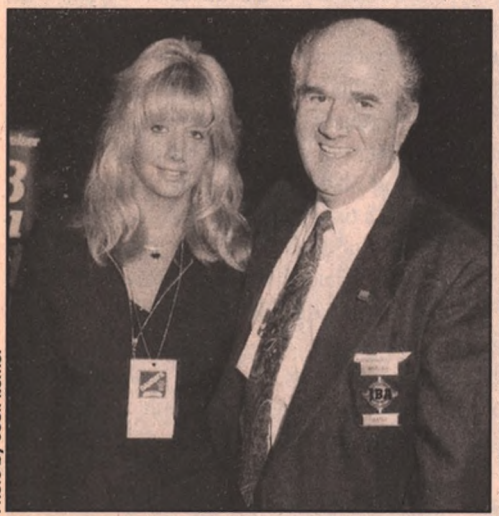


Photo by Scott Romer

Fight judges Julie and Harold Lederman, boxing's best-known father/daughter team, pose together at a recent fight card. It's rumored that a mixed tag match pitting the Ledermans against referees Arthur Mercante Sr. and Jr. is being arranged, with something called the IBA four-round familial title at stake.

Photo by Tom Casino/Showtime

Miguel Angel Gonzalez, Jose Sulaiman, and Kostya Tszyu all seemed to be enjoying this exchange of pleasantries the day before Gonzalez and Tszyu fought, but there was nothing pleasant about the beating Gonzalez would soon take. The Mexican veteran was probably left wishing Tszyu was the WBC president and Sulaiman was his opponent.

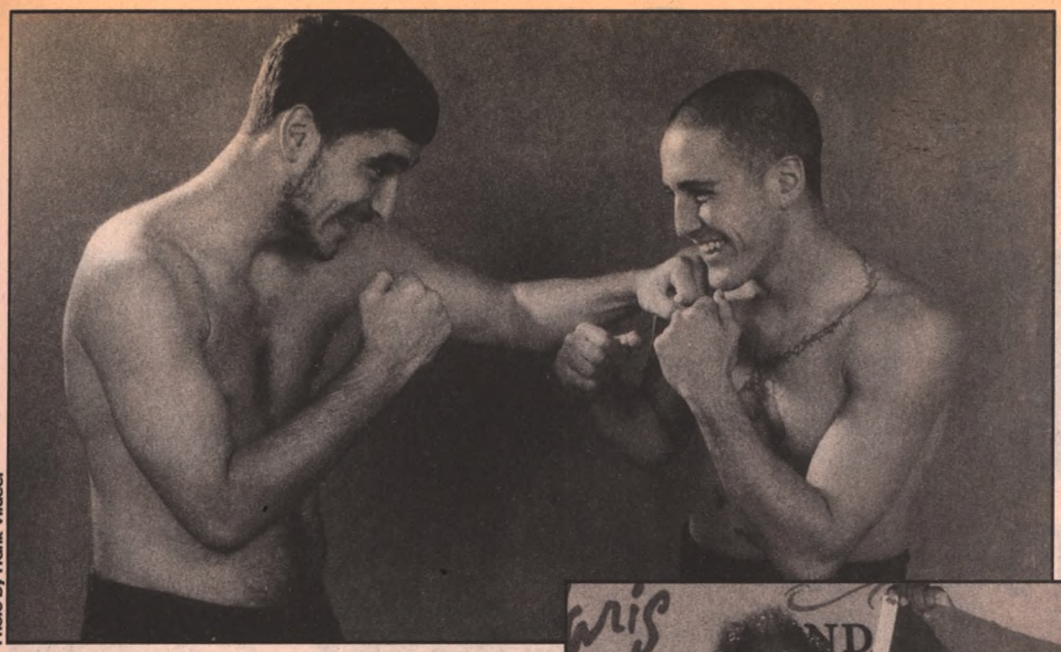


Photo by Frank Vitucci

Brotherly love: Charles Spadafora tests the chin of brother Paul, the IBF lightweight champion, during a recent photo shoot at THE RING's offices. This photo shows Charles landing approximately one more punch than Israel Cardona did all night against the slick "Pittsburgh Kid."

Photo by Marty Rosengarten

"Viva Puerto Rico!" Following "Tito" Trinidad's monumental victory in Las Vegas, promoter Don King proudly held up the flag of his favorite country—in other words, the country of the fighter who is making him the most money at the moment.

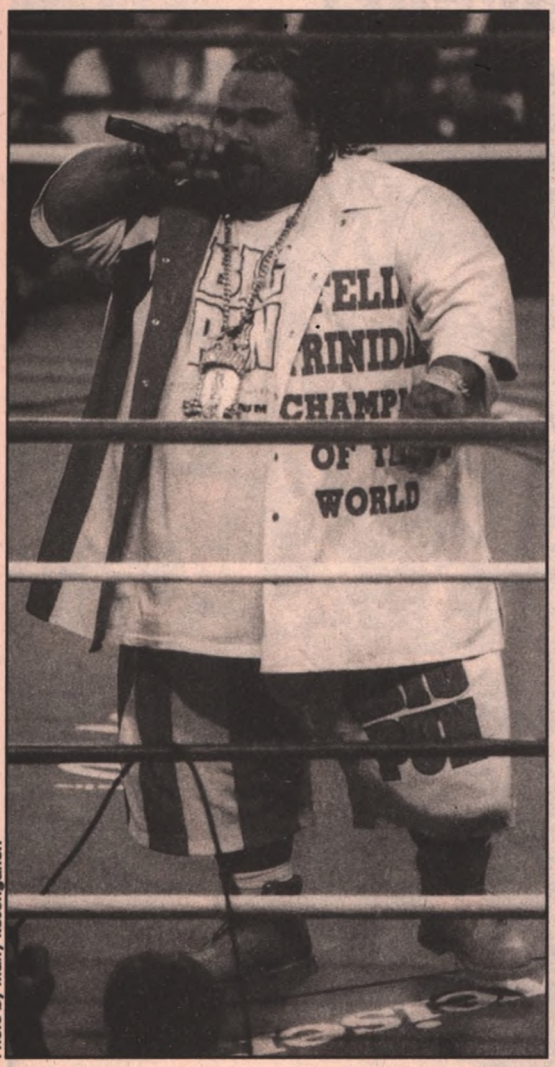
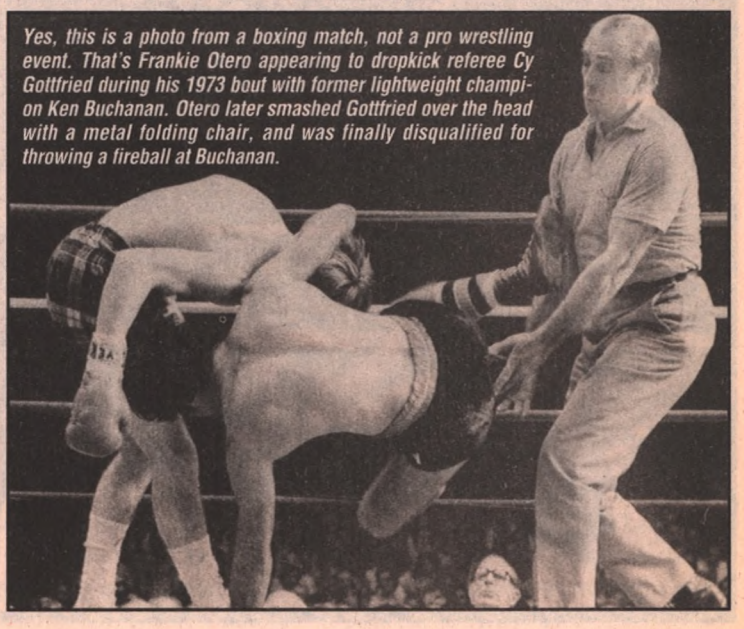


Photo by Marty Rosengarten

When massive rapper Big Pun threatened to devour the island nation of Puerto Rico, Felix Trinidad saved his country by offering the musician the opportunity to vocalize at the big Trinidad-De La Hoya fight instead. By the way, Big Pun vs. Butterbean, anyone?

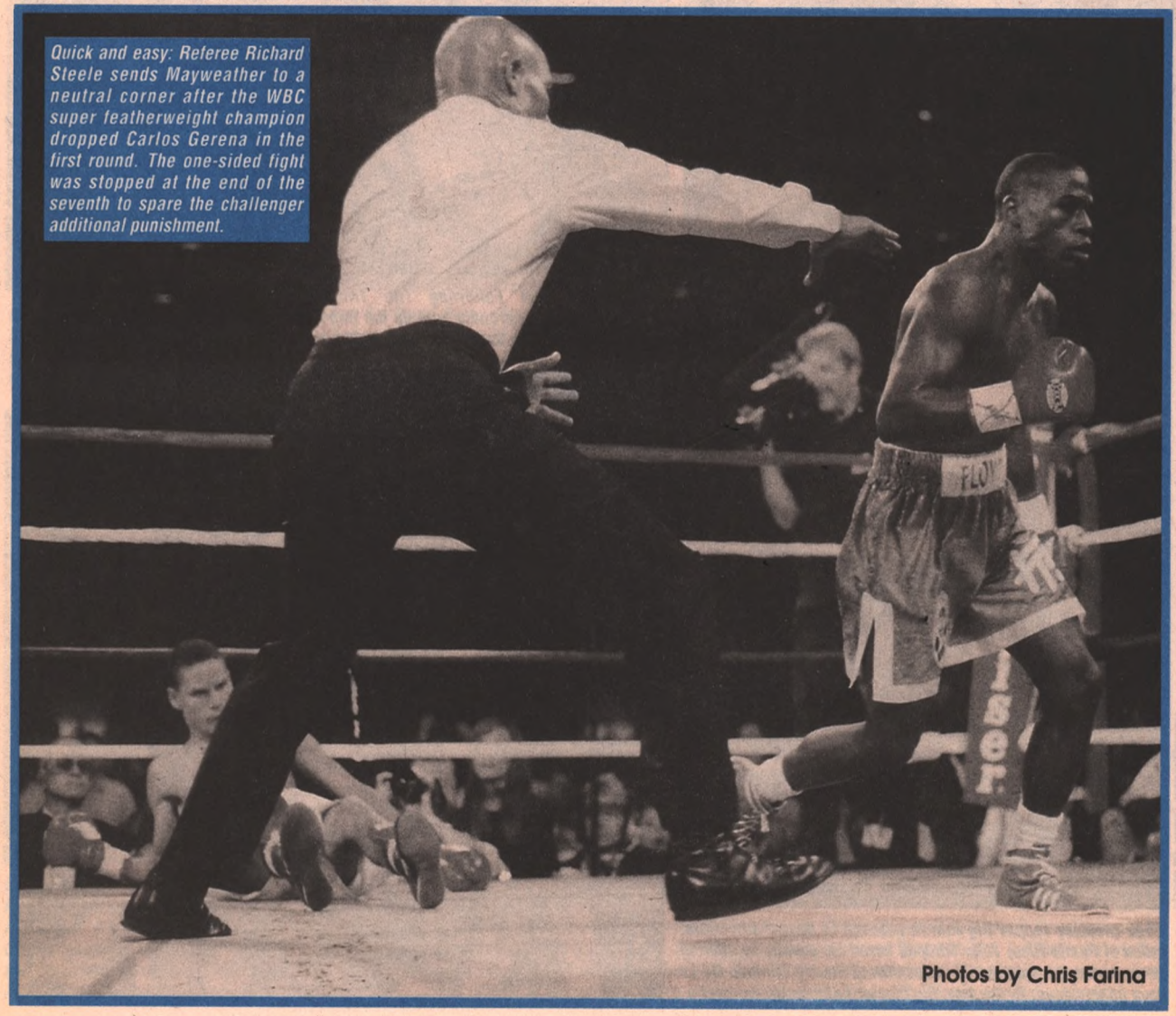
NOSTALGIA CORNER

Yes, this is a photo from a boxing match, not a pro wrestling event. That's Frankie Otero appearing to dropkick referee Cy Gottfried during his 1973 bout with former lightweight champion Ken Buchanan. Otero later smashed Gottfried over the head with a metal folding chair, and was finally disqualified for throwing a fireball at Buchanan.



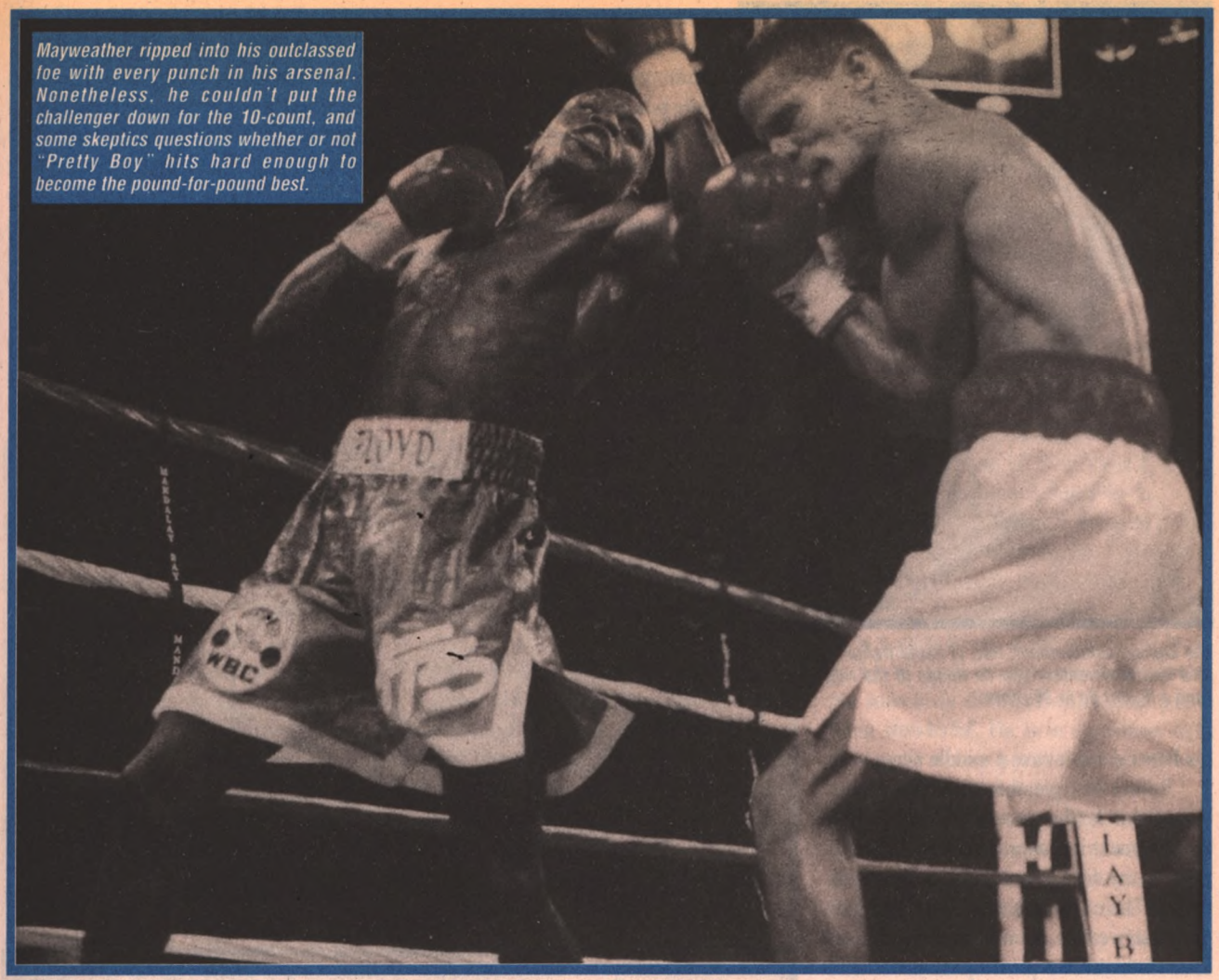
FLOYD MAYWEATHER

Can Anything Stop Him From Being An All-Time Great?



Quick and easy: Referee Richard Steele sends Mayweather to a neutral corner after the WBC super featherweight champion dropped Carlos Gerena in the first round. The one-sided fight was stopped at the end of the seventh to spare the challenger additional punishment.

Photos by Chris Farina



Mayweather ripped into his outclassed foe with every punch in his arsenal. Nonetheless, he couldn't put the challenger down for the 10-count, and some skeptics questions whether or not "Pretty Boy" hits hard enough to become the pound-for-pound best.

By Tim Graham

It is becoming apparent that if any man could snap his fingers while wearing boxing gloves, it would be "Pretty Boy" Floyd Mayweather. That's how easy it has been for this 22-year-old rising superstar. Everything's clicking.

He has fought only 22 times, but Mayweather already speaks of himself—and is spoken about—in revered terms. He intends to be held in the same regard as Sugar Ray Leonard, and he wants to break Joe Louis' record of 25 consecutive title defenses. Noted trainer and ESPN2 analyst Teddy Atlas considers him a small-scale Mike Tyson with more versatile skills. Hall of Fame trainer Eddie Futch claims Mayweather has abilities he hasn't seen since watching a young Sugar Ray Robinson.

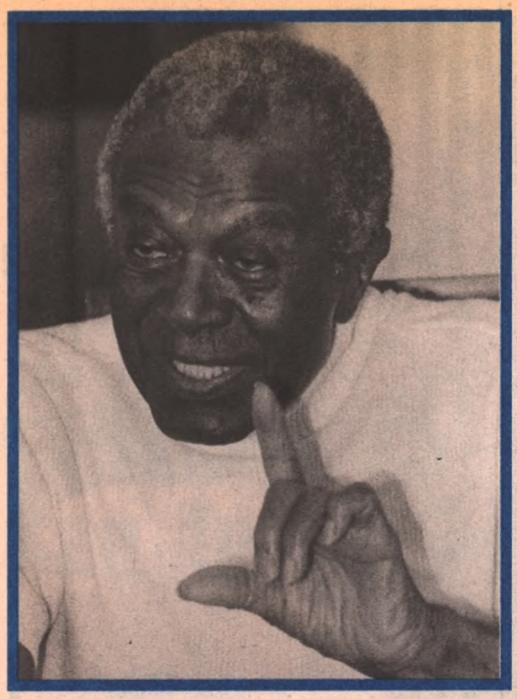
"He's got everything it takes to make a superstar," Futch said after watching Mayweather destroy Carlos Gerena, 34-3 (28), via seventh-round TKO on September 11 in Las Vegas for his fourth successful defense of the WBC super featherweight title. According to CompuBox statistics, Mayweather landed 64 percent of his punches (220 of 346), including 69 percent of his powerpunches (166 of 241).

"I saw him do things in that fight I haven't seen in 30 years," Futch said. "The opponent would get him on the ropes, and he would fight off the ropes. He doesn't get desperate. He is cool in the corner. He knows what openings he needs his opponent to present, and when they do, he counterpunches very effectively. I haven't seen a boxer be able to set that up in a long time."

Mayweather, 22-0 (17), has easily distanced himself from the rest of the 130-pound division. He would be a huge favorite against any other junior lightweight, including IBF champ Roberto Garcia, WBA champ Lakva Sim, veteran Derrick Gainer, or up-and-comer Diego Corrales. Another top junior lightweight, Goyo Vargas, called in sick rather than honor a scheduled May 22 meeting with Mayweather.

Now that Shane Mosley has graduated to the welterweight class, popular opinion says that Mayweather is the best fighter at both junior light and lightweight. Mayweather might not be ready to move up in weight just yet—even though he foresees himself finishing his career as a welterweight—but it's not too early to see this rare talent has the potential to become one of the pound-for-pound greats in boxing history.

(About the only aspect of Mayweather's life that seems up in the air is what to call him. His family and friends call him Little Floyd, though he prefers "Pretty Boy." Floyd Jr., meanwhile, is definitely out. Floyd Joy Mayweather is quick to point out he's really not a junior because



The highest complement: Hall of Fame trainer Eddie Futch said that Mayweather can do things in the ring he hasn't seen a fighter do in 30 years.

his father doesn't have a middle name.)

Before Mayweather plots his course from Point A (the present) to Point B (his enshrinement in Canastota) he will have to make many decisions that could impact his career. There are scenarios that could prevent Mayweather from becoming as awesome as his critics predict. No matter who is asked about Mayweather's bright future, the response includes the following warning: The only thing that can stop this kid is himself.

"Nobody's going to stop him unless he gets off that beaten path," renowned trainer Kenny Adams said. "If he stays on the straight and narrow, he can go down as one of the greatest fighters of all-time."

The "straight and narrow" contains several variables. There's maturity, common sense, discipline, and desire, to name a few. All could come into play before Mayweather hears his final bell.

Atlas, who helped Tyson rise to prominence at an early age, pointed out that too much success too soon can be a problem for some fighters. Mayweather has virtually willed himself upon the sport, and such expectations can be hard to live up to over the course of an entire career.

"That strength could be his weakness," Atlas said. "He's young and has done whatever he's wanted to do so far. But sometimes things change, attitudes change, interests change. When you have success at a young age—even though he seems to be handling it well so far—his desire will be tested. His makeup and his ability to deal with making money and the choices and temptations that come along with success will tell whether or not he has longevity rather than just being somebody who's very talented early on."

The reason for Mayweather's immediate success can be attributed to the grooming he received at an early age from his father and uncles. His father was a talented welterweight who, despite a broken hand, once took Leonard into the 10th round. Now he is regarded as a top instructor.

Floyd's Uncle Roger was a world champion at the junior lightweight and junior welterweight levels. His Uncle Jeff was a fringe contender with nearly 50 fights on his resume.

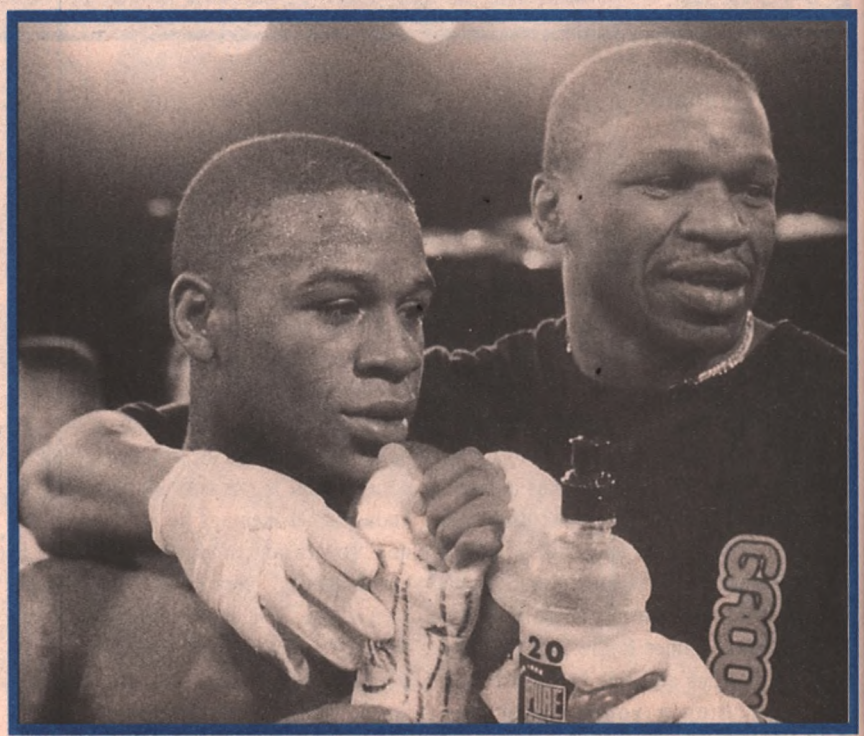
"When I was in the crib, I was already throwing punches," Mayweather once said. His father added, "Little Floyd could throw a left hook as good as a professional when he was one year old."

But the Mayweather triumvirate has done more than hone Little Floyd's skills. It also protects him from the negativity surrounding the sport. To understand what evils can befall a fighter, Pretty Boy only needs to remember what it was like to be without his father, who served five years at the federal penitentiary in Milan, Michigan, for drug trafficking.

When it comes to the saying, "The apple doesn't fall far from the tree," there are three advisers bound by blood who will be around to pick up that apple and hurl it away from the trunk at the first sign of trouble. For example, Mayweather has been approached to endorse various rap music interests, a move that could ruin his corporate marketability. The family steered him clear of that.

"Having your family involved can keep you grounded and sometimes keep away a lot of baggage and the shady characters that are involved in boxing," Atlas said. "You can't keep a bunch of these idiots around who try to tell boxers whatever they want to hear and undermine them. Having a family around can protect you from that.

"Family members have different prior-



A big plus for Mayweather is being surrounded by family members who not only protect him, but are close enough to criticize when necessary. Big Floyd (pictured), formerly a top welterweight contender, claims his son perfected his left hook while still in diapers.

ities. They don't want anything from you. They don't have to tell you falsehoods to gain a stake. They have a different stake already; it's called blood."

There's no arguing Mayweather's quick ascent has led to excessive confidence. Some experts consider it a problem. Others claim it's an attribute inherent in a champion. "He has the ability to back up his words," Futch said.

"If [his complete package] was brickwork," Atlas said, "and we were laying it up real pretty, the mortar that puts it all together would be the temperament, and he has the fighter's temperament.

"You hate to use the word 'throwback,' but guys used to want to fight the best rather than pick and choose their opponents and move themselves into position. He's confident enough that he goes after the best and beats them."

But the Mayweather family and promoter Top Rank have made a concerted effort to tone down the chest-thumping. Fight fans have seen a much more mature Mayweather since his fight last December with Angel Manfredy.

"In the beginning I think that was a problem," Jeff Mayweather said, "because he came up with his dad, who came from the old school of observing guys like Muhammad Ali taunt a guy, degrade a guy, and then come out and beat him. But now it's not about being the bad guy. People accept you more if you're humble and just go out and do your job."

That approach hasn't gone unnoticed by one potential opponent. Even though a matchup between the two always appears to be farther down the road, Mayweather has thrown disparaging words toward Mosley in the past. Mayweather was bold enough to assert Mosley couldn't come close to winning if they ever fought. Mayweather since has quieted down.

"It seems like Floyd is trying to not be as cocky as he used to be," Mosley's father/trainer, Jack, said. "I just think if Floyd tries to be as tremendous a citizen as he is a great boxer in the ring, don't be so cocky or quick to cuss somebody out or put somebody down, he can create something wonderful. He is in a position right now to be a very positive influence both inside and outside the ring."

Another hurdle that sometimes trips up a promising career is boredom. Since Mayweather already has achieved so much fame and acclaim, it's important to keep him interested. One way is by continuing to place challenges and rewards in front of him by moving up in weight.

A problem there, however, is that Mayweather doesn't appear to have that one-punch knockout power for the heavier classes. While his kayo ratio is impressive, he stops his opponents with flurries rather than putting them down for 10-counts with a single shot.

"He's going to score a lot of stoppages much the same way Muhammad Ali did," Top Rank matchmaker Bruce Trampler said. "He isn't a huge puncher, but the volume of the punches and the velocity of the punches is going to stop a lot of guys."

Almost like the way distractions and disinterest stop many boxers. But if Mayweather refuses to take his success for granted and continues to rely on the experience exuding throughout his family, there's no reason he can't be mentioned in the same breath as the best there ever was. ■

Tim Graham is a freelance writer based in Las Vegas and a regular contributor to this magazine.

Photo by Marty Rosengarten

Mayweather clutches THE RING 1998 Fighter of the Year belt that he'd just won by beating Angel Manfredy via impressive second-round stoppage last December. Some wonder if success has come too early for Pretty Boy and if he can maintain his focus.

MANIPULATING THE MEDIA

How A Fighter Gets Mightier By The Pen

Knowing how to deal with the media is crucial to any fighter's career. Although Mike Tyson has had a love-hate relationship with the press, he has never had any problem getting coverage.

Jack Dempsey became an American hero thanks in part to the image created for him by promoter Tex Rickard (far right). Also pictured is Estelle Taylor (far left), Dempsey's movie star wife, Rickard's wife, Maxine, and their baby (in Dempsey's arms).

By William Dettloff

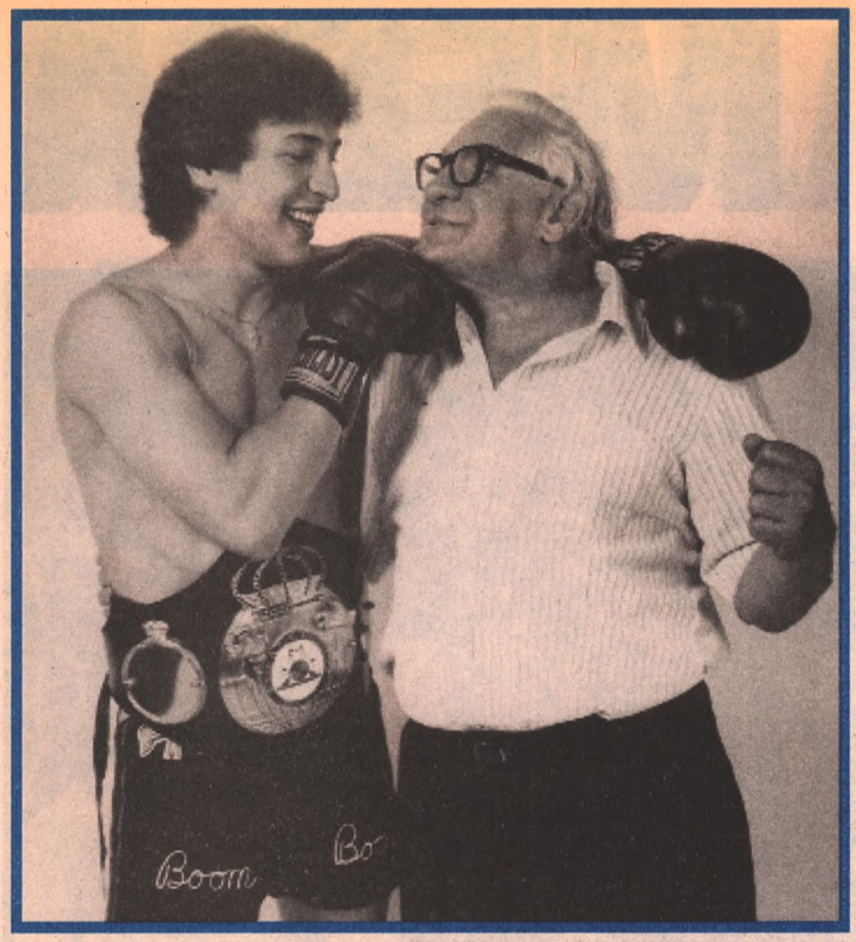
James Fenimore Cooper, the 19th-century novelist and renowned deep thinker, called the press a wonderful servant, but a terrible master. We don't think Cooper, who, in case you're wondering, bore no relation to 1970s heavyweight bleeder Henry Cooper, had the fight game and its participants in mind when he spoke of the double-edged effect the media can yield on those who toil under its scrutiny. He may as well have been, because for as long as pen has been laid to paper and fist to flesh, fighters have sought the media's attention as an obvious means to increase their exposure and, as a result, their wealth.

Don't believe those who tell you they would do it for nothing. Wealthy, famous men don't become prize fighters, and if they do, they're lousy at it. No artist wants to perform to an empty house or for no reward, and fighters are no different. Love them or loathe them, they need the hacks who sit in judgment of them from the safety of press row, recording for eternity their every deed or misdeed. They need the talking heads to tell the world what makes them heroic, mediocre, or something in between. As another deep thinker once said, it doesn't matter if they're trashing you, as long as they're saying something. No coverage at all is death to both pugs and champions.

The movie cameras roll as Joe Louis is inducted into the U.S. Army. As he was the first black heavyweight champion since the controversial Jack Johnson, Louis' public persona was carefully monitored by his management team.

On the whole, fighters aren't great with the media. Most of the time they're either too trusting, too suspicious, or too honest for their own good. They have good hearts and speak from the soul, but most come from hard lives and violent beginnings. Where they're from, there are no classes or lessons in how to use the words that will get the title shot or the endorsement deal. The lucky ones hook up with a manager or a promoter who knows how to play the game, or at least befriends the press to such a degree that unsavory details are overlooked in the pursuit of a few big, happy paydays for all (the press need the fighters, too, after all). Others say to hell with it, and let their actions in the ring do the talking for them (and eventually they pay for it). Every once in a while, a fighter comes along who gives the impression that the press is his master, as Fenimore puts it, but in reality, the opposite is true. And in some cases, a fighter comes with a built-in hook that takes him to places his talent never could.

By the time his career ended in 1927, Jack Dempsey was a national icon. This wasn't due solely to his fighting ability, though certainly that had something to do with it. You can't weigh 187 pounds soaking wet and tear apart a 245-pound behemoth like Jess Willard for the title without raising some eyebrows. But the ability to knock other men unconscious doesn't make one a national hero. For that it takes



Sometimes the story can make the boxer. That certainly was the case with Ray Mancini, an unexceptional fighter who became a star because he wanted to win the title for his father, Lenny, a former pug whose title aspirations were curtailed by World War II.

country had ever known.

Dempsey's treatment by the press was far nicer than that accorded Jack Johnson. Though as the world's first black heavyweight champion it is doubtful he would have received favorable attention anyway, "The Galveston Giant" probably made things harder than necessary with his disregard of culturally acceptable standards of the day. From the perspective of the media, and of white America, he did everything wrong. He mocked white opponents in the ring, fooled around with white women, and lived lavishly. Note that Johnson's rebelliousness and the media's consequential scorn didn't hurt him when it came time to count up the receipts, however. His fights with Tommy Burns and Jim Jeffries were colossal events, not just because of the black vs. white issue, but because of the way Johnson, directly or indirectly, used the press to help ignite white America against him and therefore to pay in droves to see him beaten. Indeed, would Jeffries have returned from retirement at all had it not been for Jack London's plea that he wipe the smile off Johnson's face?

Two decades after Johnson's reign ended, Joe Louis was the best heavyweight in the world. His managers, John Roxborough and Julian Black, knew it and so did he, but they also knew that if he

good timing and some friends in the press. Dempsey had the first—the Roaring '20s was an era that demanded larger-than-life heroes—and he had the second: His promoter, Tex Rickard, knew how to play the game, and his friends in the media were as responsible for Dempsey's popularity as were Dempsey's left hook and overhand right.

By the end of the decade, the sins Dempsey committed in his past life as a hobo and drifter had been cleverly slanted to fit into what the country held as America's ultimate rags-to-riches fairy tale. His reputation as a draft-dodger—Dempsey avoided enlisting in the Army during World War I by claiming he was the sole support for his family—was overcome by portraying him as a sympathetic and patriotic family man. Buried forever was his marriage to a former prostitute, for example. Dempsey's past had been so sanitized by the media, that at the end he was among the most beloved sports heroes the

Three-division former champion Oscar De La Hoya has been a media darling since he won an Olympic gold medal. His engaging smile and easy manner are obvious in this photo of "The Golden Boy" being interviewed by HBO's Jim Lampley and Larry Merchant.

repeated Johnson's sins, he'd never get the chance to prove it. So they took precautions: Louis was never photographed with white women. He spoke softly and humbly and never disrespected an opponent, especially a white one. He never walked into a nightclub alone and always kept a deadpan expression in front of the cameras. It worked. The media fell in love with "The Brown Bomber," and over the course of his 11-year reign as champion, he became one of the most beloved and popular athletes in American history.

Not everyone has the stuff that made Louis a Hall of Famer and a legend. Sometimes the story makes the fighter, and not the other way around. Former lightweight king Ray Mancini, for example, was, in most respects, an ordinary pug. Yes, his style—all face and roundhouse punches—was pleasing, and you know his pigmentation didn't hurt. And sure, he was tough and driven and could be counted on to bleed right into your living room during those televised Saturday afternoon title fights, winging punches all the while.

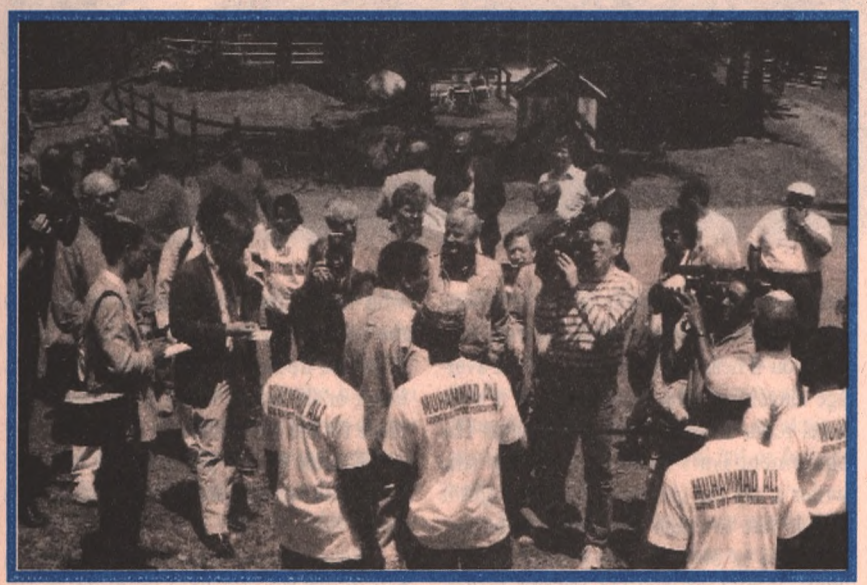
But Mancini's real value was the story that came with the package and wrapped everything up so nicely that no fight beat reporter worth his weight in typewriter ribbon could resist him. How could they when he went on camera and told them he had to win a world title for his father? You remember the story: Lenny Mancini was a top-rated feather in the '40s, and in line for a title shot when all hell broke loose in Europe. He had to put aside his dreams and fight the good fight in World War II. He catches some shrapnel, and it's goodbye title shot, and 30 years later his son fights to get what his dad couldn't. It couldn't have been scripted any better in Hollywood, and as a result, a lot of lightweights who probably could've beaten Mancini silly were stuck fighting for a couple of grand in places like Scranton and Wichita.

During his second incarnation, George Foreman ingratiated himself with both the public and the media by poking fun at himself. Today, the once-surly slugger is among the most popular fighters of all-time.

James Scott was another whose story increased his exposure. Never mind that he upset solid light heavyweights Yaqui Lopez and Eddie Mustafa Muhammad. He never would have gotten the chance had he lived in an apartment in Brooklyn or Pittsburgh or Chicago. That he was doing hard time at a penitentiary in Rahway, New Jersey, was a hook the media couldn't ignore. They dared the world's top 175-pounders to meet a convict on his home turf, and Lopez and Muhammad, a pair of proud and willing tough guys in their own right, knew the kind of coverage they'd get if they went into the lion's den and left with their reputations intact. They didn't. But Jerry Martin and Dwight Muhammad Qawi did a short while later, and before you knew it, pro boxing at the pen wasn't what it used to be, and neither was Scott.

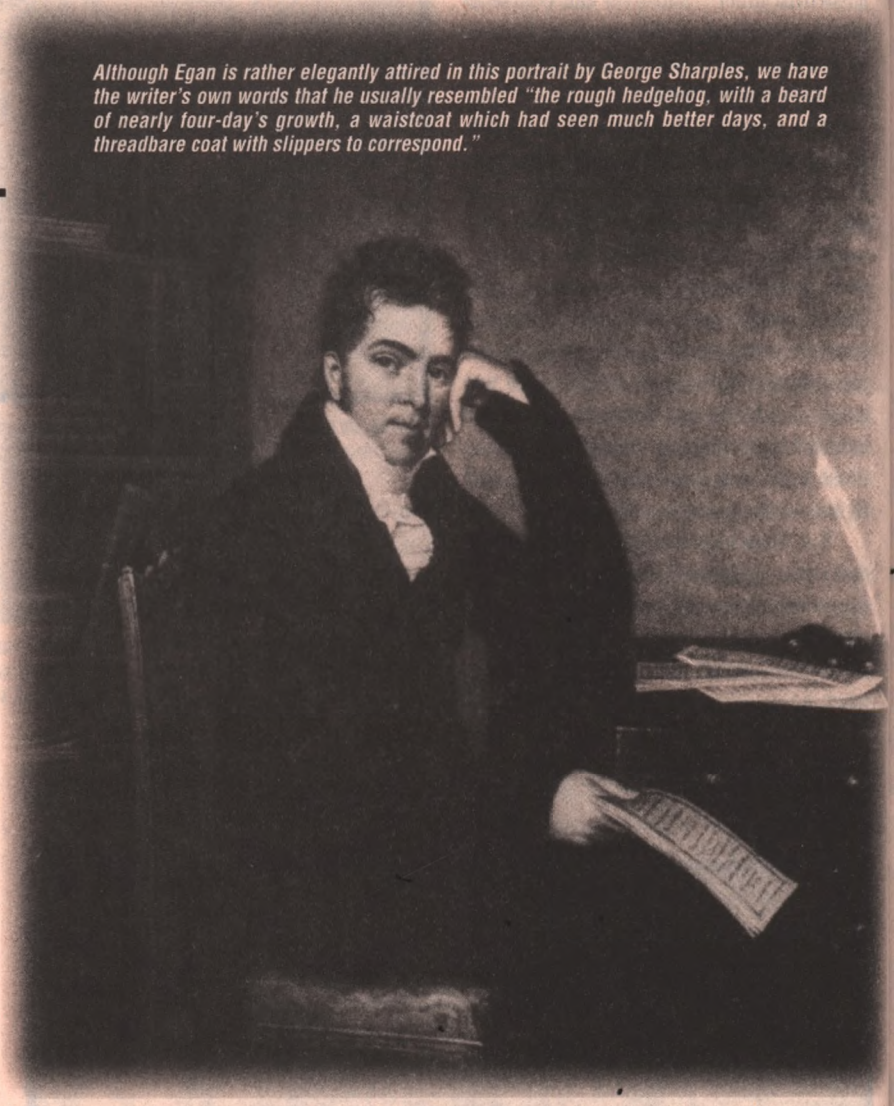
As effective as were the publicity strategies around Mancini and Scott, neither compare with the machine that all but engulfs Oscar De La Hoya. With a veritable army of publicists, public relations gurus, and other protective types, De La Hoya enjoys a sparkling image that has helped him not only to rocket to the top of the boxing world—his recent loss to Felix Trinidad notwithstanding—but to cross

(Continued on page 61)



Wherever he goes, Muhammad Ali (center) is always surrounded by the media. Whether or not the three-time heavyweight champ truly was "The Greatest" is a matter of opinion, but nobody would dispute the fact that he was a genius at creating publicity.

JOURNALISTIC PIONEER
PIERCE EGAN
MORE THAN JUST THE FIRST FAMOUS BOXING WRITER



Although Egan is rather elegantly attired in this portrait by George Sharples, we have the writer's own words that he usually resembled "the rough hedgehog, with a beard of nearly four-day's growth, a waistcoat which had seen much better days, and a threadbare coat with slippers to correspond."

By Patrick Myler

"The man who has not read ***Boxiana*** *is ignorant of the power of the English language."*

—BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, 1820

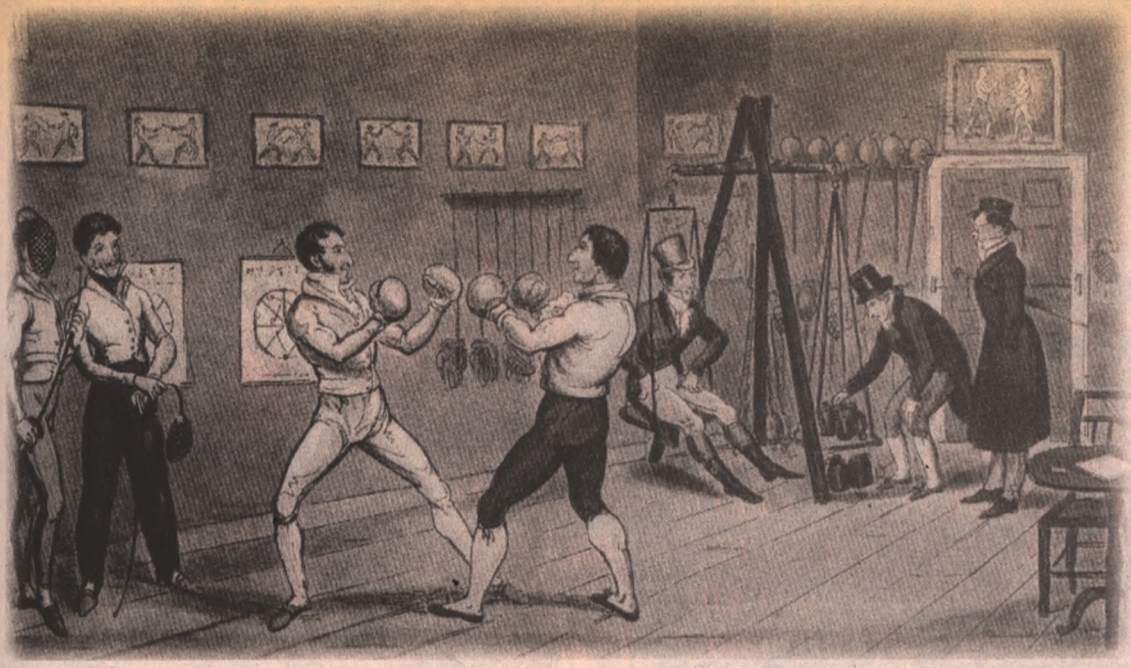
Today's boxing journalists truly are a pampered lot. Not only have they every modern convenience at their fingertips to make their jobs easier, such as facts-filled press kits, mobile telephones, and laptop computers, but usually there's free booze and snacks laid on by a grateful promoter.

So they're one big happy bunch, getting paid well for what most fight fans would do for nothing. Right? No way.

You'll hear more moans from the average ringside scribe than you will if your hotel room is next to the bridal suite. His equipment isn't working properly (the writer's, not the groom's). The big fight is on too late to catch his paper's deadline. His view is obscured by a ringpost or a phalanx of photographers, or he's stuck in the last row of the press section, where his ears get mangled by an audience drunk who loudly insists he knows more about the game than any overpaid hack. There might be trouble getting a cab back to his hotel, or the editor wants an updated color piece for the late edition.

Knock it off, guys. Count yourself lucky you weren't around in Pierce Egan's time.

Egan, whose jottings on the English bare knuckles prize ring inspired generations of boxing writers over the last 200 years, had to do his job the hard way.



Corinthian Tom takes a boxing lesson at John Jackson's boxing academy, while Jerry Hawthorn has his weight checked in a scene from Egan's Life In London. *The best-selling book, illustrated by the Cruikshank brothers, later became a play.*

The chaotic conclusion of the second Tom Cribb-Tom Molineaux fight by 19th-century artist Thomas Rowlandson was typical of the bare knuckle battles that Egan covered for various publications during his career as the era's leading boxing writer.

Having been tipped off about a coming fight—as the sport was illegal, advertising was risky—he would have to check out the date, time, and venue and make his own arrangements to get there. Horse-drawn vehicles, the only means of transportation, would be in big demand, so he would probably have to pay over the odds for his journey.

More often than not, he would then have to tramp across muddy fields and clamber over high fences to reach the scene of battle. If the law enforcers had gotten wind of the proposed encounter and prepared to swoop, Egan would join his fellow enthusiasts in a frantic escape bid. Attendance at a prize fight was as likely as participation to land you in jail or facing a hefty fine.

Once a safe site had been established, Egan would take his place amidst the noisy, sweaty, suffocating throng, trying his best to take notes of the fight while keeping a watchful eye for pickpockets, or dodging the whips wielded by burly crowd controllers. If it rained or snowed, he would have to abandon his jottings and rely on his memory when he sat down later to record his observations of the event.

But when Egan put pen to paper, what emerged was some of the most exciting, colorful, evocative prose ever written about boxing and its environment. Though he had his share of critics who ridiculed his unsophisticated style, he was one of the

(Continued on page 62)

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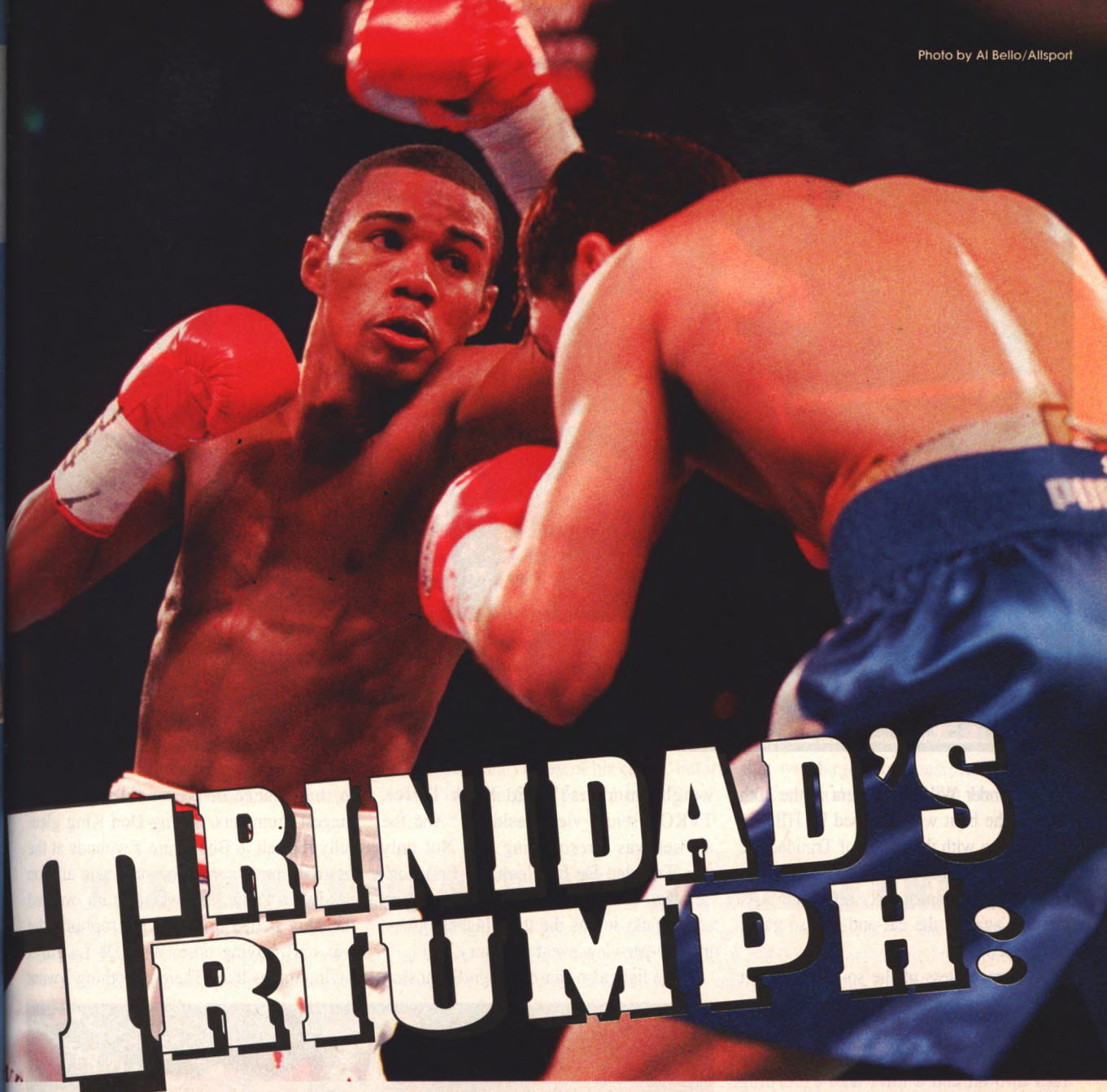


Photo by Al Bello/Allsport

TRINIDAD'S TRIUMPH:

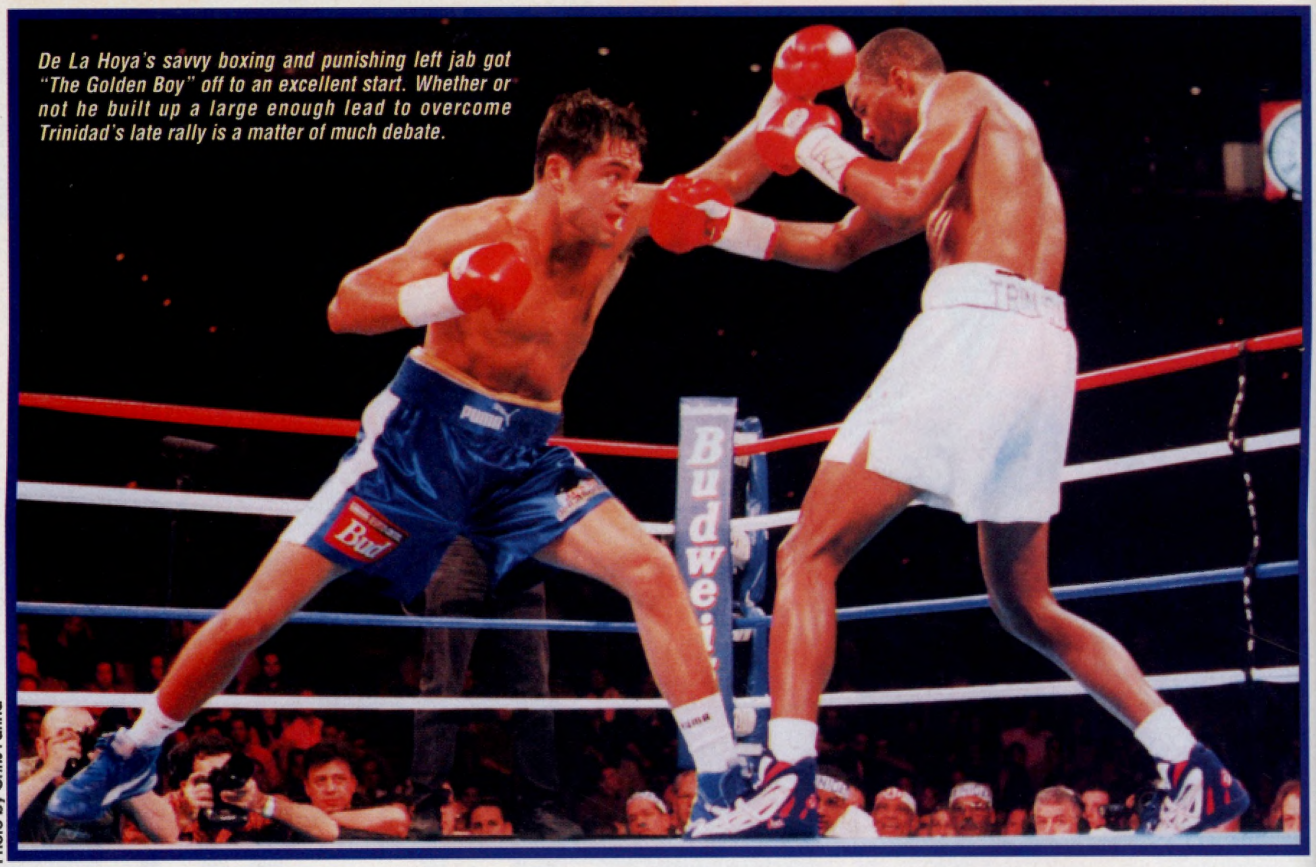
WHAT IT MEANS FOR BOXING

By Nigel Collins

The record book will simply say Felix Trinidad won the fight and that Oscar De La Hoya lost. But that's a superficial view at best. The real loser, regardless of what you thought of the official verdict, was boxing. The sport needed something special, something to help redeem boxing after the Lewis-Holyfield I ripoff. But what it got was a stunningly overpriced sparring session, a boxing match that never even threatened to escalate into a fight.

And the real winner? Well, that just might have been Sugar Shane Mosley and the rest of the welterweight division. Because if the Trinidad-De La Hoya fight proved anything, it was that neither of the participants is quite as marvelous as his most ardent supporters believed. They're good, mind you, and both could still end up in the Hall of Fame. But when the spotlight shone the brightest and the challenge was the greatest, neither risked all in the pursuit of ultimate glory, settling instead for a restrained, conservative approach.

This leaves the door to the 147-pounds kingdom ajar for men like Mosley, Vernon Forrest, Ike Quartey, and WBA champ James Page, fighters who are still hungry enough to commit themselves totally when the moment of truth arrives. Not so coincidentally, former IBF lightweight champion Mosley made an impressive debut at welter the following weekend, stopping capa-



De La Hoya's savvy boxing and punishing left jab got "The Golden Boy" off to an excellent start. Whether or not he built up a large enough lead to overcome Trinidad's late rally is a matter of much debate.

Photo by Chris Farina

ble contender Wilfredo Rivera in the 10th round. The bout was televised by HBO in conjunction with the replay of Trinidad-De La Hoya, and Mosley's enthusiasm for combat was conspicuously refreshing juxtaposed against the cat-and-mouse game that preceded it.

Yet regardless of the so-called "Fight Of The Millennium's" aesthetic shortcomings, it was a colossal financial success, with worldwide sales of approximately 1.25 million and a total take exceeding $64-million—and that's just the pay-per-view! There's also the site fee paid by the host casino (reportedly $10- to $11-million), ancillary revenue generated by the capacity crowd of 11,610 at the Mandalay Bay Resort and Casino, and overseas and replay rights to be tallied. Depending on the final PPV figures, De La Hoya and Trinidad could be splitting nearly $40-million between them, $25-million to De La Hoya, $14.5-million to Trinidad. And while even Eugenia Williams knows we didn't get anywhere near $40-million worth of fight, some industry insiders are very upbeat.

"Going in, the most important question was: Can lighter-weight fighters do heavyweight numbers?" said Mark Taffet, TVKO's senior vice president. "And the answer was a resounding yes. Not only was Trinidad-De La Hoya the first non-heavyweight fight to break the million sales mark, it was the third highest grossing pay-per-view event in history."

The fight also caused a significant shift in the balance of power among boxing biggest promoters. Seeing Don King gleefully rub salt in Bob Arum's wounds at the postfight press conference told you all you needed to know, and when Arum ordered the plug pulled on DK's microphone, he was only buying time. With De La Hoya saying things like "There is nothing I want

Photo by Jed Jacobsohn/Allsport

Felix Trinidad Sr. gives his son advice between rounds. Unlike what transpired in the opposing corner, "Tito" was never told that he had the fight "in the bag." Consequentially, the undefeated IBF champion kept fighting right up until the final bell.

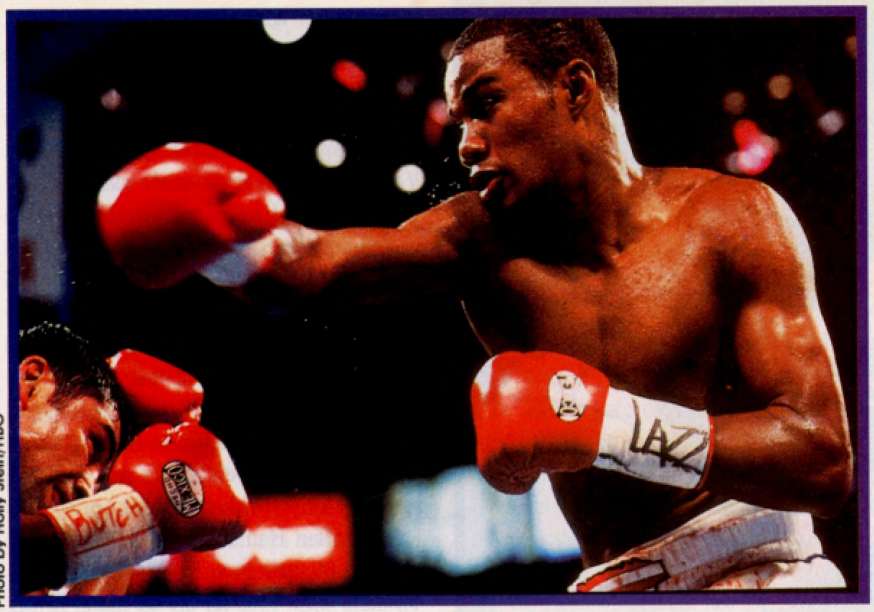


Photo by Holly Stein/HBO

Nowhere to hide: Even when Trinidad missed with his punches, he kept De La Hoya under constant pressure, which could partially account for the WBC champion's late-round fade.

more than a rematch ... anywhere, anytime, anyplace," Arum will be forced to deal with King eventually. It won't be pretty, but don't pay too much attention to all the hot air issuing forth from the promoters during the coming months. It's still the biggest money match for either fighter, and barring anything unforeseen, the rematch will happen, probably sometime next spring.

But even Trinidad won't want a carbon copy of the first fight the second time around. True, his majority decision win will probably go down in history as the most significant victory of his career, but it was far from his finest performance. "Tito" dutifully applied grinding pressure, stoically accepted the punishment De La Hoya inflicted, and still had enough left to keep punching when his rival either couldn't or wouldn't. That, in the eyes of many, including two of the three official arbiters, was enough to win him the fight. Many others, among them the majority of the media, disagreed. After watching the fight several times on tape, De La Hoya was more convinced than ever that he had won.

"Every time I see it, I give myself another round," De La Hoya told the *New York Post*. "I thought it was worse than it was, that he was hitting me with a lot of shots, but after seeing the tape, I saw he never hit me solid once. Check that; he got me with one solid shot—after the bell."

Once again, De La Hoya's confounding duality raises its head. On the one hand, he's to be commended for seeking an immediate rematch and also for understanding that he most likely will have to settle for purse parity now that he no longer wears a championship belt. But on the other hand, he's still bitching about the decision and defending the flawed strategy that was largely responsible for his first professional defeat. What De La Hoya

THE MONEY-MAKER OF THE MILLENNIUM

Oscar De La Hoya and Felix Trinidad drew mostly catcalls when they turned "The Fight of The Millennium" into a controversial tactical duel, but it was "hip, hip, hooray" for Las Vegas' general economy when upward of 248,000 visitors jammed the city for fight weekend, filling hotels and restaurants, buying expensive fight souvenirs with abandon, and betting big time with both hands.

Super high-stakes gamblers spearheaded the action that set an unofficial non-heavyweight record, when more than $25-million was wagered on the bout. And that figure could go higher when the Nevada Gaming Control Board collects all the receipts from its 155 licensed race and sports books throughout the state.

It's always hard to get value for your buck betting boxing, but De La Hoya and Trinidad each had such a huge following, the betting at most venues closed at minus-$1.10, regardless of which guy you bet on. With the heavy-hitters from both sides of the border and beyond taking their best shots in the final 72 hours leading up to the first bell, six-figure wagers were the rule rather than the exception.

Gene Kivi, Mandalay Bay's race and sports book director, said that De La Hoya was a 7-5 choice almost an hour before the fight began, but a tremendous rush of late Trinidad money changed the odds to minus-$1.10 on both fighters by fight time.

"Throughout, pretty much the same amount was bet on both De La Hoya and Trinidad," said Kivi. "The differential was amazing, probably within $20,000 or $30,000. It was the same at other books too. The two-way action was so well-balanced, only a draw at 12-1 would have hurt the books."

The non-gaming economic impact for the weekend was also significant, estimated at between $7.5-million and $10-million by Terry Jicinski, market research director for the Las Vegas Convention and Visitors Authority.

Due to the fact that tickets never went on sale to the general public, Trinidad-De La Hoya was one of the toughest tickets of all-time. Not only were there no seats available for the live fight, all of the approximately 30,000 closed-circuit tickets in town were also gobbled up. But despite desperate fans wandering about with "I need a fight ticket" signs around their necks and rumors of $1,500 ringside seats going from $3,000 to $5,000, Mandalay Bay security and the Vegas Metro police were super strict, and in the end, scalpers were scalping scalpers.

—Jack Welsh

Photo by Al Bello/Allsport

Trinidad did his best work the last four rounds when he finally succeeded in drilling a weary and retreating De La Hoya with powerful right hands. The Golden Boy never seemed in serious trouble, but his failure to punch back cost him dearly in the end result.

Moreover, it was generally felt, going in, that De La Hoya, fighting on home turf, couldn't lose a close decision. And when you remember his debatable wins over Pernell Whitaker and Ike Quartey in Las Vegas, it was a reasonable assumption. The know-it-alls figured that if anybody was going to get screwed by the judges, it would be Trinidad.

Despite the unsettling facts that judge Jerry Roth (USA) gave Trinidad three of the first four rounds and that Bob Logist (Belgium) gave the 12th to De La Hoya, the final scores were within the bounds of reason. Logist's overall tally was 115-114 in favor of Trinidad, the same as THE RING's. Glen Hamada (USA) saw it even at 114-114, and even Roth's 115-113 for Trinidad wasn't too far off the mark. It was another one of those fights where not much happened, and those are always the hardest to score.

Trinidad didn't really need outside help to win the decision. De La Hoya sealed his own fate, first when he adopted a safety-first fight plan, and again when he doesn't seem to understand is that the majority of boxing fans don't want a run-and-jab artist for a hero, and even if he had won the decision, it wouldn't have proven a helluva lot, and it sure wouldn't have won him many new fans south of the Border or in East L.A.

De La Hoya's fight plan was not only his undoing in the ring, it also played directly into the hands of the "Chicken" De La Hoya faction. Trinidad made good use of the motif in training, draping his Cupey Alto gym with rubber chickens for inspiration. Afterward, the unified WBC/IBF champion felt understandably vindicated in his prefight perspective. "De La Hoya showed the chicken nickname put on him by the whole world is true," said Trinidad. And there's no getting around the fact that many people feel the same way. But don't be surprised if the sympathy angle works well for The Golden Boy, especially among his female admirers. There's nothing quite like the perception of injustice to bring out the mothering instinct.

Still, the debatable decision in Trinidad's favor didn't elicit anywhere near as much hysteria as the Lewis-Holyfield draw, simply because it was unquestionably a much closer fight.

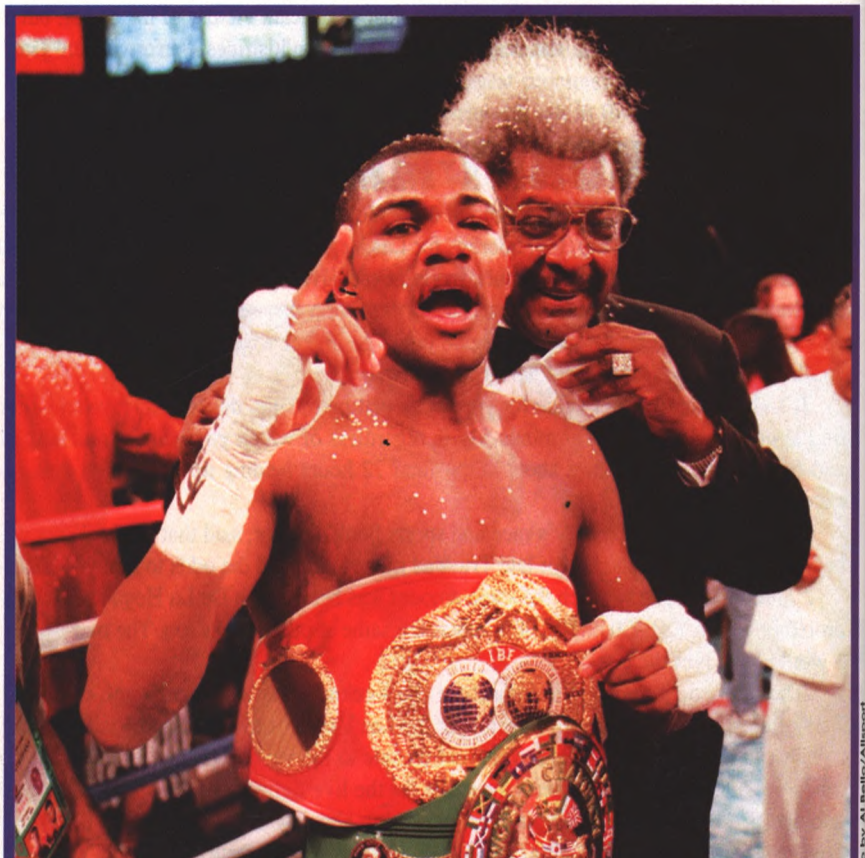


Photo by Al Bello/Allsport

Now that Trinidad has both the IBF and WBC welterweight belts, promoter Don King will have a much stronger bargaining position when it comes to negotiating a rematch with De La Hoya.

listened to the dim bulbs in his corner who told him to coast down the stretch.

"We didn't even care about the last three rounds," insisted chief trainer Robert Alcazar. "We knew we won the fight."

"No matter how far ahead they are, I always tell them, 'You need the last round,'" said assistant trainer Gil Clancy, a Hall of Famer with 40 years experience working corners. "But for some reason, I forgot to tell it to Oscar."

Sorry fellows, boxing cautiously at first—at least until Trinidad became frustrated and careless—was an acceptable strategy. But telling De La Hoya to give away the championship rounds in the biggest fight of his career was utter lunacy.

And De La Hoya was stupid for listening to them. Regardless of what he was being told between rounds, he should have stepped it up at some point, at least tried to close the show in style. True, a more daring approach may have led to a more definitive defeat, but it might also have resulted in a spectacular victory. Either way, the paying public would have been entertained and had a sense of closure. As it was, De La Hoya accepted defective advice and took what he thought was the easy way out. Much to his dismay, he discovered that, unlike golf, there are no mulligans in boxing.

Almost as disheartening is that Trinidad only took partial advantage of the situation. Still, if there's a hidden kernel of good in the fight, it just might be that the decision went to the aggressor. It was bad enough with just one guy running all night long. What if Trinidad had come with the same fight plan? There has to be some incentive for fighters to give the fans what they pay for, and rewarding the aggressor in an exceedingly close fight is as good a way as any.

Prior to the fight, the hype was dominated with references to the Ray Leonard-Thomas Hearns classic of 1981. As it turned out, it would be more interesting to compare it to the first Leonard-Roberto Duran fight. In that one, Leonard abandoned his customary boxing style and played Duran's macho, trading game instead. He paid the price for his bravery when the decision went to the Panamanian icon, but Sugar Ray came away secure in the knowledge that despite his pretty face,

(Continued on page 59)

PARTY RICO

When Jose Torres knocked out Willie Pastrano to take the light heavyweight title in 1965, his homecoming was one of the most emotional in Puerto Rican boxing history. Torres was only the second Puerto Rican to win a world title—the first was bantam Sixto Escobar way back in '36—and the joyous celebration that greeted him upon arrival in San Juan was wild and wonderful. But not even Torres was afforded the hero's welcome given Felix Trinidad on his return to the island following his victory over Oscar De La Hoya.

When "Tito" arrived at Luis Munoz Marin International Airport at 10:10 a.m. the Monday following the fight, tens of thousands of fans had already been waiting since dawn to greet him. Although more than 4,000 police and security officers were activated to take charge of the event, the situation proved uncontrollable. The airport was inundated by so many flag-waving fans, passenger movement was paralyzed, flights were delayed, and traffic was brought to a standstill.

A crescendo of voices chanting "Tito, Tito, Tito!" reverberated throughout the streets as the victory procession travelled to Luis Munoz Marin Park on the outskirts of old San Juan. Virtually all of the city was a traffic jam, and many celebrants abandoned their cars and walked the last few miles.

"I had stated before the fight that I was going to dedicate my victory to Puerto Rico," a smiling Trinidad told the cheering multitudes. "My win over De La Hoya last Saturday was for each and every one on our beautiful island. It is for me an honor to bring this newly acquired crown to all of you. I don't want anyone to leave, because it is fiesta time!"

At first the revelry was scorched by sun, and later drenched by a steady downpour that turned the ground into muddy slush as thousands of feet danced to the beat of unending music provided by 10 merenge and salsa bands. But no one was discouraged, and the party continued into the tropical night.

While singing stars Ricky Martin, Jennifer Lopez, and Chayanne have been copping a lot of headlines lately, when it comes to generating heart-rendering enthusiasm among the people of his native land, none can match Tito Trinidad.

—Mario Rivera Martino

Photo courtesy El Vocero

IBF LIGHTWEIGHT CHAMPION

PAUL SPADAFORA

The New "Pittsburgh Kid" Is No Conn Job

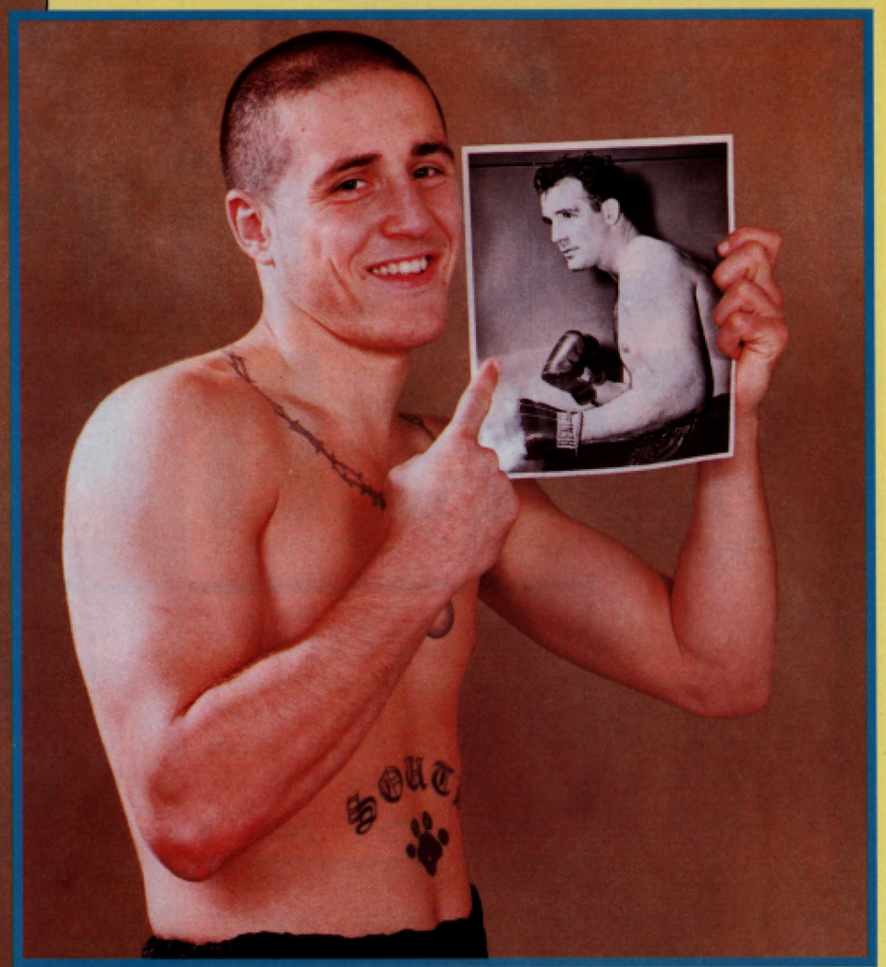
By Jim Trunzo

It's a boxing story that's been told so many times that it's become a cliche. The tough but good-hearted street kid battles his way out of poverty and a potential life of crime, using his fists in the ring rather than outside it. His dream of becoming a world champion comes true when he emerges victorious after a grueling title fight. It's good-bye low self-esteem, as truth, justice, and the American way triumph. Or to phrase it another way, "Yo, Adrian!"

Boxing's newest Rocky isn't a heavyweight, although he is 100 percent Italian and proud of it. This one fights at 135 pounds and his name is Paul Spadafora. Remember that name, because you'll be hearing it a lot more now that he's the IBF lightweight champion, having recently won the vacant title by dominating long-time contender Israel "Pito" Cardona over 12 rounds on ESPN2's *Friday Night Fights*.

If you're wondering who Spadafora is and what he had done to earn a shot at the crown previously held by Sugar Shane Mosley, you're not alone. Spadafora, who calls himself "The Pittsburgh Kid" in honor of former light heavyweight champion and Pittsburgh native Billy Conn, seemingly came out of nowhere to win one of the three RING-recognized lightweight titles. For Spadafora, "nowhere" meant Pittsburgh's rugged North Side and, more recently, the mean streets known as "The Bottoms," a less than savory section of McKee's Rocks. It was a disjointed journey that found Spadafora bouncing from school to school and from one bad scene to another.

"I never had a chance to settle down," said the soft-spoken champion. "Every time I'd prove myself one place, we'd be on the move again and I'd have to start all over. It was crazy and I got a little crazy, too. I managed to stay clean, but it could have easily gone the other way. A lot of my friends, real good athletes and real good fighters, man, they either ended up in jail or worse. But for me there was always boxing."



Spadafora poses with a photograph of the original "Pittsburgh Kid," Hall of Fame light heavyweight Billy Conn. Spadafora is proud of being from the Steel City, as well as being the latest in a long line of Italian-American world champs.

Photos by Frank Vitucci

And a man named P.K. Pecora.

Pecora, a Pittsburgh native with a love of boxing and a penchant for taking in strays, virtually adopted Spadafora and started to work with him at the now-defunct Hogan's Gym. And while Pecora's influence on Spadafora, the fighter, remains to this day, his role as a surrogate father was by far the greater contribution to the young man's life.

"He cared about me, and not just because I boxed," said Spadafora. "I could talk to him about anything. P.K. spent time with me every day, whether I was fighting or not."

After guiding Spadafora to a 75-5 amateur record, Pecora turned him pro at the age of 20. After Pecora's health began to deteriorate, he turned his protege over to local manager Al McCauley, who had ties with promoter Mike Acri. Both men immediately liked what they saw.

"Paul was a natural," explained McCauley. "He did things even then that can't be taught. I saw right away that he had the same kind of radar that only a few fighters have, that ability to sense punches coming and avoid them. Wilfred Benitez, 'Sweet Pea' Whitaker, Willie Pep—those guys had it, and Paul does, too."

"Paul's a fighter," said Acri. "That's what he's all about. He lives it 24 hours a day. We have to watch him all the time, or he'll burn himself out training. He's got a fighter's mentality and he genuinely loves

(Continued on page 59)

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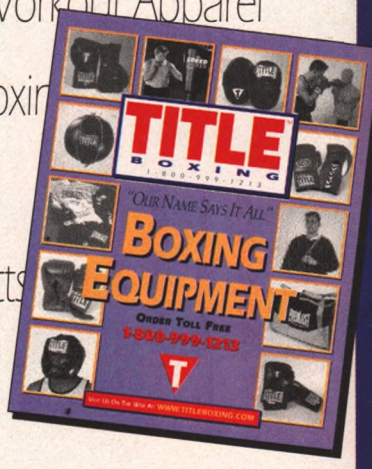

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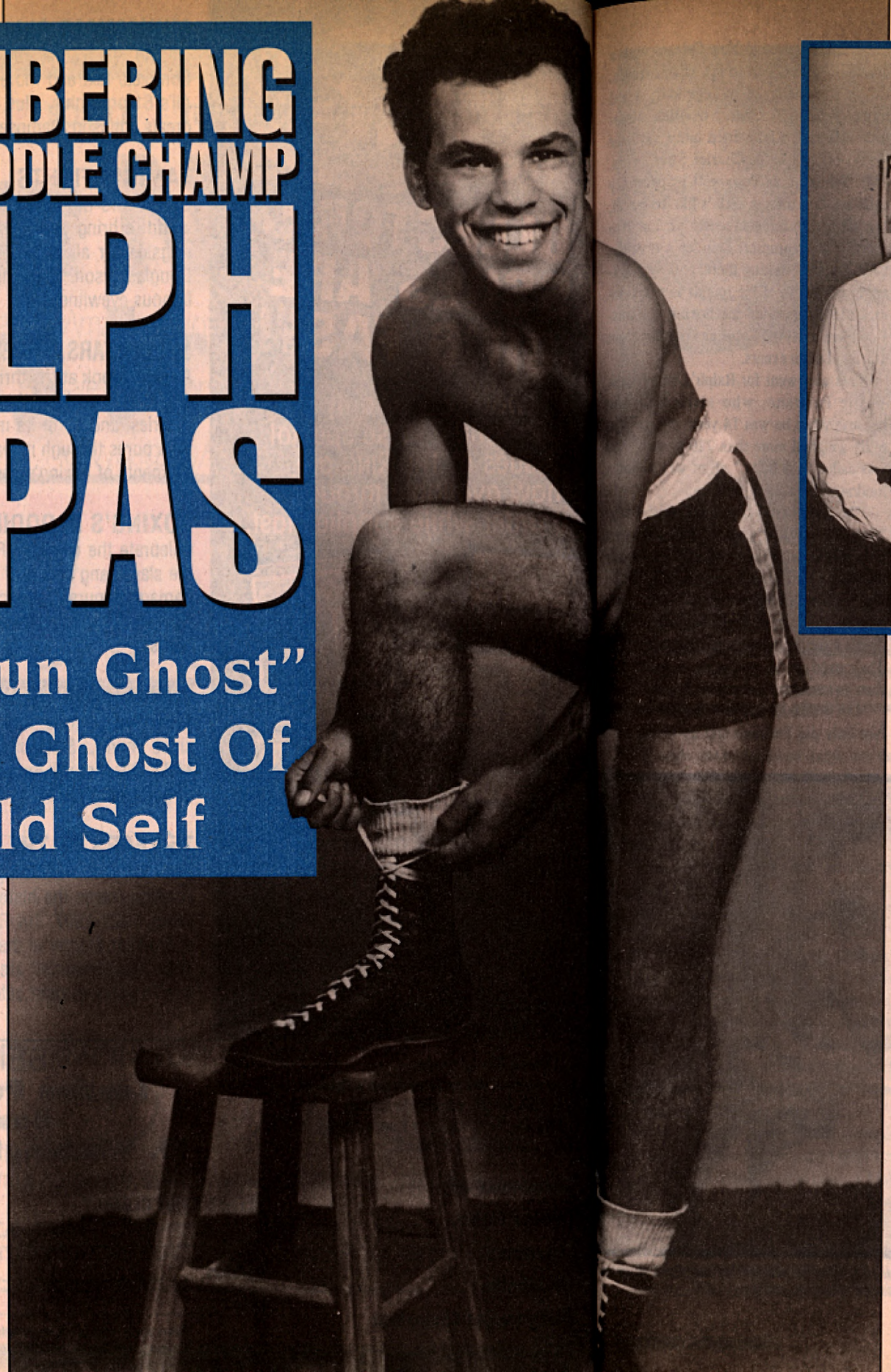
REMEMBERING JUNIOR MIDDLE CHAMP RALPH DUPAS

"The Cajun Ghost" Is Just A Ghost Of His Old Self



Dupas with his beloved manager Whitey Esneault and his best friend Willie Pastrano (right). Boyhood pals Dupas and Pastrano were both slick and speedy boxers who became world champions within two months of one another under Esneault's guidance.

By Pete Ehrmann

Outside of the ropes they were as close as brothers can be. But inside it was a different story. The New Orleans newspapers' accounts of the younger brother's fights almost invariably started off, "Tony Dupas, who fights just the opposite of brother Ralph ... "

"There was no comparison" said Tony, now 62. "I was a slugger. I couldn't carry my brother's shoestrings."

A lot of other fighters found themselves in the same clueless boat against Ralph Dupas, who moved so fast that in his hometown they called him "The Native Dancer." In Australia, where the second man to hold the junior middleweight title was a favorite in the 1950s and '60s, Dupas' ability to bounce on his toes for 15 rounds made him known as "The Cajun Ghost."

Dupas was one of Angelo Dundee's world champions, and the Hall of Fame trainer doesn't hesitate to pronounce him "a great boxer who could give anybody a bad time. He was like a jumping bean, in and out with amazing quickness."

But Dundee also remembers that Dupas "went through so many trials and tribulations, it was scary," which brings us back to the present. The trouble with ducking punches for 16 years is that eventually even the fleetest boxer slows down too much to get away from them all. Today, at 63, Dupas is more ghost than dancer, residing in a New Orleans nursing home, his mind and memory fading like Mardi Gras fireworks.

The irony of it haunts Tony Dupas.

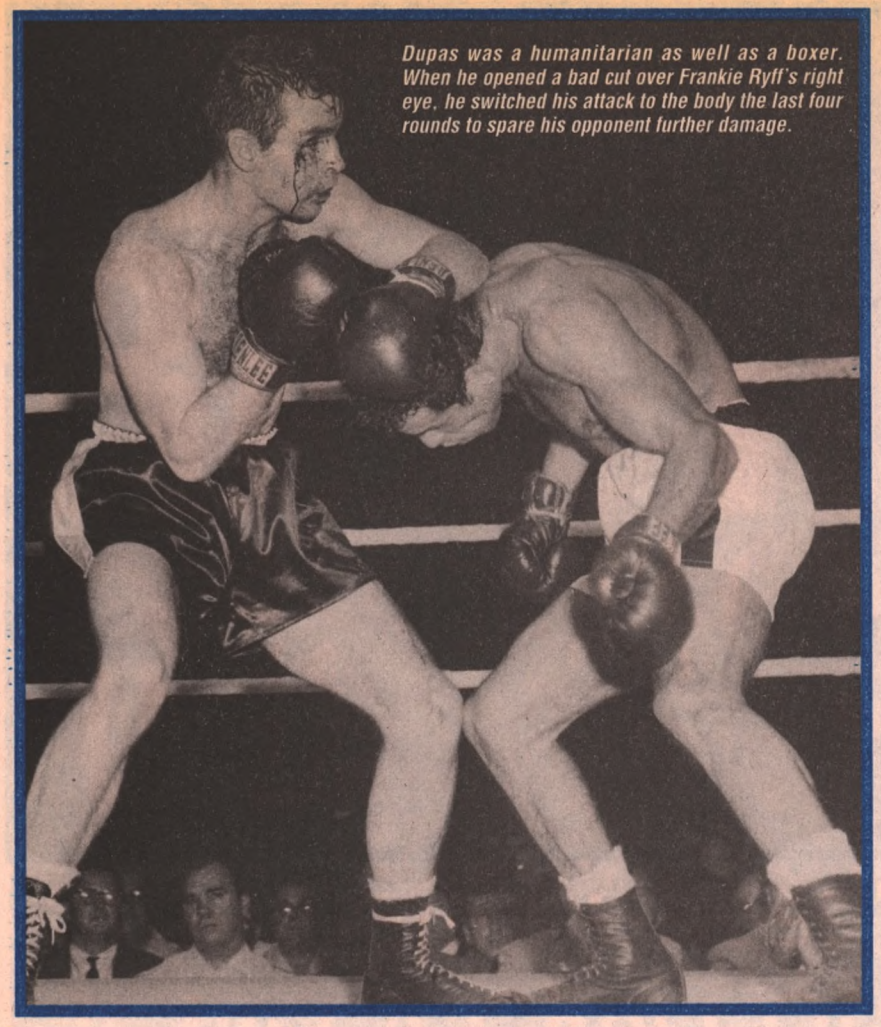
"I should be there in place of Ralph because I took two punches to land one," he said. "But I did all right because I quit when I was supposed to. Ralph didn't quit when he was supposed to."

Ralph didn't start when he was supposed to, either. The minimum age for professional boxers in New Orleans was 18, but when Dupas fought a four-round draw with Jitterbug Smith on August 7, 1950, he was just 14 years old.

The second of 11 children born to Peter and Evelyn Dupas, Ralph wanted something better for his family than the four-room house they occupied in the ghetto section of the French Quarter. Peter was a fisherman, and after he sold his day's catch in the Quarter, "We used to hope he'd bring home enough fish for us to eat," remembered Tony. "That's how bad it was in those days."

The night Ralph won his first eight-round bout in New Orleans was memorable in the Dupas household.

"His purse was $800, and he got paid off in $20 bills," said Tony. "We just laid in bed and threw the bills in the air. The very next day, Ralph went out and looked for a new house for us."



Dupas was a humanitarian as well as a boxer. When he opened a bad cut over Frankie Ryff's right eye, he switched his attack to the body the last four rounds to spare his opponent further damage.

'52, when he came to New Orleans with a couple of fighters from his Miami stable. Ralph was managed by legendary local trainer Whitey Esneault, a one-time insurance salesman who started him (and later Tony) off at his St. Charles Street gym. "Mr. Whitey," as Tony still respectfully calls the late trainer, didn't like to travel, but he let Dundee take Ralph back to Florida that summer. Dundee's brother, Chris, was promoting there, and by shortening the length of the rounds to two minutes each, persuaded the boxing commission there to let the Louisiana prodigy fight 10-round main events.

That also went for Ralph's best friend, Willie Pastrano, who started boxing because when he was 14 years old, he was 5'2", weighed more than 220 pounds, and was called "Fat Meat," all of which was a hindrance to meeting girls.

"They grew up together," said Tony. "Ralph and Willie used to shine shoes on Bourbon Street, and would split the money up. Ralph kind of took care of him. Willie really wanted to lose weight, so Ralph took him to the gym at night because Willie didn't want to work out in front of people. They used to do roadwork together and then go to church and say the Rosary."

The workouts and the prayers worked. Not only did Pastrano end up losing over

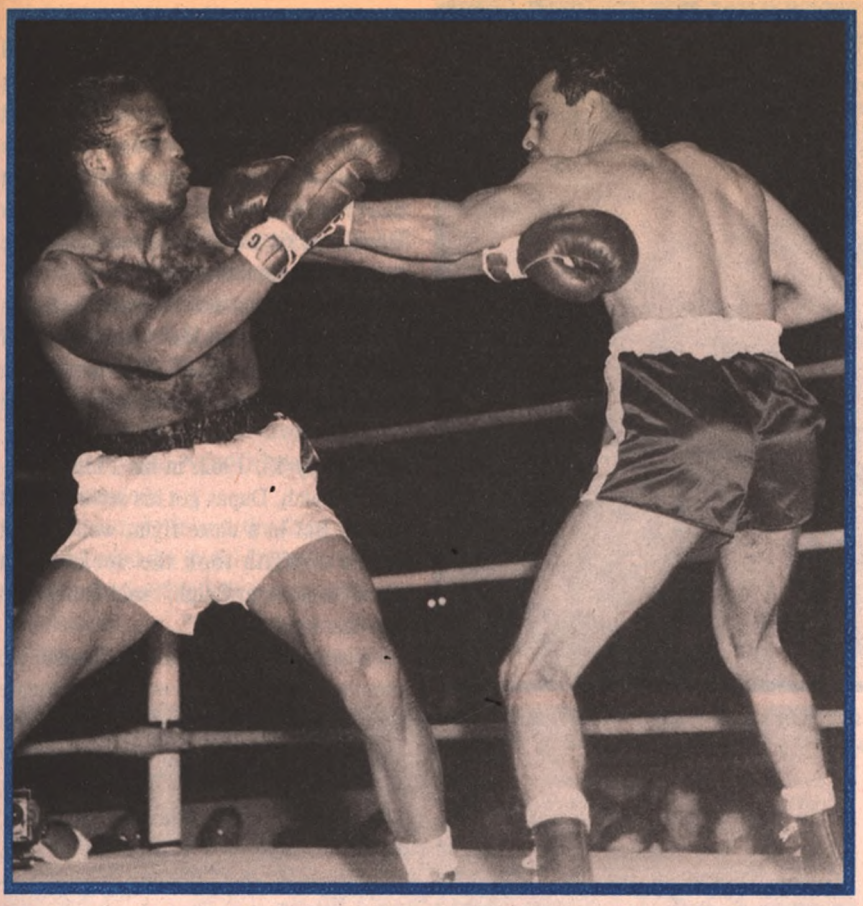
As economically pivotal as that fight was for the family, an even more momentous one for Ralph personally occurred earlier against a South African called Kid Centello, who knocked him out in the second round on October 30, 1950. It was Dupas' eighth pro fight, and until then he fancied himself a banger in the ring.

According to his brother, "Ralph didn't want that to happen again, so he started to move around. He was constantly on his toes, moving side to side, in and out, always bouncing."

It paid off. Ralph didn't lose again until Freddy Monforte took a decision from him a year and 13 fights after Centello. Dupas reversed that one with an eight-round decision in November '51, but then the commission demoted the Big Easy's growing attraction to six-round main events after discovering that Dupas wasn't yet old enough to have a driver's license, much less one for boxing.

Dundee got his first look at Dupas in

Dupas testifies at a hearing in New Orleans designed to ascertain whether he was black or white. At the time, bouts between white and black boxers were illegal in Louisiana.



Dupas was so quick on his feet, welterweight contender Gil Turner, who tangled with damned near every top welter and middleweight during his career, said he didn't want a rematch after the New Orleans dancing master outpointed him in Montreal.

100 pounds, but he followed Ralph into the pro ring and, in 1963, they both became world champions—Pastrano winning the 175-pound belt—within two months of one another.

That was a whole decade after Dupas first broke into the lightweight ratings by beating Armand Savoi on June 29, 1953. He was 17 then, and after Dupas won a decision over top-ranked Johnny Gonsalves before 10,000 fans at Pelican Stadium in New Orleans three months later, the teenager jumped into the number-three spot. By August '55, with wins over Kenny Lane, Cisco Andrade, Frankie Ryff, and former champ Paddy DeMarco, Dupas was the top-ranked contender.

Tony recalls the Ryff fight for a couple of reasons. It drew more than 11,000 customers to Municipal Auditorium on May 17, 1955, and grossed $50,000 at the gate, "Still the largest gross gate in New Orleans for a non-title bout," claimed Tony. That showed how popular Ralph was in his hometown. What he did against Ryff, said Tony, proved why he deserved to be.

"Ralph was not only a good fighter, he was such a humanitarian," the younger Dupas said. "Ryff was a bleeder; he used to cut easy. Against Ralph, his face was a mess, full of blood. But the referee wouldn't stop it, so Ralph punched Ryff only in the belly for the last four rounds. Later, he said, 'I didn't want to hurt him anymore.' That's the kind of person my brother was."

Dundee seconds the motion, calling Ralph, "the nicest human being God ever put on this earth."

But boxing is known more for the other kind, and as Ralph was bouncing into the big time, the local mob made a play for him. According to Tony, when Ralph spurned their advances to stay with Esneault, the gangsters "threatened that they'd destroy his life."

The best way to accomplish that in the segregated Deep South of the '50s was by spreading the word that New Orleans' best fighter was actually a black man, or at least had racially mixed blood. A black fighter could not meet a white boxer in the ring in Louisiana then, and to be legally classified as a Negro would have crippled Ralph's career just as it was really taking off.

The reason Dupas was able to pass himself off as 18 when he started fighting professionally in 1950 was that no official birth certificate was on file for him. Dupas was brought into the world by a midwife, not a doctor. The mobsters used that against him, planting the story that his mother was black. The boxing commission demanded that Dupas produce a birth certificate showing him to be Caucasian.

"He went through hell and back," said Tony.

In a scene that sounds bizarre and surreal now, there was a hearing at which friends and neighbors of the Dupas family testified that Evelyn Dupas was white, and the judge observed for himself that the boxer's mother "appears to be a white woman. Her hair is straight and her complexion is not dark."

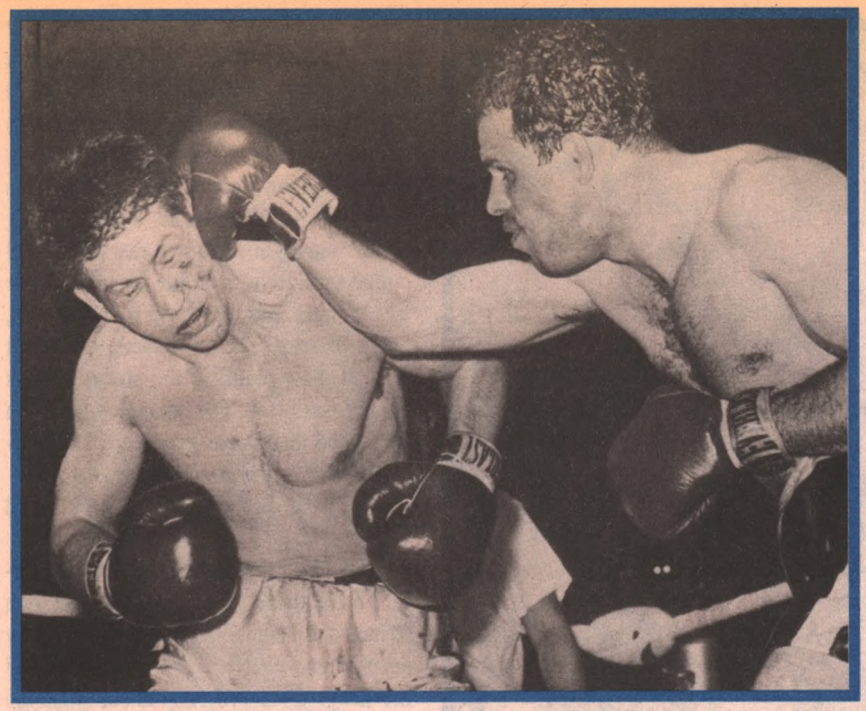
On Halloween of 1957, District Court Judge Rene A. Viosco ruled that "after serious consideration of all the evidence presented, this court believes that the City of New Orleans has failed to establish beyond reasonable doubt that [Dupas], a man who has been commonly accepted as Caucasian, is in fact of colored ancestry in either his maternal or parental lineage."

Ironically, when Dupas finally got a crack at the lightweight title on May 7 of the following year, the champion was a black native of New Orleans, Joe Brown. They fought in Houston, Texas, and by then the problem was no longer Dupas' color but his size.

"To get the fight, Ralph had to lose 16 pounds in 21 days," said Tony. "I was his chief sparring partner, and I knew something was wrong with him. We worked out hundreds of rounds before that, and I found myself many times punching the ropes, and there was Ralph standing behind me, smiling. But this time, I could push him around. He was weak from losing too much weight."

After Brown stopped Ralph in the eighth round, the severely dehydrated challenger "didn't even have a drop of sweat on him," according to his brother.

"You got the fastest pair of legs I ever seen, and I don't want to fight you no



Future middleweight champion Joey Giardello was so badly beaten by Dupas in 1961, some boxing writers figured that Giardello was washed-up. Dupas was such a great defensive boxer, his lack of a knockout punch was seldom a handicap.

more," former 147-pound title challenger Gil Turner told Dupas after Ralph won the decision in Montreal, five months after the Brown fight.

Tony accompanied his brother on Ralph's first trip Down Under in early-1960, and remembers the Sydney crowd's reaction after Ralph's 12-round fight with British Empire champion Guy Barnes on April 11.

"In the seventh, Barnes got Ralph in a corner and threw 15 punches at him, and landed only one of them," said Tony. "Before you knew it, Ralph was behind Barnes. The whole crowd stood up and clapped for Ralph."

Such testimonials to Dupas' wizardry weren't uncommon. When he outboxed Ray Portillo a few years before the Barnes bout, his "exhibition was so exciting," wrote Ike Morales, THE RING's New Orleans' correspondent, "that a majority of the fans stood up and cheered the local boy from the eighth round through the 10th."

When an opponent did manage to tag him, Dupas rose to the occasion himself. Esneault's favorite Dupas fight was in '54 against tough Billy Woods, who floored Ralph in the seventh round. Dupas got up, and by totally befuddling Woods actually won the round on the judges' scorecards.

In 1961, Joey Giardello was still two years away from winning the middleweight tile, but Dupas' total mastery of him in their March 6 fight, in spite of an 11-pound weight advantage for Giardello, caused *Boxing Illustrated's* Robert J. Thornton to conclude that Giardello was washed-up.

As noted, without Dupas there would have been no Pastrano, who adopted his friend's slick ways in the ring. And according to Dundee, without them, it's conceivable that the career of a young heavyweight just getting started under Dundee in '61 would have ended up a little less incandescent that it did.

"When Dupas and Pastrano were both in the gym, it wouldn't surprise me if Muhammad Ali copped a few moves from those kids; they were so smooth," said Dundee.

On July 13, 1962, in his 115th professional match, Dupas got his second shot at a title. But in a close fight, welterweight Emile Griffith took the decision. "It could've gone to Ralph," said Dundee. "It was that kind of fight."

Dispirited, Dupas went to London two months later and fouled out against Empire champion Brian Curvis. But he was more like his old self against Sugar Ray Robinson in Miami Beach on January 30, 1963, although for all the good it did him, Dupas might as well as phoned in his part. Outweighed by 12 pounds, he still controlled the fight, only to have two of the three officials call it for the five-time former middleweight champion. The decision

Hall of Fame trainer Angelo Dundee, pictured wrapping Dupas' hands in 1958, says that he thinks Muhammad Ali picked up some of his moves after watching Dupas train at Dundee's Miami Beach gym.

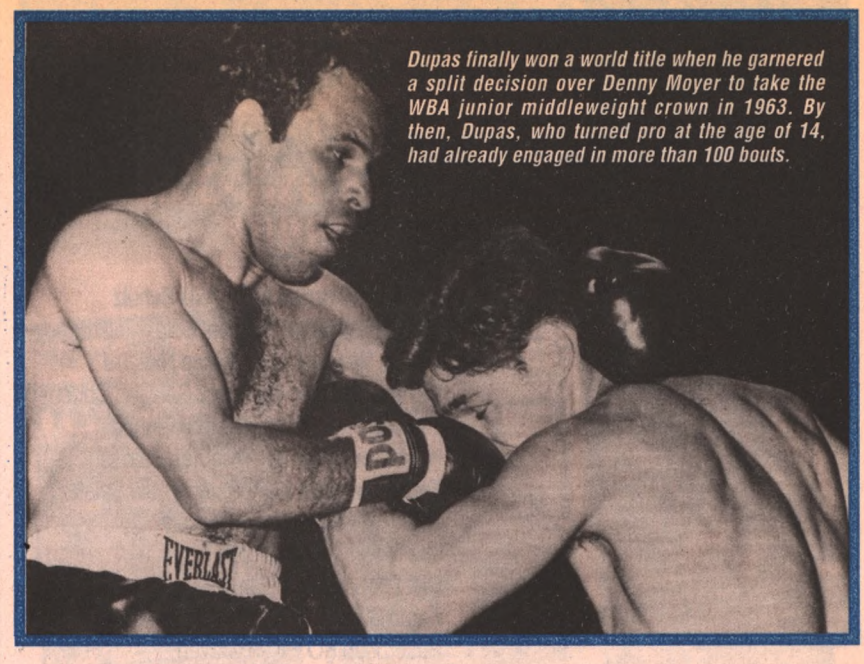
prompted the *Miami Herald* to headline its report of the match: "Christmas Comes Again For Sugar Ray Robinson."

"It makes you want to retire," said Dupas, who, luckily, didn't. He became champion in his next fight.

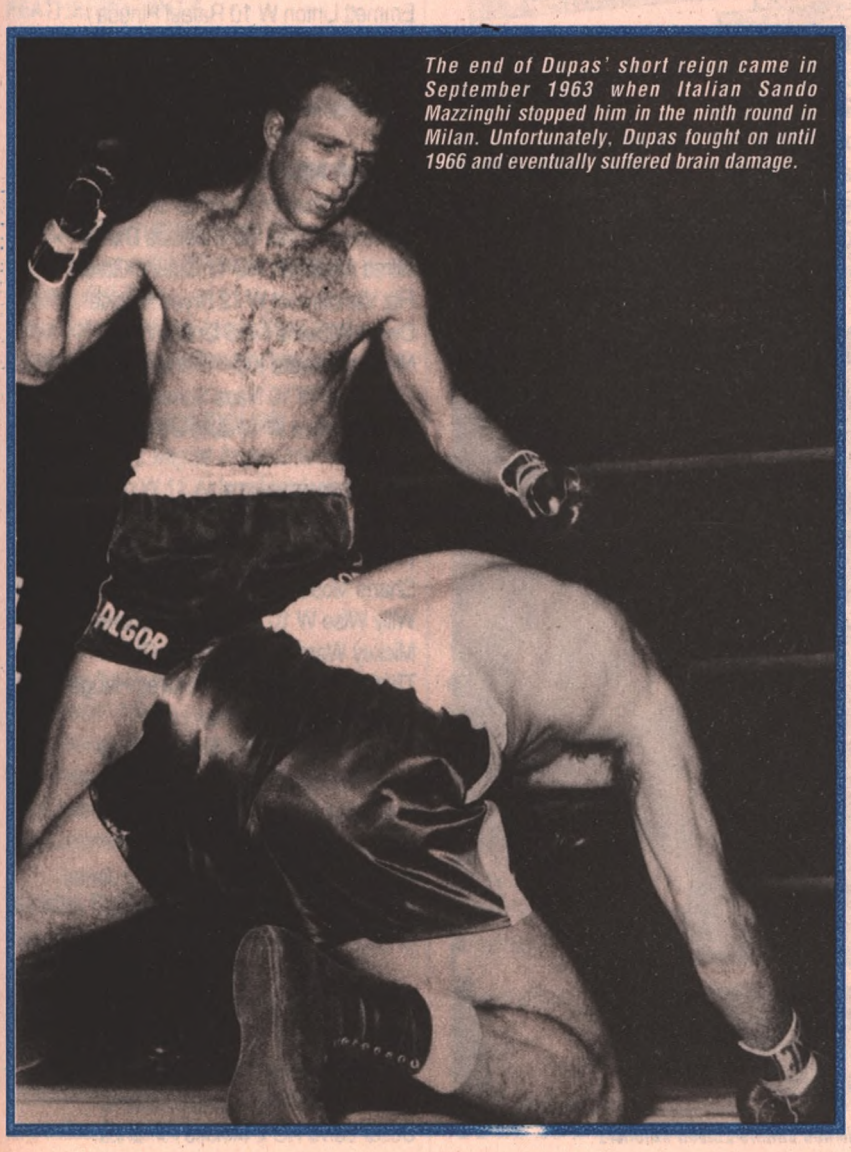
Minted by the WBA the year before, the 154-pound junior middleweight title had been won and defended once by Denny Moyer when the Portland boxer came to New Orleans to risk it against the Native Dancer on April 29, 1963. Going into the 12th round, it was close. Dupas' stretch rally gave the 27-year-old favorite son his 100th victory and New Orleans its fourth world champion.

"This is for me and the City of New Orleans," cried the joyful Dupas as he lofted the championship belt won by dint of a split decision.

The verdict was unanimous when



Dupas finally won a world title when he garnered a split decision over Denny Moyer to take the WBA junior middleweight crown in 1963. By then, Dupas, who turned pro at the age of 14, had already engaged in more than 100 bouts.



The end of Dupas' short reign came in September 1963 when Italian Sando Mazzinghi stopped him in the ninth round in Milan. Unfortunately, Dupas fought on until 1966 and eventually suffered brain damage.

Dupas out-sped Moyer in a rematch two months later, but on September 7, 1963, Dupas went to Milan, Italy, and was separated from the title and his senses in the ninth round by Sandro Mazzinghi. Dupas went out in the 13th round of a rematch, and after that, 147-pound champion Griffith stopped him in a non-title bout.

"He just didn't quit when he should have," said Tony, who had made his own exit from boxing in '61 after losing nine bouts in a row. While the younger Dupas became a pipe-fitter upon leaving the ring, Ralph kept chasing his pipe dreams inside of it until South African Willie Ludick knocked him out in late-'64. Then he retired and moved to Las Vegas, where he dealt blackjack at Ceasars Palace.

"When Ralph lost his title, he had to go bankrupt," said Tony, "mainly because a lot of people owed him money and he invested in certain things and a lot of people took him for a ride."

An even bigger mistake was falling for a pitch a guy threw him about a comeback in 1966, against the advice of Dundee and others. After three quick wins, clubfighter Joe Clark knocked out the former champion in the 10th round. At 31, Dupas, 104-23-6 (19), was finished with boxing for good. Back in Louisiana, Tony was hearing bad news about his brother.

"A friend told me that for a couple of days after the Clark fight, Ralph was hear-

(Continued on page 64)

SUMMARY

HEAVYWEIGHTS
Wladimir Klitschko KO 8 Axel Schulz
Maurice Harris W 10 Israel Cole
Lamon Brewster KO 1 Quinn Navarre
Oliver McCall No-Contest 2 Samson Cohen
Obed Sullivan KO 3 Ricardo Kennedy
Alexander Zolkin W 10 James Gaines
Fred Westgeest KO 6 Przemyslaw Saleta
Fabio Moli KO 2 Jorge Dascola
Joe Mesi KO 8 Anthony Green
Cliff Etienne KO 1 Darrell Morgan
Faruq Saleem KO 1 Mike Robinson
Butterbean KO 2 Ken Craven

CRUISERWEIGHTS
Vassiliy Jirov KO 10 Dale Brown
(Retains IBF Title)
Johnny Nelson W 12 Sione Asipeli
Ralf Rocchigiani KO 6 Andreas Wornovski
Sebastiaan Rothmann KO 8 Robert Norton
Rudiger May W 10 Silvio Meinel
Richard LaMontagne KO 5 Pascal David

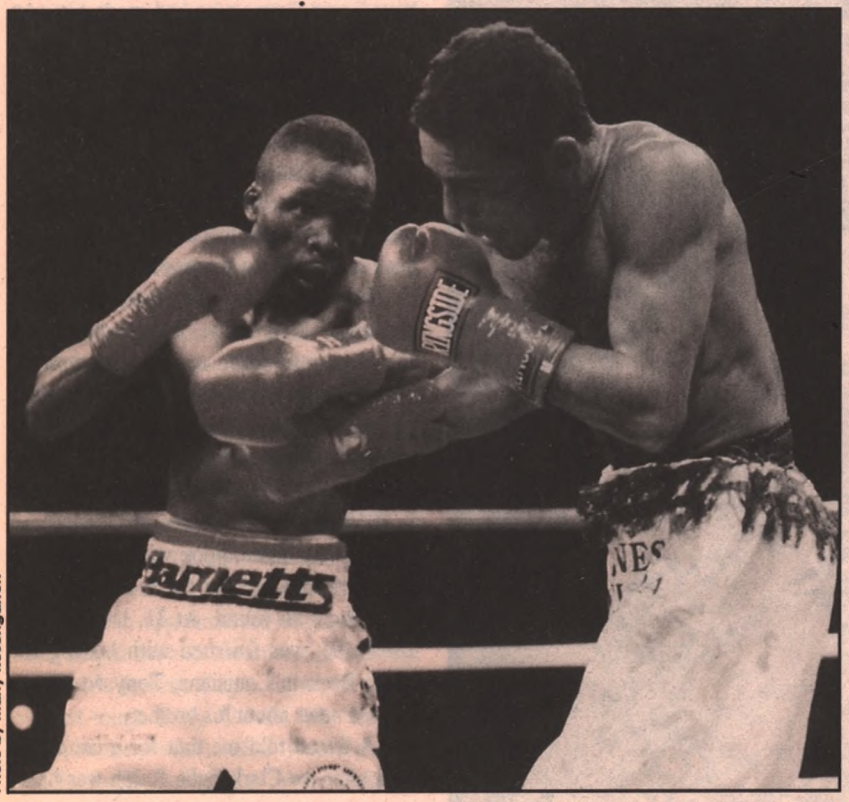


Photo by Marty Rosengarten

IBF 122-pound champ Lehlo Ledwaba batters Edison Valencia

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
Antonio Tarver KO 9 Mohamed Ben Guesmia
John David Jackson KO 2 Dave Boone
Lincoln Carter W 10 Fermin Chirino
Clinton Woods KO 10 John Lennox Lewis
Jose Luis Rivera KO 4 Steve Fisher
Julio Gonzalez KO 3 Wilson Smith
Norbert Nieroba W 8 Branko Sobot
Esteban Cervantes W 6 Tom Cameron

SUPER MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Lonnie Bradley W 8 Eric Holland
Andrei Schkalikov KO 4 Roman Babaev
Guy Waters KO 5 Attama Raquili

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
William Joppy KO 7 Julio Cesar Green
(Retains WBA Title)
Keith Holmes W 12 Andrew Council
(Retains WBC Title)
Emmett Linton W 10 Rafael Pineda
Tony Ayala KO 4 Robert Koon
Howard Eastman KO 3 Derek Wormald
Pedro Ramon Moyano KO 3 Glen Fitzpatrick

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Tony Marshall W 8 Verdell Smith
Guillermo Jones KO 6 Santos Daniel
Alfred Ankamah KO 11 Quirino Garcia
Fitz Vanderpool W 12 Bryon Mackie
Dwain Williams KO 5 Undra White
Nicolas Cervera KO 7 Francisco Mendez
Hassan Al W 10 Naas Scheepers
Tito Mendoza W 10 Julio Cesar De La Cruz

WELTERWEIGHTS
Felix Trinidad W 12 Oscar De La Hoya
(Retains IBF Title; Wins WBC Title)
Shane Mosley KO 10 Wilfredo Rivera
Willy Wise W 10 Julio Cesar Chavez
Mickey Ward KO 10 Reggie Green
Thomas Damgaard KO 5 Greg Haugen
Freddy Rojas W 10 Alex Lubo
Vincent Pettway W 8 Anthony Ivory
Hiroyuki Sakamoto KO 1
Prawesna Sakmuangklaeng
Michel Trabant KO 2 Bob Elkins
Michael Covington KO 5 Johnny Jones
Bobby Vanzie W 6 Brian Coleman
Christy Martin KO 5 Daniella Somers

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS
Antonio Diaz W 12 Emanuel Burton
DeMarcus Corley W 12 Ener Julio
Justin Rowsell KO 2 Angel Aldama
Cesar Leiva KO 2 Moises Almanza

Lawrence Ngobeni W 12 Patrick Mthembu
Eamonn Magee KO 6 Paul Burke
Luis Perez KO 5 Arturo Reyes

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Cesar Bazan W 8 Joseph Charles
Alejandro Gonzalez KO 8 Eduardo Barrios
Billy Irwin KO 6 Larry O'Shields
Antonio Ramirez KO 3 Rogelio Castaneda

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS
Mbulelo Botile KO 3 Maxim Pougatchev
Frankie Toledo W 10 Orlando Canizales
Harold Warren KO 3 Sandro Marcos
Radford Beasley KO 5
Ricardo James Gonzalez
Michael Gomez KO 2 Gary Thornhill
Valentin Lopez KO 3 Luis Mendoza
Ernesto Zepeda KO 5 Ivan Feliciano

FEATHERWEIGHTS
Julio Pablo Chacon W 10
Clodoaldo Valtierra
Istvan Kovacs KO 5 Euloge Makiza Sita
Pablo Estrella W 10 Juan Cabrera
Marcos Licona W 6 Martin Gonzalez

JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHTS
Lehlo Ledwaba KO 5 Edison Valencia
(Retains IBF Title)
Arthur Johnson W 10 Jason Pires
Johnny Bredahl W 8 Sandile Sobandla

JUNIOR BANTAMWEIGHTS
Eric Morel W 12 Miguel Angel Granados
Jesper Jensen W 12 Abbey Mnisi
Fernando Montiel W 12 Ruben Diaz
Panieng Sasiprabha Tech. Win 8
Masaki Kawabata

FLYWEIGHTS
Medgoen 3K-Battery KO 3 Manny Pacquiao
(Wins WBC Title)
Isidro Garcia W 10 Oscar Andrade
Alex Baba W 12 Oscar Arciniega
Raul Juarez KO 3 Jesus Chong
Julio Coronell W 10 Javier Varguez

JUNIOR FLYWEIGHTS
Ricardo Lopez W 12 Will Grigsby
(Wins IBF Title)
Melchor Cob Castro W 12
Ladislao Vazquez

STRAWWEIGHTS
Wele Maqulo W 12 Fahsung Pongsawang

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RINGSIDE REPORTS

FIGHTER *of the* MONTH

No, Trinidad's victory over Oscar De La Hoya to unify two-thirds of the welterweight title wasn't the greatest performance of the Puerto Rican's career. In many respects, it may even have been his *worst* showing, and certainly it was the first time "Tito" won in anything less than decisive fashion. But, regardless of how ugly it was, it was still a win over the man previously regarded by some (this magazine included) as the best pound-for-pound fighter in the world. And by finding a way to do what the 31 men who fought De La Hoya before him couldn't, Trinidad claimed this issue's Fighter of the Month honors.

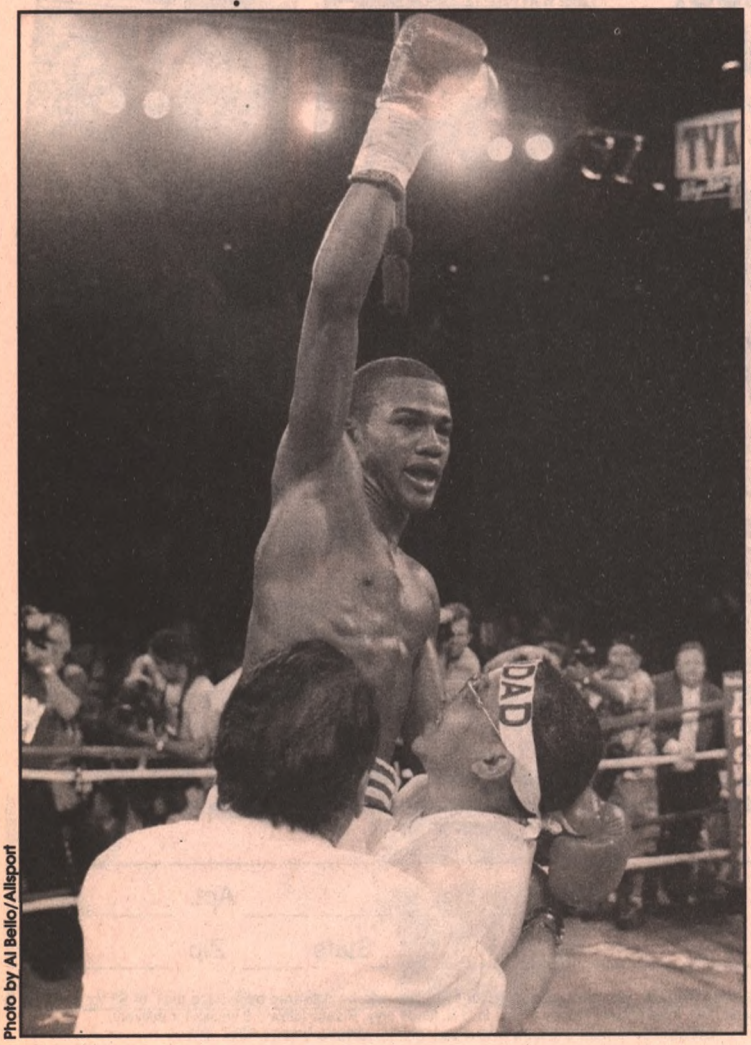


Photo by Al Bello/Allsport

Trinidad didn't wilt under the bright lights of a pressure-filled superfight as many experts predicted he would. He kept his focus throughout, remained the aggressor at all times, and finished the fight by far the stronger man. Had De La Hoya built up too much of a lead in the early rounds for the last three rounds to matter? On many unofficial scorecards, yes, he had. But on the three cards that counted, he hadn't, and Trinidad stole the win by refusing to give up. Whether you think he should have gotten the decision or not, Trinidad was clearly the winner when it came to desire and persistence.

• • • •

Felix Trinidad

David Reid W 12 Keith Mullings

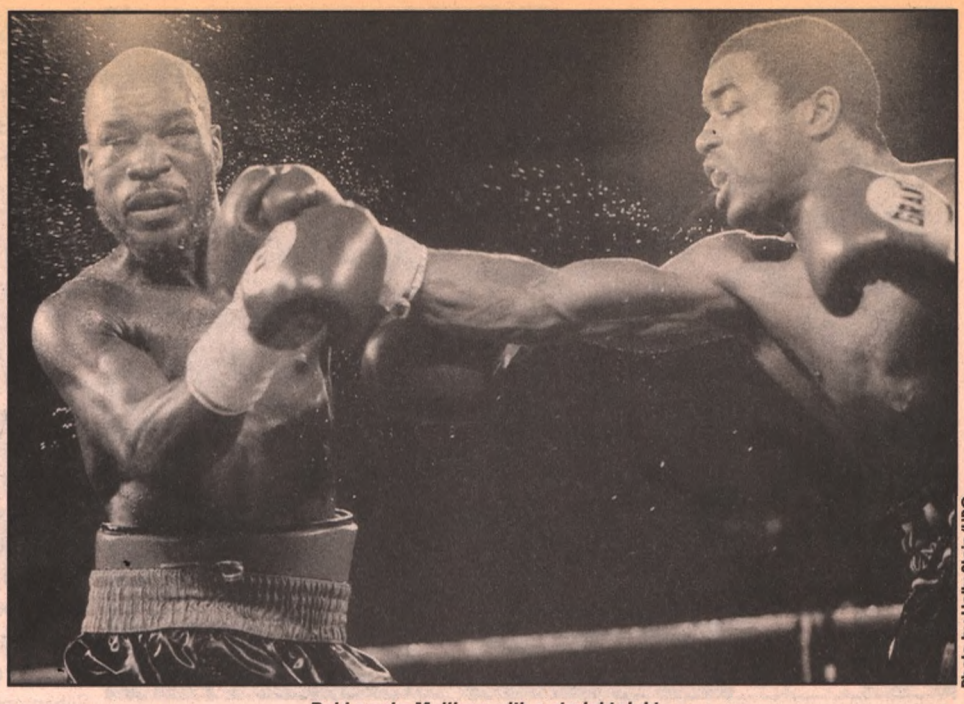


Photo by Holly Stein/HBO

Reid cracks Mullings with a straight right

Las Vegas, Nevada: It is still open for conjecture, but it appears that America's only gold medalist at the 1996 Olympics might be the type of fighter who resists extending himself beyond doing just enough to win, especially against lesser competition.

Such was the scenario when Reid, 154, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, maneuvered carefully through his 14th pro fight while wrapping Mullings, 154, Brooklyn, New York, in frustration en route to a unanimous decision. It was Reid's second defense of the WBA super welterweight crown, and the main event of the first ever fight card at the Hard Rock hotel-casino.

When the spirit moved him, Reid, 25, had no problem keeping the slower Mullings, 31, at bay with a left jab that could be hurtful but never came close to putting the former WBC super welter ruler on the canvas. Nevada's licensed bookmakers had Reid, 14-0 (7), as a minus-$12 favorite, but he was rarely stylish enough in labor to earn such a quotation.

The most irritating moments for Reid' trainer, Al Mitchell, and promoter, Dan Goossen, came after the sixth round. The world champion with the well-documented droopy left eye suddenly began retreating, giving the lunging Mullings, 16-6-1 (11), a target by letting his gloves drop to his sides, and matching his rival in a trash-talking duel that lasted to the final bell.

"David looked like a professional for the first six rounds the way he boxed," said Mitchell. "And then he started some kind of dancing and seemed to lose focus. We know, and he knows, he still has a lot to learn. When David started running, it got sloppy and people started booing. Dedication is the cornerstone on the way to becoming a complete fighter.

"Fights at this level are all tough for David, but on a scale of 10, I'd give him a seven. Mullings didn't come to fight, and that made it a sloppy fight. In every outing, we want opponents who will stay in there and fight, so David will learn."

Reid, earning $450,000, admitted the audience became irritated when he turned the fight into a footrace.

"I wasn't going to let Mullings get inside because every time he did, he was butting, elbowing, and kicking me," Reid said. "Mullings was durable, but I really couldn't do what I wanted to do because of his headbutts. As the seventh round began, the referee [Jay Nady (USA)] told us, 'Watch yourself, we don't want this to turn into a circus.' All things considered, I feel I'm getting better. Don't forget, I'm fighting against first-class opponents, and for this fight, I felt stronger and faster than my opponent."

Mullings, collecting $100,000, couldn't score with combinations from the outside and also failed to connect cleanly with hooks and uppercuts in the trenches. The Brooklynite was upset (not very justifiably) with the decision of judges Hubert Earle (Canada), Alejandro Rochin (Mexico), and Duane Ford (USA), all of whom scored the fight 117-111 for Reid. THE RING's tab was 116-112 for the champion.

According to Goossen, Reid's next defense will probably come in December or January, but the site and opponent had yet to be determined. Two of the fighters being considered as we went to press were veteran southpaw Bronco McKart and former IBF 154-pound champ Yory Boy Campas.

Television: HBO
Promoter: America Presents
8-28-99
Jack Welsh

Lance Whitaker W 12 Monte Barrett

Las Vegas, Nevada: After a sluggish start, the towering Whitaker, 249, Los Angeles, California, came to life in the last four rounds to beat Barrett, 218, Queens, New York, on a 12-round split decision at the Hard Rock hotel-casino. Whitaker made a big rebound in snatching a close victory from the jaws of defeat when he rocked Barrett late in the final round to cement his points win.

Whitaker, 28, who trained in Pennsylvania's Pocono Mountains for this fight, was coming off the only loss of his career, a decision defeat to Lou Savarese on March 6 in Atlantic City, New Jersey. With this victory over Barrett, the game if not overly skillful behemoth raised his record to 19-1 (16) as he picked up a $50,000 payday. Barrett, 27, earning $51,000, fell to 20-1 (12).

In the official scoring of the three American judges, Whitaker had the votes of Dalby Shirley and Dave Moretti at 116-112 and 117-111, respectively, while Bill Graham's score was for Barrett by a 115-113 margin. THE RING's tab was 116-112 for Whitaker.

At 6'8" with an 82-inch reach, Whitaker towered over Barrett by five inches, but in the early rounds had trouble dealing with the

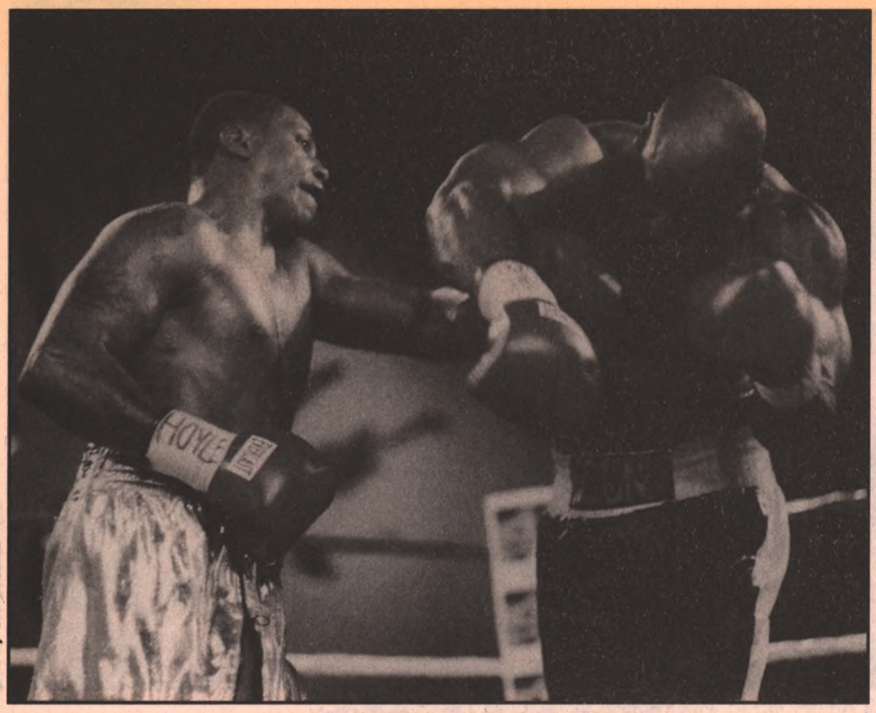


Photo by Chris Farina

Barrett sneaks a left under a Whitaker right

herky-jerky, awkward style of his opponent. Whitaker finally came alive in the fifth, uncorking a five-punch salvo that had Barrett holding on as the round was winding down.

Barrett, who picked up a cut over his left eye in the fifth, lost each of the last four rounds on THE RING's card. Early in the 12th round, he tried to go for broke with a couple of wild right hands. But Whitaker methodically stepped in with his own equalizing right, and Barrett was holding on desperately just to last the distance. In the final seconds, Whitaker landed a left-left-right that bloodied Barrett, and then left him off-balance with a combination at the bell. Had Whitaker opened up so ferociously prior to the fight's final 20 seconds, he probably would have scored a kayo. As it was, he had to settle for the points win.

Television: HBO
Promoter: America Presents
(8-28-99)
Jack Welsh

Veerapol Sahaprom KO 7 Joichiro Tatsuyoshi

Osaka, Japan: Hard-hitting Thailander Sahaprom, 118, kept the WBC bantamweight throne by battering former champ Tatsuyoshi, 118, Japan, en route to a fine stoppage at 0:44 of the seventh round. A huge crowd of some 27,000 fans was on hand to see the swan song of the Japanese superstar at the Osaka Dome, which is usually used for baseball games.

Tatsuyoshi, 29, was attempting to win the WBC bantam title for the fourth time, but Sahaprom, who had flattened Tatsuyoshi in six rounds last December to win the title, proved too fast, strong, and accurate for him. Going into the rematch, Tatsuyoshi said, "I was so careless and overconfident that I took him lightly last time. But, this time, I am very well prepared and will win back the title."

Sahaprom, however, was superior in every respect. Only in the opening canto was Tatsuyoshi able to fight the shorter but physically stronger champ on even terms. The Japanese challenger opened with a solid left-right combination and attacked the champ. But Sahaprom retaliated with a very hard one-two combo in the closing seconds of the first session.

The 30-year-old Sahaprom, formerly a Muay-thai (Thai national kickboxing) superstar, displayed brilliant control of the fight from the second round on, as he outjabbed Tatsuyoshi and connected with solid left-right combos nearly at will. In the third, Sahaprom made the ex-champ quite groggy with a barrage of strong and accurate shots, though Tatsuyoshi showed his determination and durability by refusing to go down despite absorbing tremendous punishment.

Tatsuyoshi stayed at a distance in the fourth round, circling on somewhat rubbery legs to avert the champ's short but very effective punches. But in the fifth, Sahaprom caught him again with a fusillade of punches. He dominated the sixth as well, and then went all out for the finish in round seven, battering Tatsuyoshi from all angles. Referee Richard Steele (USA) finally declared a halt and held the almost unconscious Japanese warrior to prevent him from toppling to the canvas. Sahaprom, 23-1 (17), had won every round on all three judges' scorecards.

The next day, Tatsuyoshi, 17-6-1 (12), announced he would be hanging up the gloves for good. He was a very popular ringman despite his oft-castigated lack of defensive skill, and people loved his flamboyant personality and crowd-pleasing aggression.

Promoter: Teiken Promotions
(8-29-99)
Joe Koizumi

Vassiliy Jirov KO 10 Dale Brown

Las Vegas, Nevada: It's beginning to look like the much-maligned cruiserweight division finally has a champion worth watching in Jirov, who turned in another pleasing performance in his first defense of the IBF crown, putting Canadian challenger Brown down for the 10-count at the 2:52 mark of the 10th round. The fight was the chief supporting bout on the Trinidad-De La Hoya card at the Mandalay Bay Events Center and undoubtedly the most entertaining fight of the evening.

Brown, 188, Calgary, Alberta, was somewhat of a pleasant surprise. He displayed good boxing skills, put his punches together well, and fought with courage and determination. He could not, however, stand up to Jirov's debilitating body attack, a trait he shares with Arthur Williams, the man from whom Jirov won the title in June 1999.

Jirov, 188, Phoenix, Arizona, via Kazakhstan, took a while to get rolling, but trapped Brown along the ropes in the fifth, belted his body with a couple of hurtful hooks, and then clubbed him to the canvas with a right to the head. Fortunately for the 27-year-old Brown, the bell sounded soon after he regained his feet, enabling him to overcome the immediate crisis.

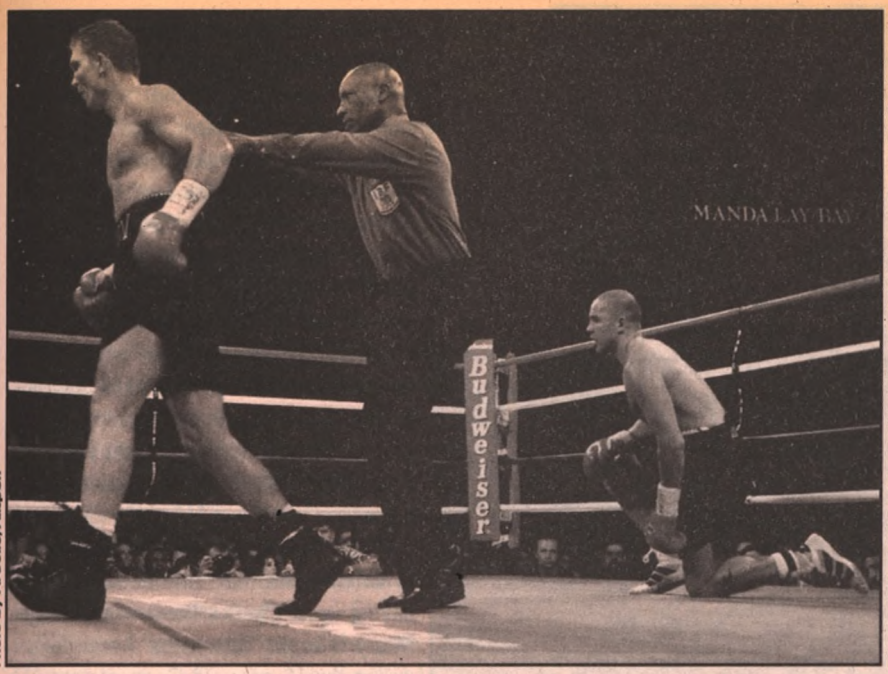


Photo by Al Bello/Allsport

Brown got up from this fifth-round Jirov knockdown

After a relatively tame sixth round, Brown surprised Jirov, 25, with a couple of clean rights early in the seventh, but faded after that and allowed "The Russian Tiger" to outwork him. That wasn't the case in the eighth, a thrilling round in which both fighters dug in and traded hard shots. At one point, they landed simultaneous rights to the head, and then staggered backward, both momentarily dazed. Brown won the round on two of the three judges' scorecards, but the rugged action seemed to take more out of him than it did Jirov.

Still, after recharging his batteries in the ninth, Brown was acquitting himself well in the 10th until Jirov, 22-0 (20), landed an awesome left hook to the stomach. The way Brown, 18-1-1 (13), went down clutching his groin, many in attendance thought it had been a low blow. But replays clearly showed that the punch was beautifully placed, just above the belt line.

The referee was Richard Steele (USA).

Television: TVKO

Promoter: Top Rank

(9-18-99)

Nigel Collins

Dariusz Michalczewski KO 4 Montell Griffin

Bremen, Germany: With his most impressive showing since defeating Virgil Hill two years ago, Michalczewski, 175, Germany, sent out a warning to the seemingly peerless Roy Jones by stopping Griffin, 175, Chicago, Illinois—the only man ever to beat the unified light heavyweight champion—in four rounds before 6,900 spectators at the Stadthalle Bremen.

Griffin, 29, had defeated Jones by disqualification in March 1997 before being bombed out in one round five months later, and was confident of putting himself in line for a lucrative rubber match. But Michalczewski, 31, demonstrated why he holds considerable aspirations of his own. Walking through the punches of the mobile and highly motivated Griffin for three rounds, Michalczewski raised the pace in the fourth and stopped the American seconds before the bell ended the round.

Griffin, 38-3 (27), took the first round with speedy combinations and had the better of the second as well until Michalczewski, 41-0 (34), pushed the American into a neutral corner and landed two consecutive powerful jabs, the second one opening a cut over the shorter man's right eye. The fighter from Chicago won the third round clearly, landing left hooks and combinations from different angles to the head of the German, but Michalczewski was unimpressed and unperturbed.

"The Tiger" upped the pace late in round four and landed a solid right hand to Griffin's head. The punch made Griffin bend down his upper body until he almost touched the floor with his left glove. Seconds later, a hard right hand counter from Michalczewski rocked Griffin badly, sending him stumbling into the ropes, where the unbeaten German snapped back Griffin's head with six more solid shots. When referee Joe Cortez (USA) stepped in to call a halt to the bout at 2:59 of round four, the dazed Griffin fell into his chest, wholly unable to continue.

"We don't hide from anybody. Our aim is to get Roy Jones into the ring against Michalczewski," said promoter Klaus-Peter Kohl. "Everybody who saw Dariusz' performance tonight knows that he can beat him."

Jones, who should soon run out of arguments for avoiding Michalczewski, first has several mendatory defenses to take care of. Michalczewski will be making another voluntary defense in December, setting up a possible showdown against Jones sometime in 2000.

Promoter: Universum Boxing

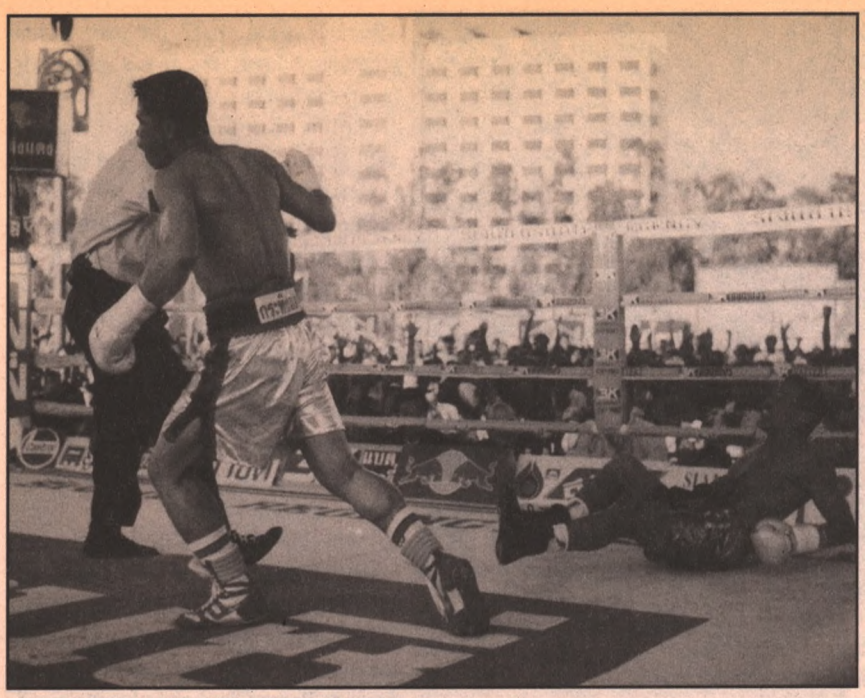
(8-28-99)

Brian Doogan

Sornpichai Kratchingdaeng KO 8 Leo Gamez

Mukdahan, Thailand: In a give-and-take extravaganza, unbeaten Thai lefty Sornpichai, 112, seized the WBA flyweight throne from Gamez, 112, Venezuela, with a dramatic one-punch knockout. Sornpichai scored knockdowns in the third and fourth rounds, then ran out of gas and seemed on the verge of defeat, and finally exploded with a devastating left that knocked Gamez out at 2:52 of the eighth session.

The diminutive veteran Gamez, standing just 5'1", started well with good jabs, but Sornpichai, 11 years his junior at 25, landed a wicked southpaw left to the belly late in the first that sent him backpedaling. In the second, Gamez caught the much taller lefty with a solid right, and Sornpichai reeled into the ropes. Sornpichai was missing with most of his punches in the third, but Gamez failed to avert one of his big shots and hit the deck for the mandatory eight-count. The Thailander went all out to finish the champ then and there,



Sornpichai sends Gamez crashing en route to the WBA flyweight crown

but he couldn't catch the crafty veteran with his follow-up rallies.

In the fourth, both competitors exchanged punches toe-to-toe in the center of the ring. Gamez seemed to be overwhelming the challenger with more accurate and effective shots, but while on the defensive, Sornpichai threw a single powerful left that sent Gamez sprawling to the deck. Gamez surprisingly pulled himself up from the fierce knockdown, but Sornpichai couldn't take advantage because he, too, was still recovering from the battering he'd taken prior to scoring the knockdown.

The champion and challenger continued to mix it up furiously in the fifth and sixth. Gamez was the busier, more energetic man in the seventh, but Sornpichai, fading obviously, landed a wicked left in the closing seconds of the round.

The eighth was truly the Round of the Year to this point. Gamez was on the verge of finishing the see-saw affair, as he battered the groggy Thailander from all angles at will. Sornpichai, apparently too spent to retaliate, did little more than cover up with his gloves. But just when the champion seemed certain to prevail, the rubbery-legged Sornpichai landed a smashing straight left to the chin. Gamez went down flat on his back, and barely raised himself up just after referee Rafael Ramos (USA) finished tolling 10.

Gamez, who was making his second defense of the title he won from Hugo Soto on the Evander Holyfield-Lennox Lewis undercard on March 13, fell to 32-7-1 (24). Sornpichai, 17-0 (14), became the fourth current world champ from Thailand, joining WBC light fly ruler Saman Sorjaturong, WBA light fly kingpin Pichitnoi C. Siriwat, and WBC bantam ruler Veerapol Sahaprom. In the weeks that followed, that number reached six, as Wandee Chor Chareon assumed the WBC strawweight throne when Ricardo Lopez moved up in weight, and Medgoen 3K-Battery wrested the WBC flyweight title from Manny Pacquiao.

Promoter: Niwat Laosuwanwat

(9-3-99)

Joe Koizumi

Sven Ottke Tech. Win 10 Thomas Tate

Magdeburg, Germany: Controversy reigned in this IBF super middleweight title fight, though Tate should really not complain too much that he lost. Few saw the ninth-round headbutt that, according to Italian referee Raffaele Argioli, caused the blood to flow from above Ottke's left eye and the fight to be stopped 35 seconds into round 11, forcing the judges' scorecards to decide the issue. But Tate, 168, Houston, Texas, boxed poorly throughout and was deservedly behind when the injury to champion Ottke, 168, Germany, ended matters early.

Ottke was engaging in his first mandatory defense and third title defense overall, having upset Charles Brewer last October. Many thought Tate to be a real danger, unlike the 32-year-old German's previous two nondescript challengers. But after a good first round for the American, who was more active, especially with his jab, Ottke took charge and rarely lost the initiative. Tate seemed befuddled, and his performance throughout was flat. Instead of cutting off the ring, he simply plodded after the champion with an ineffective jab and a right hand that seemed telegraphed every time.

Ottke, 16-0 (2), piled up the points, winning every round between the second and the eighth, except round five, when he was shaken by a few heavy shots. His jab was the key, and although he is not a devastating puncher, he occasionally even hurt Tate with the cumulative effect of his sustained onslaught.

Tate, 36-6 (26), had swellings around both eyes by the ninth, but unleashed a right that landed flush and appeared to be the cause of a nasty cut over Ottke's left eye. The champion appeared to be badly hurt, and the referee intervened to let the ringside physician make a close inspection. This also gave Ottke invaluable time to recover. Unseen by most, the referee also signalled that the gash was the result of a headbutt.

Two rounds later the fight was stopped, the cut having widened as the result of some more right hands by the challenger. Tate, 33, began to celebrate, but it was premature. Argioli signalled that the scorecards would determine the outcome, and the Tate camp was enraged—even more so when the decision went against their man. John Coyle (England) and Heinrich Muhmert (Germany) both had Ottke up 97-93 through 10 completed rounds, while Eddie Cotton (USA) had him up 96-94. THE RING had Ottke ahead 98-92.

Promoter: Wilfred Sauerland

(9-4-99)

Brian Doogan

Freddie Norwood W 12 Juan Manuel Marquez

Las Vegas, Nevada: When it comes to a solid offense in boxing, most trainers will tell you, everything works off the jab.

Apparently neither Norwood nor Marquez were particularly interested in displaying a solid offense when they met for the WBA featherweight crown at the Mandalay Bay's South Pacific Ballroom, because neither made any effective use of the jab as they trudged through 12 unexpectedly boring rounds.

The most telling stat of the night for defending champ Norwood, 126, St. Louis, Missouri, and challenger Marquez, 125, Mexico, was their remarkably low CompuBox jab percentages. Norwood, a southpaw, was the less effective jabber, landing only nine of 151 right-hand leads (just six percent), while Marquez was only accurate with 19 of 219 jabs (nine percent). The total punch numbers weren't much better, with Norwood accurate on 73 of 290 thrown and Marquez landing 89 of his 445 punches. Despite Marquez' slight edge in punch numbers, it was the vociferous Norwood who retained the title by unanimous decision by landing the cleaner, harder blows.

Norwood was quick out of the gate, knocking Marquez on his duff in the second round by stunning him with a short, quick left hand, then sending him down with a shoving blow. But before the round was over, the Mexican made Norwood do a little jig with a solid left hook.

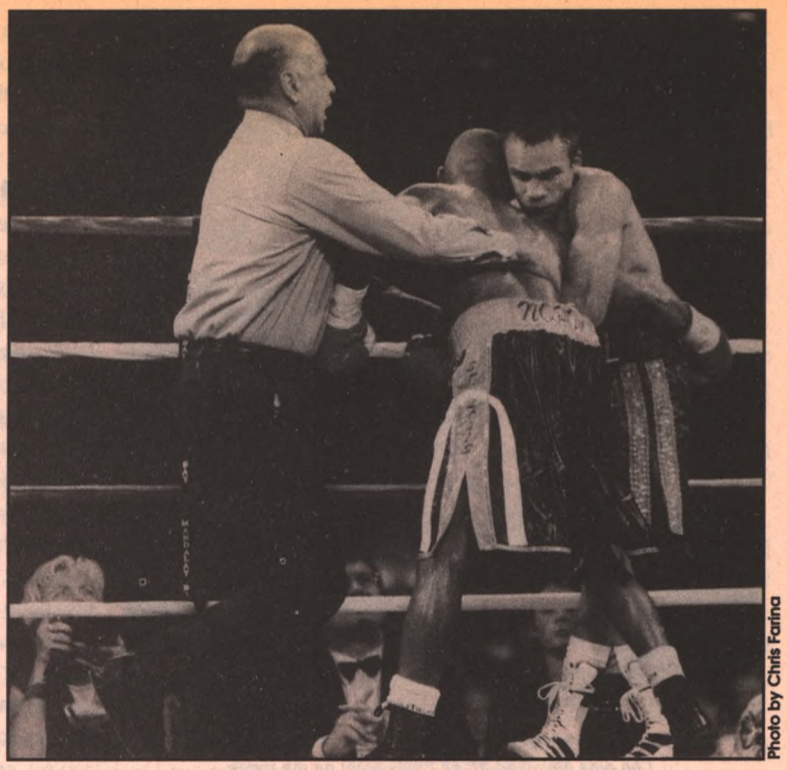


Photo by Chris Farina

Norwood-Marquez was an ugly disappointment

Marquez had a good third round, and won it on all three scorecards, but fell behind in the middle rounds as he struggled to catch the elusive Norwood cleanly. Norwood picked up a bad gash over his left eye late in the fourth round when the rivals banged heads. An instant later, the undefeated champion appeared to butt Marquez twice (later admitting he thought the challenger's actions were intentional).

Marquez made a belated bid to rally, winning the eighth, ninth, and 10th rounds. The 26-year-old challenger appeared to drop Norwood, 29, in the eighth round with a short left hook, but referee Joe Cortez (USA) was out of position to see it and disallowed the knockdown. But Marquez came back to make it official in the ninth round when he decked Norwood with a short right-left at mid-ring. Just when it appeared the Hispanic invader might do enough to take the title, he became more tentative, and Norwood swept the last two rounds, openly irritating the house in the final 10 seconds by leaping around the ring waving his gloves wildly in the air.

In the official scoring, judge Duane Ford (USA) saw it 114-112, Stanley Christodoulou (South Africa) voted 115-111, and Arthur Ellensohn (Germany) had it 117-112, all for Norwood. THE RING's scorecard was 114-111 for Norwood.

Norwood had to miss the postfight press conference, but before departing for Valley Hospital to have his eye cut stitched, the Missouri marauder yelled from ringside: "Okay, bring on The Princess [referring to British featherweight Naseem Hamed]. Bring on the Princess. I want the Princess, but I ain't gonna chase the man because he knows where I am. Let's get it on, brother, because I want to unify the featherweight titles."

Trainer Kenny Adams conceded that Norwood "came up short with his jabs, and that's a condition that will be corrected. Overall, Freddie did what I wanted him too. Overall, I can see about an A-minus on his performance." Most observers wouldn't have given such a friendly grade to the defense-minded champion.

Norwood, collecting a $105,000 purse, improved to 35-0-1 (20). Marquez' resume dipped to 29-2 (22) as he earned $80,000. The Mexican's only previous loss came in his pro debut via a first-round disqualification.

Television: HBO

Promoter: Top Rank

(9-11-99)

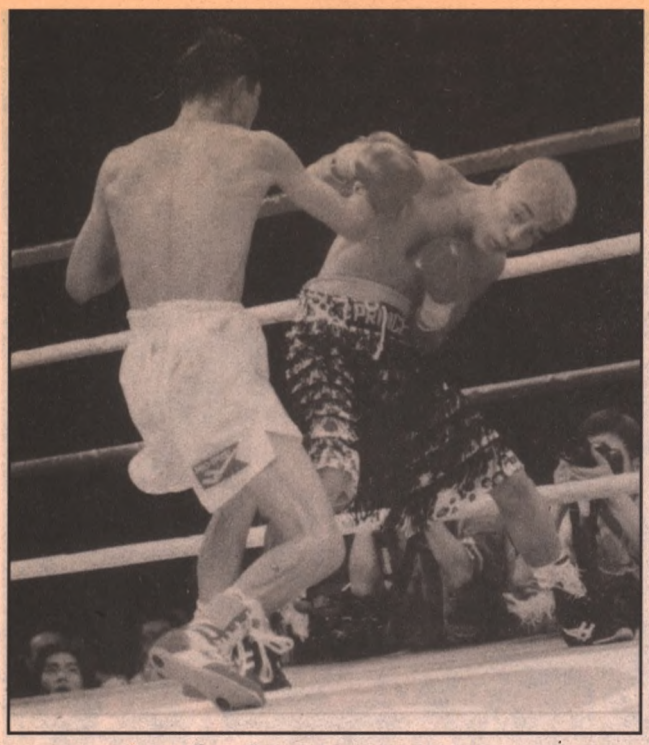
Jack Welsh

In Joo Cho W 12 Keiji Yamaguchi

Tokyo, Japan: Lanky Korean speedster Cho, 115, proved too ringwise and crafty for Japanese lefty Yamaguchi, 115, and kept the WBC super flyweight title on a lopsided decision. Cho controlled the fight all the way before putting an exclamation point on his performance by sending Yamaguchi to the deck twice in the final session. Some 6,500 spectators were in attendance at Ryogoku Sumo Arena hoping to see ex-WBA light fly champ Yamaguchi's second coronation, but the superior Cho, making his third title defense, left them disappointed.

The bout was far less competitive than expected. The 30-year-old Cho, an upright stylist, extended his left hand—like Oscar De La Hoya against Hector Camacho—to avert Yamaguchi's specialty, his southpaw right jab. Cho's strategy worked so well that Yamaguchi, five years his junior at 25, hardly threw his jab at all. The only time Cho faced any danger in the first three rounds came when he sustained a slight cut beside the left eyebrow following an accidental butt in the third. In accordance with WBC rules, referee Laurence Cole (USA)—who did an excellent job—deducted a point from the Japanese challenger with the bleached-blond hair.

As the rounds passed, Cho kept his distance and landed light but accurate right-left-right combinations, piling up points steadi-



Cho pins bleached-blond Yamaguchi on the ropes

ly. Yamaguchi occasionally scored with big right hooks, but he couldn't catch the champion with his punches in combination. Yamaguchi, who wears leopard-spotted trunks with the word "Prince" across the front just like a certain British featherweight, attempted to confuse and frustrate the champ with his tricky mobility and footwork, but Cho kept his composure throughout the contest.

Early in the ninth, Yamaguchi stunned the champ with a looping right, but Cho was smart and mobile enough to keep him from following up. A collision of heads occurred again later in the round, with Yamaguchi streaming blood from his forehead this time, causing Cho to be penalized a point. The ninth, as it turned out, was the only round all night that Yamaguchi clearly won.

The rather monotonous affair became somewhat exciting in the 12th, when Cho, 16-0 (7), decked Yamaguchi twice. First, the champ connected with a vicious left hook, but Yamaguchi, bleeding from the mouth, stood up and fought on. Moments later, though, he was floored again with a left-right combo. Yamaguchi, 28-4 (11), gamely regained his feet, and just barely lasted the distance.

Two of the official scorecards were appropriately lopsided, as Henry Elespuru (USA) had it 117-108 for Cho and Barbara Perez (USA) made it 117-107 for the winner. Victor Cervantes (Mexico), who had it just 114-110 for the defending champ, might have evaluated Yamaguchi's fighting spirit, and not his actual effectiveness.

The WBC's number-one contender, Filipino Gerry Penalosa, whom Cho beat for the title in August '98, was in attendance. Cho will be obliged to make a mandatory defense against the ex-champ soon.

Promoter: Taikoh Kobayashi Promotions

(9-5-99)

Joe Koizumi

Antonio Diaz W 12 Emanuel Burton

Las Vegas, Nevada: Although he emerged the victor via unanimous 12-round decision, Diaz' difficulty tracking down elusive opponents was amplified in his bout with journeyman Burton at the All-American SportPark. Nonetheless, Diaz' superior strength, harder punching, and busier workrate was enough to earn him the nod by tallies of 117-111 (Carol Castellano), 119-109 (Art Laurie), and 118-110 (Paul Smith).

The well-travelled Burton, 140, Baton Rouge, Louisiana, is a skillful technician with excellent head movement, but lacks a big punch. Even so, he's been winning a lot more than losing the past two years (including an upset kayo of English prospect Jon Thaxton), and against Diaz fought with a confidence that belied his spotty 21-14-4 (10) record.

Many of the rounds were closely contested, and Burton's educated left hand connected frequently enough in the second, sixth, and seventh to earn him those sessions on THE RING'S scorecard. But he could never keep his offense going long enough to take control, and Diaz, 23, was always there, right in his face, applying pressure and dictating the pace.

After looking a bit tired in the seventh, Diaz, 140, Coachella, California, got his second wind and didn't lose another round. Every time Burton, 24, attempted to rally, Diaz, 28-2 (19), outpunched him, but never came close ending matters inside of the distance. While it wasn't the kind of fight that had fans on the edge of their seats, the contrast of styles and the determination of both men to impose *his* style on the other was intriguing to watch unfold.

The referee was Kenny Bayless (USA).

Television: ESPN2

Promoter: Top Rank

(9-17-99)

Nigel Collins ■

A Diaz jab stuns tough journeyman Burton

De La Hoya-Trinidad

(Continued from page 39)

he was tough enough to go toe-to-toe with the best. De La Hoya didn't learn anywhere near as much about himself against Trinidad as Leonard did in his first fight with Duran, and now all The Golden Boy has to show for it, besides a bigger bank account, is a big, fat L on his record.

But there's no denying that De La Hoya's lateral movement and laser-sharp punches got him off to a flying start. His jab soon had Trinidad's nose bleeding, and it wasn't long before Tito's left cheek was swollen, compliments of De La Hoya's sneaky right hand, which he put to surprisingly good use for somebody who has been accused of being a one-armed fighter.

De La Hoya was markedly faster than Trinidad, and made intelligent use of his ability to hit and not be hit in return. That referee Mitch Halpern (USA) rarely had to break the fighters only reinforces how effective De La Hoya was at keeping his distance. But he never built upon that foundation, never used his speed advantage to set up a sustained attack, a failure that ultimately gave Trinidad the window of opportunity he needed.

As the rounds went by, Trinidad slowly began to close the gap and land with increased consistency. Then, down the stretch, as De La Hoya's punch output dwindled down to virtually nothing, he connected more and more. It never became a rout, but it got pretty ugly for the pretty boy as he skittered around the ring in reverse, almost tripping over his own feet a couple of times in his haste to avoid Trinidad's fists.

Although the 26-year-old Trinidad, 36-0 (30), never fought what could be termed a passionate fight, he certainly showed a stubborn doggedness, steadily chugging forward, wearing down De La Hoya with pressure, even when his punches failed to find the target. Tito was controlled and disciplined, perhaps too controlled and disciplined, especially when the fight started to turn his way. It was not the destruction of De La Hoya he'd promised, but it was good enough for his euphoric Puerto Rican countrymen *(see sidebar on page 39)* and anybody else who gets their kicks from watching the mighty fall. And thank goodness someone made the fight.

HBO's Larry Merchant summed up the situation pretty succinctly when he said, "De La Hoya came to win a decision, not to win a fight." But maybe an irate fan who called THE RING editorial office the following Monday put it best when he said, "One guy was scared, and the other was glad that he was." Too harsh? Perhaps. But at it's core, boxing is about domination, not self-preservation. If fighters forget that, particularly those who demand millions of dollars to exhibit their skills, the sport is facing perhaps it's greatest crisis ever. That, of course, is the pessimistic viewpoint; there are other ways of looking at it.

Who's to say what transpired on September 18 won't ultimately turn out to be a slow start to a great series of fights? Maybe De La Hoya, 31-1 (25), really will turn brawler the next time, just like he promised he would the first time. And what if Trinidad, his confidence boosted by victory, comes out smoking in the rematch and tries to finish what he started the first time? It's not entirely inconceivable that Trinidad-De La Hoya II will be so good, we'll forget about their disappointing first encounter.

If either fighter needs added incentive to give us more the next time, all they have to do is look over their shoulders. The pack isn't as far behind as it once was, and there's not just Mosley and company coming up from behind to worry about. There's Fernando Vargas and David Reid waiting up ahead in the junior middleweight division. It's peculiar how things worked out, but the bottom line is that Trinidad and De La Hoya will have even more to prove the next time. Boxing can only hope they fight accordingly. ■

Paul Spadafora

(Continued from page 41)

the game. I believed from the beginning that it wasn't a question of if Paul was going to be a champion, but rather a question of when."

Still, Spadafora's road to the title wasn't smooth, even though he managed to stay undefeated while traveling it. Unlike the Oscar De La Hoyas and David Reids, Spadafora had no Olympic medal to help jumpstart his career, no Main Events or Top Rank to pump money into a well-oiled publicity machine designed to create a high profile for him.

Good-looking, impishly charming, and with a modesty that plays well against the smack-talking, chest-thumping types commonly encountered in boxing, Spadafora possesses all the ingredients necessary to be a media favorite. Spadafora is a blue-collar fighter, coming from a blue-collar background. In retrospect, the way he came up might well prove to be the best thing that has ever happened to him.

"One thing that impressed me about Spadafora from the first time I saw him," said ESPN2 boxing analyst Teddy Atlas, "was his hunger, his enthusiasm. He's full of love for the game. Spadafora is one of those fighters who's hungry and will stay hungry. That means he'll be consistent and not take things for granted."

Nevertheless, that hunger made it difficult for Spadafora to accept what to him was a career progressing at a snail's pace.

"I wanted to fight for a title two years ago," he said. "I'm not bragging or thinking that I'm great or anything like that, but I was 20-0 and watching guys like [Floyd] Mayweather, Reid, and [Fernando] Vargas winning titles after a dozen fights, and I'd think, *Man, I could do that.* But Al and Mike and [trainer] Tommy [Yankello] would tell me to be patient. It would happen. So I just worked harder."

The hard work turned Spadafora into the type of fighter rarely seen today.

"The kid's a throwback," McCauley boasted with understandable pride. "He's a fundamentally sound fighter. Paul don't make mistakes. He knows what he's doing in the ring."

"Spadafora is smart, clever," agreed Atlas. "He tries to hit you and not get hit back, and that's what boxing is really all about. He's a technician in the ring. Using angles, setting the other guy up. His defense is real, not just reaction like a lot of guys, although he's quick, too."

Spadafora's attention to details and his work ethic set him apart and help him compensate for his only deficiency, a lack of big-time power.

"I constantly visualize punches coming at me," said Spadafora. "Even when I'm just walking down the street, in my mind I can see a guy throwing a punch, and I practice moving to a spot, making him miss, and set-

ting myself up for a counter. My game is to make my opponent think that he's throwing a punch where he wants to be throwing it, but actually have him throw it where I want him to throw it, so that I can work off that."

Ultimately, The Pittsburgh Kid made his way onto several ESPN2 cards, beating both Sam Girard and Rocky Martinez, even though he looked less than stellar against the awkward, rough-housing Martinez. And although he pitched near-shutouts against the two useful veterans, Spadafora was virtually a one-handed fighter in those bouts.

"One of the reasons that I was sure that Paul could beat Cardona was that I'd seen him dominate two tough guys when he wasn't at his best," said Acri. "He had bad hands going into both those fights, but no one knew that."

At any rate, after Mosley's defection to the welterweight ranks, Spadafora got his long-awaited title shot against the much more recognizable Cardona. Cardona had some impressive names on his ledger, having stopped Ivan Robinson and beaten among others Golden Johnson and David Sample. Cardona's only losses had been to underrated veteran Hector Lopez and former junior welterweight champion Charles Murray. And many observers believed that he'd actually won the Murray fight. Little wonder then that Cardona was expected to be too much for the light-hitting upstart.

Of course, Spadafora stayed true to the script and played the stereotyped underdog role to perfection. In a masterful performance that left a frustrated Cardona shaking his head, round after round, the 23-year-old Steel City native made it look easy, winning almost every round on all three judges' cards.

"At first, Cardona tried to pull me out of my game with a bunch of trash talk, tried to get me to go toe-to-toe," said Spadafora. "But it didn't work because I knew that I had to make him fight my fight. He didn't expect me to sit there, be right in front of him and make him miss all night. He expected me to fight on the outside and move away from him. But believe me when I tell you this: My game is on the inside. I'm not a runner. But I won't be where you expect me to be when you punch, either.

"Truthfully, he wasn't anywhere near my toughest fight. That was against Bernard Harris, because Harris was slick, very fast, rode with a lot of shots. Cardona was there to be hit. I really thought that he would be a better defensive fighter. He could bang though, I'll give him that. He was definitely the hardest puncher I've faced."

By winning the title, Spadafora, 27-0 (13), made believers out of even his sternest critics. ESPN2's Max Kellerman, in a rush to judgment, had earned the ire of Pittsburgh fight fans by calling Spadafora a "B" fighter, not an "A" fighter, off what Kellerman deemed a "subpar" performance against Martinez. To his credit, Kellerman acknowledged his mistake and apologized to Spadafora's hometown fans.

"Hey, I made a mistake," admitted Kellerman. "I didn't realize just how good a boxer Spadafora was. He can hang with all the current lightweights and probably beat most of them. What impressed me most was his physical strength. Now, I don't mean one-punch power. Spadafora was strong enough to keep the fight in the middle of the ring where he wanted it to be. And he goes hard to the body. You gotta like that.

"He reminded me of guys like Carmen Basilio and Emile Griffith, physically strong guys who can hurt you and make you respect them with their punches, even if they're not knockout guys. These kind of fighters can't be outmuscled on the inside, so they can dictate how the fight takes place."

"What made Spadafora so successful against Cardona was that he fought his fight," added Atlas. "Smart, slick, and fundamentally sound. He exploited the other guy's weaknesses and turned Cardona's strengths around. He took advantage of Cardona's one-dimensional attack and the fact that he's not particularly fast with his hands or feet."

Both Kellerman and Atlas also mentioned the addition of trainer Jesse Reid to Spadafora's camp as a major plus.

"Taking nothing away from Tommy Yankello [Spadafora's previous trainer], who maybe didn't get enough credit," said Atlas, "Reid really added polish to Spadafora. He looked much smoother and even more technically sound than in previous fights."

Unknown to practically everyone outside of Team Spadafora was the fact that the new champ had also spent a month training with Marty Feldman in Philadelphia. At times, Feldman had Spadafora keep his hands at his sides while sparring, a technique designed to teach him how to move his head in order to avoid punches.

Spadafora's winning effort against Cardona also caught the eye of HBO's boxing kingpin, Lou DiBella.

"Truthfully, I had Spadafora pegged as a fairly ordinary fighter," said DiBella. "But I was really impressed with him after the Cardona fight. He put on a boxing clinic. Paul's the perfect kind of fighter for our *Boxing After Dark* series. He's the kind of quality young unknown that we like to promote. There are a lot of attractive matchups for him in the lightweight division. Angel Manfredy, Ivan Robinson, maybe a unification fight with Stevie Johnston; these are all good fights for HBO and Paul Spadafora. I've had some talks with Mike Acri and will do so again."

"We've talked with HBO and we have some definite ideas about where we'll go with Paul's career," said Acri. "Right now, Paul is having some problems with his right ankle. We thought that he might need an operation, but now it looks like the problem will take care of itself with a little rest. He's still on track to make his first defense in December, but we haven't settled on an opponent or venue yet."

Spadafora's mandatory is against Canadian Billy Irwin and must take place before the end of April, although a lot can happen between now and then. Ask Spadafora who he'd like to fight, and his answer tells you all you need to know about him as a fighter.

"Hey, I'd like to unify the title, like every champion would," he said. "I think I can fight with all these guys, Robinson, Manfredy, Stevie Johnston. But it's real important to me that people believe I'm ready to and deserve to fight a guy like Johnston. I'm smart enough to know that I have a lot to learn yet and that I need more experience against the top guys. But bring them on. Cesar Bazan, too."

The new IBF lightweight king is driven to succeed outside the ring as well, and has the attitude to achieve great things.

"Winning the title means everything to me," he said. "Not just because I'm the champion, but because it's going to let me take care of my family—my brothers and

my mom. It shows that P.K. was right about me. I can be someone, not just some street kid. I want to have a good image; boxing needs that, and maybe I can be a good role model. That's as important to me as any belt." ■

Jim Trunzo is a freelance writer based in Leechburg, Pennsylvania.

New Faces

(Continued from page 18)

Terrance. The kid had a good straight right hand, and a powerful left hook. He dropped Terrance with the straight right. I thought that was his most effective punch. But I don't think Reid is that fast, and I think Terrance was just having an off-night."

Pepe Correa, Reid's trainer for the last five years, disagrees. He knows Reid can punch with either hand, but he would like him to work more on his boxing skills.

"The man who beats Teddy Reid is Teddy Reid himself," Correa said. "I don't care who hears this. Teddy can beat any champion out there right now. When Teddy works behind his left jab, he has no problems with anyone. He has a tendency to work behind the jab a little bit, but when he senses he has someone in trouble, he goes right for the kill. I want him to stay behind the jab and soften up a guy a little more. He has a tendency to brawl when he doesn't have to. Once we get him out of that, you'll see one terrific fighter."

Reid was in and out of the amateur program in the Washington, D.C., area through the latter part of his teen years. When Correa first met Reid, the youngster wanted to box, but he was "also into a lot of other things," according to the trainer.

Those other things included dealing drugs. It's a past life that seems ancient to Reid now, though he still has vivid memories of those years. He was born in Jamaica and moved to the D.C. area in 1973 when he was just over a year old. After a confrontation with his father, Reid left home when he was 17. That's when his street life took over.

"I was dealing drugs from 17 to 20 years old, because I hung around kids who were doing it," Reid said. "I did okay. I didn't own a mansion or anything like that, but I owned a nice car, a few nice cars. Then my 21st birthday came, and that was it for me. I retired from the streets. I lost a really, really close friend. I saw what was happening around me. I was never scared; I just didn't trust anybody. We weren't dealing with a whole lot of money, but it was just a betrayal game.

"If you ask me, it didn't make sense really, not at the level we were on. Friends had to tell on friends to get out of trouble. Looking back, I should have stayed with my parents when they moved down to Florida. When I got ahead on the streets, I'd still go and work out. Boxing, I like to say, has always been in my blood. I just had to realize, as my friends were dying around me, that this was what I was supposed to do."

Like many young fighters working to get established, Reid struggled with managerial troubles early in his career. He had no real aspirations about boxing, other than that it served as a source of income until something else popped up. Besides, boxing kept him off the streets—and out of jail.

Enter Chris Middendorf. The D.C.-based manager almost literally stumbled over Reid, who Middendorf found sitting on a bench in Sugar Ray Leonard's Gym with his legs stretched out. This was shortly after Reid's third pro bout, a third-round stoppage defeat to Rene Valdez in Las Vegas. The manager distinctly remembers Reid's pencil-thin legs sprawled out in front of him. Middendorf, however, was amazed at Reid's sturdy upper body. He spoke to him about possible representation, and soon after became Reid's manager.

"I remember Teddy had the torso of a light heavyweight," Middendorf said. "I thought, *I have to see this kid fight*. His training habits were lousy at the time, but we got him a fight against Fred Muwonge, who was undefeated, and Teddy showed the characteristics that have made him a very good fighter."

Early this year, Reid's maturation took another step in a few sparring sessions Middendorf set up with Ike Quartey and Oscar De La Hoya. In January, Reid traveled to Pensacola, Florida, to spar with Quartey when he was preparing for De La Hoya. Reid was told to take it easy by "Bazooka's" handlers, because they feared their fighter would get cut.

"I hung in there with Ike, and I realized hanging in there with him at 147 what I could do at 140," Reid said. "I was down there by myself, and it was great. No one was around to help me or tell me what to do. I had to learn what to do on my own, because I was in there with a killer down there. When I came back to Washington, D.C., I beat Anthony Suggs, and I felt so good."

A month later, Reid received a call from De La Hoya's people, inviting him to spar with "The Golden Boy" in Big Bear, California. Reid absorbed everything around him. De La Hoya took the time to show him how to throw an uppercut and the proper technique to maximize the power in his left hook.

"I appreciate being in there with Oscar; it was like a boxing class," Reid said. "Ike and Oscar took me to school. If you're going to learn, it's good to learn from the best. I really appreciate what Oscar did for me. People say things about him, but all I know is that Oscar took care of me and my family, but most of all, he gave me the kind of sparring I really needed. He just put the finishing touches on me as far as what I needed to do. I was running with Ike and Oscar. I ran and did weights with De La Hoya. I did things people wouldn't believe, if they saw what was taking place."

Going to those training camps had a monumental effect on Reid. He finally got to see how close he is to the top. Once the Cauthen fight was signed, Reid didn't miss a day of training.

"I have a different Teddy now," Correa proclaimed. "A kid that's in the gym every day of the week. He's there on time, no question about it. He's matured tenfold. He's really up. He sees his future, and you'd be surprised what a championship belt will do for you." ■

Media

(Continued from page 31)

over into the mainstream media as well. De La Hoya's good looks, boyish charm, and killer left hook would have taken him far enough away from the East Los Angeles neighborhood he grew up in to satisfy most fighters. But the public relations campaign orchestrated largely and rather brilliantly by Bob Arum has catapulted him to places of which other equally talented fighters—like Trinidad—can only dream.

The media latched on to De La Hoya from the day he won the gold medal in the

'92 Olympics, and looked the other way when, at the start of his pro career, he burned long-time supporter Shelly Finkel, and instead signed with co-managers Bob Mittleman and Steve Nelson. They looked away again when he dumped Mittleman and Nelson, too, and when he fired—or, rather, had someone else fire—trainer after trainer. Some in the boxing media, such as New York *Daily News* columnist Michael Katz, derided De La Hoya as a coward and targeted him mercilessly after De La Hoya postponed a bout with Ike Quartey because of a cut no one but De La Hoya could see. But the majority of the media love him, and as a result "The Golden Boy" remains the game's brightest star, enjoying celebrity to which all others aspire.

It wasn't long ago that Mike Tyson's star was the one the rest of the fistic fraternity envied. To a much greater degree than De La Hoya, Tyson exploded onto the boxing scene and almost immediately was thrust into mainstream consciousness, as his out-of-the ring exploits, which included early-morning streetfights and a failed marriage to actress Robin Givens, made him standard fare for the evening news. The mainstream media was captivated by his brutish manner and street charisma, and in the ring, there wasn't a more dominant, frightening, and potentially long-reigning heavyweight champ since Louis. Everyone knew who the heavyweight champion of the world was, even people who didn't know a left hook from a fish hook. Tyson's loss to Buster Douglas in '90 did nothing to slow the media's coverage of him, and his rape conviction was national news for weeks. That the press, both mainstream and boxing, turned on him so completely following his knockout loss to Evander Holyfield and then his admittedly shameful display in the rematch, is all the evidence you need as to the fickleness of its tastes.

Tyson doesn't help himself when he attacks people following fender-benders, or when he curses at reporters during interviews. It may be because he's a loose cannon and can't control his temper, or it may be because he knows that if he starts winning again the media will fall all over itself rushing to put him back in the headlines. Maybe he doesn't care either way.

Tyson could take lessons from Muhammad Ali and George Foreman, two heavyweights in the ring and in manipulating the media. Interestingly, they began their careers as polar opposites in terms of the way they dealt with the press, but ultimately arrived at nearly the same place, albeit on different scales; both ended up adored, but Ali's adoration is on a worldwide level.

Ali played the media flawlessly in the early days, grabbing their attention with his boasts and poems, and providing endless reams of copy. (If you want the media to cover you, give them something good to print.) They didn't like him much, and it was their desire to see Sonny Liston shut his mouth as much as anything that led to his title shot in '64. They were generally split as to the righteousness of his forced exile in '67, but Ali started winning them over shortly after his return. By '74, the media were puppets on a string, as Ali blasted them as racists one day and delighted them with Joe Frazier jokes the next. By the time Trevor Berbick pummeled him into long overdue retirement in the Bahamas in '81, the media loved him more than the fans did.

Foreman took a much different road. In the early-'70s, when Liston was still Foreman's idol, "Big George" treated the media much in the way Liston did. He was generally cooperative and polite, but when a question came along that he didn't like, the source would get a cold stare and little else. He softened, but only slightly, after Ali took the title in Zaire, and then he disappeared for 10 years after losing to Jimmy Young. When he returned in '87, he was a whole new Foreman: accommodating, charming, downright jolly. When the media made fun of his considerable weight, he went right along with them, posing for pictures at press conferences aside a mammoth tray of cheeseburgers. When they asked what he thought when people called him a joke, he laughed and replied that people could call him anything they wanted, as long as they didn't call him late for dinner. He shook hands, kissed babies, and barnstormed like no one in the last 100 years, playing the media game perfectly.

Watch Foreman now, as he makes millions pitching mufflers or hawking his grilling machine, and understand that he rarely even eats cheeseburgers. And that, off camera, he's a hard, proud man almost certainly less comfortable than most with poking fun at himself. Inside himself and in the ring, he remains the same killer he was in the '70s, the guy who likes nothing better than to ram his jab down some poor pug's throat. But he learned, in his second career, to make the media his servant rather than his master.

The media alone can never make or break a fighter. The best will always get to the top and the rest will fall in underneath. In spite of our frequently misguided praise or faulty criticisms, accomplishment always outlives popular opinion. And that's as it should be. ■

Pierce Egan

(Continued from page 33)

most widely read and admired sporting journalists of his day, and a great inspiration to others who took up the profession.

It was Egan's graphic firsthand reports, originally in the London *Weekly Dispatch* and later in the volumes of *Boxiana*, that gave his readers fresh insights into matters of the prize ring. They trusted the accuracy of his accounts and relished his vivacity.

In pre-Victorian England, noblemen and dustmen alike shared a passion for sport, especially pugilism, and eagerly scanned the columns of the newspapers for blow-by-blow accounts of battles between the giants of the ring. How better to exemplify the spirit, strength, and courage that had enabled the nation to emerge victorious from the long and bitter Napoleonic wars than through boxing?

Pugilism was not Egan's sole interest. He wrote plays, songs, novels, and epigrams, and appeared on stage as an actor. In his numerous writings, no one better depicted London's low life, with its gin palaces, flea-infested theaters, and popular "sports" such as cudgeling, cock fights, dog fights, and bull and bear baiting.

What Egan termed the "romance" of the great city would have big influence on famous writers such as Charles Dickens, William Makepeace Thackeray, and George Bernard Shaw. Dickens acknowledged that much of his insight into life in London's dark alleyways was due to the

light shone into those places by Egan's works.

There is ample evidence that Egan enjoyed every aspect of pre-Victorian sporting life. After a fight, he could usually be found in some smoke-filled tavern with the boxers and their supporters, sharing their joy of victory or dejection of defeat. Frank debate would frequently degenerate to flying oaths and fists.

Once, either suffering from physical damage or in a state of intoxication, he was bundled into a cab and taken home. On arrival, wrote a contemporary, he was extracted from his recumbent position at the bottom of the vehicle "rolled up after the manner of a hedgehog at the approach of winter" and was put in bed by a kindly neighbor. The next morning, none the worse for his nocturnal indulgence, he was back at the inn, ready to take up where he had left off.

A gregarious character with a penchant for exhibitionism, he vastly enjoyed singing his own songs at gatherings of the Fancy. He valued his standing with the sporting world, especially with the pugilistic fraternity, and was proud to chair meetings called to debate the development of the sport.

An indefatigable worker, Egan traveled all over Britain for reporting purposes and produced an astonishingly large number of books and pamphlets, as well as numerous columns of journalism. Though disappointed that he never made his mark as a serious dramatist, he rarely let anything dampen his spirits. "He always bounced back, full of new enthusiasm, bad puns, and happy facetiousness," wrote his biographer, J.C. Reid.

As a boxing writer, Egan is best known for his authorship of *Boxiana*, issued in five volumes between 1812 and 1829 (an additional volume was the work of John Badcock). Though widely acknowledged as a masterpiece, *Boxiana* needs to be approached with caution by the unwary reader, who may find it difficult to get in tune with Egan's eccentric style, his fondness for using capital letters and italics for emphasis, his proliferation of slang (much of it coined by himself), his picturesque metaphors, doggerel verse, and outrageous puns.

But the effort is hugely rewarding for those who stay the distance. Even a street-brawl between Dutch Sam, recognized as champion of the lightweights, and a man named Jones, who accosted a drunken Sam and challenged him to fight then and there, gives an insight into Egan's powers of observation and description:

"Sam, notwithstanding his intoxicated state, appeared to have the advantage, when Jones seized him by the hair of his head, threw him down, and beat him violently upon the stones. This act of cruelty operated contrary in its effect to what was expected by the perpetrator, by awakening Sam to a better recollection of what he was about. Sam started up, exclaiming, 'Take care, take care, for now I'm coming,' and put in such a stomacher as nearly deprived Jones of his breath, and followed it up by a tremendous hit over the eye, leveled this brute with the mud."

Of the second of former American slave Tom Molineaux's brave but futile bids to take the English heavyweight championship from Tom Cribb, Egan wrote: "The hardest frame could not resist the blows of the champion, and it is astonishing the Moor stood up to them so long. He was taken out of the ring senseless and could not articulate, and it was thought on the first examination that his jawbone and two of his ribs were fractured, while, on the contrary, Crib [Egan spelt it with one "b"] scarcely received a body blow, but his head was terribly out of shape."

Far from being repulsed by such savagery, the English looked upon boxing as an affirmation of masculine values such as prowess, vigor, and physical courage. Strength and "bottom" were the most admirable qualities in a prize fighter. The shedding of blood, or "claret," as Egan liked to call it, was part of its admirable picture.

"The English claret had flowed so freely," wrote Egan of one fight, "that never before or since did I see two men so thoroughly and handsomely painted with true red blood, from the crown of the head to the wristband. They would have made a rare subject for a painter."

Though his writings have been widely dissected and debated over the past two centuries, little is known about Pierce Egan the man. No record of his birth is known to exist, though Reid, in *Buck And Bruisers: Pierce Egan And Regency England* (published in 1971) thought he was probably born in 1774. What is known is that his father left Ireland to work as a road-making laborer in London, but whether that was before or after Egan was born is unclear. Around the age of 12, Egan got his first smell of ink when he was apprenticed to a printer. He later worked as a compositor with the firm of Smeeton's, while supplementing his earnings as a freelance writer.

It was George Smeeton who first published *Boxiana* in book form (it originally appeared in monthly paperbound sections, sold by subscription), although Egan wasn't named as the author. This was simply given as "One Of The Fancy." But by the time the second volume of *Boxiana* appeared, Egan got full credit on the title page. By then, he had gained his first job as a newspaper reporter on the *Weekly Dispatch*.

In 1819, in collaboration with the artist Robert Cruikshank, he produced an extraordinary work called *Picture Of The Fancy On The Road To Moulsey Hurst*. The panorama, 156 inches long by 2½ inches wide, with Cruikshank's painting accompanied by Egan's text, was issued in a carved wooden box. Beginning with the Fancy meeting in the Castle Tavern, it followed in brilliant detail their journey to the prize fight and, afterward, attendance at a bull-bait, concluding with a meeting the following day for settlement of bets.

In between his other volumes of *Boxiana*, the industrious Egan wrote a dictionary of slang and two widely acclaimed pamphlets on the trial and hanging of fight promoter John Thurell, convicted of murdering a money lender.

Life In London, written by Egan and illustrated by Cruikshank and his brother, George, was a huge success. Wittily telling the story of Corinthian Tom and his country cousin, the warmhearted Jerry Hawthorn, as they experienced London's high life and low life, including visits to Gentleman John Jackson's boxing academy and Tom Cribb's tavern, it became a best-seller.

"The Cruikshank brothers had accompanied Egan in his own 'rambles and sprees' gathering firsthand information for their joint production," wrote Tom Sawyer in *Noble Art*. "In fact, the unlikely trio were widely believed, at the time, to have been the originals of the resulting book's main characters. While the brothers can hardly be said to correspond to a pair of fashionable bucks, Egan, with his fondness for a 'bit of life' and an unending fund of excruciating puns, did bear a strong resemblance

to the Oxonian Bob Logic [another of the book's characters]."

The manners, dress, and behavior of Egan's heroes, Tom and Jerry (namesakes of the 20th century cartoon characters), were much imitated by "disorderly gentlemen" of the period who, when drunk, got their kicks out of knocking off policemen's helmets, or stealing and driving away hansom cabs, with the terrified passengers inside. *Life In London* even made it to the London stage, with the role of Corinthian Tom being played by Irish actor Tyrone Power, a great grandfather of the swashbuckling movie star of the same name.

By the mid-1820s, Egan was channeling his energies into other interests. He produced his own newspaper, *Pierce Egan's Weekly Courier To The Sporting, Theatrical, Literary And Fashionable World* (try shouting that on a street corner), became an actor, wrote a number of plays, and authored, among other works, *Pierce Egan's Book Of Sports*.

Though by then somewhat disillusioned with prize fighting, which was in decline, it was vintage Egan who commented on the meeting between the hitherto unbeaten Dick Curtis, "The Pet Of The Fancy," and Jack Perkins. Five minutes of the round had passed (at the time, rounds ended when either man fell to the ground) without either attempting a blow.

Egan wrote: "This most certainly was a new feature in the battles of Curtis, and extorted from the backers of the Pet that Perkins was a troublesome character. 'Go to work,' was the cry. Dick at length placed a slight facer and, in the exchange of hits, in a rally, he napted a rum one between the chaffer and the sneezer, which Spring [Perkins' second] called out, 'First blood, and we shall win.' This was another new feature. The Pet was on the alert, and planted a heavy blow on Perkins' domino box."

However, Curtis, the much lighter man, had the worst of things and was finally carried unconscious from the ring, while the victor acknowledged the cheers of the crowd. Egan noted that Perkins didn't escape entirely unscathed: "His nob was not much damaged, excepting a cut over the left eye. His mug was puffed a little, but his grub warehouse, we think, must have felt very tender from the numerous podgers Dick planted upon it."

After failing to persuade British Prime Minister Sir Robert Peel, to whom he wrote a letter, that he was entitled to state pension, Egan was sadly reduced, toward the end of his life, to lecturing on the art of self-defense in Dublin, Edinburgh, and Liverpool. He wrote his last book at the age of 71, a delightful effort entitled *Every Gentleman's Manual, Or A Lecture In The Art Of Self-Defense*, in which he looked back fondly on the sport he helped shape.

Egan was 74 when he died after suffering a stroke at his home in Regent's Park, London, on August 3, 1849. He left a widow, Mary, and several children. One of his sons, known as Pierce Egan the Younger, was a prolific author of popular novels, and third generation Pierce Egan, a teacher, published several works in an *Aid To The Classics* series.

Though he was, in his own words, "nothing else but a plain unlettered man," Egan made his literary mark. "Apart from his writings on pugilism," wrote John Ford in *Prizefighting: The Age Of Regency Boximania*, "Egan was to make major contributions to crime reporting, the cult of the picaresque, to the development of the popular newspaper, and to English usage, but he was first and last the chronicler of pugilism." ■

***Patrick Myler, a freelance writer based in Dublin, Ireland, is the author of several boxing books, including* Gentleman Jim Corbett: The Truth Behind A Boxing Legend.**

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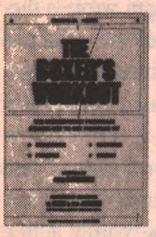

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Ralph Dupas

(Continued from page 49)

ing voices and imagining all kinds of things," said Tony.

Ralph's mental deterioration eventually cost him his casino job, and one day about 15 years ago, Tony got a newspaper clipping about Ralph, then employed as a trash-picker, with a photo showing him in a bug-infested apartment. Tony brought his brother back to New Orleans and took care of him at his home until five years ago, when Ralph required professional supervision and care.

"I took him to a neurologist, who said, he's brain damaged and he's not getting any better," said Tony. "His memory's real bad. He remembers some things that happened years ago, but if you tell him something, in 20 minutes he won't remember what you told him."

While Ralph no longer recalls all he was in the ring, his brother would like other people to, and has spent "God knows how long" since his retirement from pipe-fitting writing letters to boxing writers and others who nominate and elect members of boxing's Hall of Fame.

"My brother has been ignored all these years," said Tony. "How many fighters are there who fought for three different world titles, and for 10 straight years was in the ratings, beginning when he was 17 years old?"

Fighting for Ralph is the least he can do, said Tony.

"He did so much for us. He took us out of the ghetto. He sacrificed for us. You'd have to know Ralph when he wasn't messed up in the head to appreciate him. He used to go to bed with a smile and get up with a smile. I just can't do enough for him." ■

Pete Ehrmann, a freelance writer based in West Allis, Wisconsin, is a regular contributor to this magazine.

BOXING COLLECTOR'S NOTEBOOK

By Don Scott

I appreciate all the letters and e-mail I have been getting. I get lots of great questions concerning particular items, and this month I'm going to answer some of the more common ones I receive:

Are boxing collectibles and artifacts becoming more valuable?

The short answer is yes. But like any antique or collectible, you have to pay the right price. The dealers in my publication, *Boxing Collectors' News*, are pretty reasonable and, unlike much of the stuff you get through some internet auction sites, are fairly well-researched and authenticated. That may sound a bit self-serving, but it's also good advice. The market is not hot right now, but nothing seems to be dropping in price either, and the truly rare items are appreciating nicely.

What is a COA?

It is a certificate of authentication. Most of them simply mean that the dealer who sells the item (usually an autograph) guarantees it to be authentic. But what does that mean? If the dealer was there to see the item signed, and you trust the dealer, a COA is certainly nice to have. If the dealer was *not* there to see it signed, you should ask how he/she knows it is real. "Trust me; I see a lot of this stuff," is a bad answer. If you have a vintage signature of a fighter who fought before 1970, and you want my opinion, send me a photo copy and a self-addressed stamped envelope (SASE) to the address at the end of this column. I will give you an opinion based on whether or not the signature compares favorably with the accepted signatures I've seen. That's as close as anyone who is not an experienced forensic examiner and handwriting expert can get.

What is the best item I own?

I have a large collection, assembled over a period of about 20 years, and some days I like one thing more than another. I have a collection of Harry Greb material, including a rare program from Greb's title-winning fight with Johnny Wilson, a signed pair of gloves, and a signed photo. I also have a Jack Johnson-Stanley Ketchel program and pair of Rocky Marciano's fight-worn gloves.

Where should a new collector start?

I suggest you start with the fights and fighters you like to read about or have seen. I also recommend that folks read *Ten And Out* by Alexander Johnston (published in 1940, but still fairly easy to find) and *The Pictorial History Of Boxing* by Nat Fleischer and Sam Andre, which is still in print and available in most book stores. These books will pique your interest in fighters and fights you may never have heard of previously.

My great Uncle Louie fought between 1920 and 1940, and supposedly fought some famous guy. I think he was mentioned in THE RING. Can you help me?

I get a lot of this sort of inquiry, but unless your uncle was a headliner and you know who he fought and when, it is going to be a long and frustrating search. Luigi Coppola (1 Seminole Street, Centerport, New York 11721) will research records for free, but don't expect a miracle. Do *not* contact him by telephone, but *do* send a SASE with your request. THE RING does not have its old issues indexed, so they can't help you either unless you have accurate specifics. It's also tough to do your own research because, as far as I know, no public library has a complete set of every issue of THE RING. If you find one that does, let me know.

How can I get your assistance?

My e-mail address is donscott@boxingcollectors.com and my Web site is boxingcollectors.com. The Web site will answer many questions. There's a section on programs, autographs, etc., and another on THE RING and the value of old issues. My address is 3316 Luallen Drive, Carrollton, Texas 75007. Please do not send me a list of items to estimate; I have to charge for that. And remember, it's just my opinion. More than one person over the years has asked my opinion, and then become irate after I give it to them because it wasn't what they wanted to hear. ■

Don Scott is the editor and publisher of Boxing Collectors' News.

WORLDWIDE RATINGS

The ratings of the three major governing bodies recognized by The Ring are supplied by the organizations themselves. They are updated on these pages as soon as they are made available to us. In this issue, the WBA ratings were compiled as of June 1999, the WBC as of September 1999, and the IBF as of September 1999.

HEAVYWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Lennox Lewis (GB)	C	–	–
Evander Holyfield (USA)	–	C	C
John Ruiz (USA)	1	2	3
Michael Grant (USA)	2	6	–
David Tua (NZ)	3	–	1
Wladimir Klitchko (UKR)	4	7	–
Andrew Golota (POL)	5	–	10
Larry Donald (USA)	6	3	4
Hasim Rahman (USA)	7	–	5
Henry Akinwande (GB)	8	1	6
Zeljko Mavrovic (CROA)	9	11	–
Kirk Johnson (CAN)	10	–	–
Kirk Johnson (CAN)	–	4	8
Oleg Maskaev (UKR)	24	5	–
Jade Scott (USA)	22	8	–
Derrick Jefferson (USA)	28	9	–
Dick Ryan (USA)	–	10	–
Vacant	–	–	2
Chris Byrd (USA)	19	–	7
Danell Nicholson (USA)	–	–	9

CRUISERWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Juan Carlos Gomez (CUBA)	C	–	–
Fabrice Tiozzo (FRA)	–	C	–
Vassiliy Jirov (KAZ)	–	–	C
Saul Montana (MEX)	1	1	1
James Toney (USA)	2	–	10
Imamu Mayfield (USA)	3	7	4
Marcelo Dominguez (ARG)	4	–	–
Alex Gonzalez (PR)	5	–	–
Andre Purlette (GUY)	6	–	5
Alexei Ilin (RUS)	7	9	–
Napoleon Tagoe (USA)	8	–	7
Virgil Hill (USA)	9	2	–
Terry Dunstan (GB)	10	–	9
Valery Vikhor (LAT)	–	3	12
Akim Tafer (FRA)	–	4	–
Dale Brown (CAN)	11	5	8
Stefan Anghern (SWI)	–	6	–
Alexander Gurov (UKR)	–	8	–
Ezequiel Paixao (BRA)	–	10	–
Alex Gonzales (USA)	–	–	2
Torsten May (GER)	12	–	3
Arthur Williams (USA)	19	–	6

LT. HEAVYWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Roy Jones (USA)	C	C	C
Michael Nunn (USA)	1	9	–
Clinton Woods (GB)	2	10	–
David Telesco (USA)	3	2	8
Hisashi Teraji (JAP)	4	–	–
Muhammad Siluvangi (ZAI)	5	–	3
Eric Harding (USA)	6	4	9
Reggie Johnson (USA)	7	–	5
Yawe Davis (ITA)	8	–	–
Antonio Tarver (USA)	9	–	1
Greg Wright (USA)	10	–	–
Richard Hall (USA)	–	1	–
Lou Del Valle (USA)	–	3	7
Derrick Harmon (USA)	14	5	–
Glenn Kelly (AUSTRL)	13	6	4
Timo Masua (NZ)	–	7	–
Rogerio Lobo (BRA)	–	8	–
Vacant	–	–	2
Will Taylor (USA)	–	–	6
Lee Osie (SPA)	28	–	10

SUPER MIDDLEWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Richie Woodhall (GB)	C	–	–
Byron Mitchell (USA)	–	C	–
Sven Ottke (GER)	–	–	C
Glenn Catley (GB)	1	–	–
Eric Lucas (CAN)	2	4	11
Bruno Girard (FRA)	3	1	5
David Starie (GB)	4	5	6
Zafarou Ballogou (TOGO)	5	11	3
Mario Velt (GER)	6	8	9
Frank Liles (USA)	7	2	–
Vinny Pazienza (USA)	8	–	–
Omar Sheika (USA)	9	–	–
Robin Reid (GB)	10	–	–
Thomas Tate (USA)	–	3	2
Jorge Castro (ARG)	–	6	–
Manuel Siacca (PR)	–	7	–
Frederic Alvarez (FRA)	–	9	–
Craig Cummings (USA)	–	10	–
Charles Brewer (USA)	–	–	1
Glenn Johnson (USA)	20	–	4
Bryant Brannon (USA)	–	–	7
Tocker Pudwill (USA)	–	–	8
Sam Leuii (AUSTRL)	–	–	10

MIDDLEWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Keith Holmes (USA)	C	–	–
William Joppy (USA)	–	C	–
Bernard Hopkins (USA)	–	–	C
Robert McCracken (GB)	1	5	3
Antwun Echols (USA)	2	–	–
Hassine Cherifi (FRA)	3	–	9
Kevin Palmer (USA)	4	–	–
Davey Hilton (CAN)	5	11	4
Erland Betare (FRA)	6	–	–
Davide Ciarlante (ITA)	7	–	–
Howard Eastman (GB)	8	6	11
Lonnie Bradley (USA)	9	–	–
Johnson Tshuma (ZIM)	10	–	12
Rito Ruvalcaba (MEX)	–	1	7
Antwun Echols (USA)	–	2	–
Winky Wright (USA)	–	3	–
Giovanni Pretorius (SA)	15	4	–
Darren Obah (AUSTRL)	–	7	–
Ramon Moyano (ARG)	19	8	–
Sikat Pasarib (IND)	–	9	–
Dana Rosenblatt (USA)	13	10	–
Antwun Echols (USA)	–	–	1
Vacant	–	–	2
Brian Barbosa (USA)	14	–	5
Andrew Council (USA)	17	–	6
Ali Ennebati (FRA)	11	–	8
Syd Vanderpool (CAN)	25	–	10

JR. MIDDLEWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Francisco Castillejo (SPA)	C	–	–
David Reid (USA)	–	C	–
Fernando Vargas (USA)	–	–	C
Tony Marshall (USA)	1	–	–
Mamadou Thiam (FRA)	2	2	–
Roman Karmazin (RUS)	3	9	–
Anthony Jones (USA)	4	10	–
Laurent Boudouani (FRA)	5	4	11
Tony Badea (ROM)	6	–	–
Alfred Ankamah (GHA)	7	–	–
Kevin Kelly (USA)	8	1	–
Akira Ohigashi (JAP)	9	–	–
Keith Mullings (USA)	10	–	–
Pedro Ortega (MEX)	–	3	–
Jose Luis Lopez (MEX)	–	5	–
Rodney Jones (USA)	15	6	10
Javier Castillo (PAN)	–	7	–
Raul Frank (GUY)	–	8	–
Winky Wright (USA)	14	–	1
Ross Thompson (USA)	29	–	2
Eamie Artango (AUSTRL)	30	–	3
Bronco McKart (USA)	17	–	4
Emmett Linton (USA)	–	11	5
Yory Boy Campas (MEX)	19	–	6
Carl Daniels (USA)	11	12	7
Marshall Simpson (GUY)	–	–	8
Raul Marquez (USA)	–	–	9

WELTERWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Felix Trinidad (PR)	C	–	C
James Page (USA)	–	C	–
Oscar De La Hoya (USA)	1	–	–
Derrell Coley (USA)	2	–	7
Shannan Taylor (AUSTRL)	3	4	11
Vernon Forrest (USA)	4	6	4
Ike Quartey (GHA)	5	7	5
Nicolas Cervera (COL)	6	10	–
Hector Camacho Jr (USA)	7	–	–
Kofi Jantuah (GHA)	8	–	–
Carlos Baldomir (ARG)	9	9	–
Oba Carr (USA)	10	8	6
Vacant	–	1	–
Andrew Lewis (GUY)	25	2	–
Michael Trabant (GERE)	26	3	–
Andrei Pestraiev (RUS)	12	5	–
Raul Frank (USA)	–	–	1
Shane Mosley (USA)	–	–	2
Michael Covington (USA)	–	–	3
Sam Garr (USA)	17	–	8
Hugo Pineda (COL)	–	–	9
Sean Sullivan (AUSTRL)	–	–	10

JR. WELTERWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Kostya Tszyu (AUSTRL)	C	–	–
Sharmba Mitchell (USA)	–	C	–
Terron Millett (USA)	–	–	C
Julio Cesar Chavez (MEX)	1	9	–
Lawrence Ngobeni (SA)	2	12	–
Shane Mosley (USA)	3	–	–
Miguel Angel Gonzalez (MEX)	4	–	–
Diobelis Hurtado (CUB)	5	–	–
Oktay Urkal (TUR)	6	–	7
Jongkil Kim (KOR)	7	–	–
Thomas Damgaard (DEN)	8	6	–
Ahmed Santos (USA)	9	–	–
Mikhail Krivolapov (RUS)	10	–	–
Vacant	–	1	2
Fred Pendleton (USA)	–	2	–
Elio Ortiz (VEN)	–	3	–
Junichi Ono (JAP)	–	4	–
Virgil McClendon (USA)	–	5	12
Reggie Green (USA)	11	7	–
Hector Camacho Jr (PR)	–	8	6
Khalid Rahilou (FRA)	–	10	–
Zab Judah (USA)	–	–	1
Jan Bergman (SA)	–	–	3
Allan Vester (DEN)	23	–	4
Cesar Leiva (ARG)	21	–	5
Vince Phillips (USA)	12	–	8
Hector Lopez (USA)	–	–	9
Ray Oliveira (USA)	–	–	10

LIGHTWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Steve Johnston (USA)	C	–	–
Julien Lorcy (FRA)	–	C	–
Paul Spadafora (USA)	–	–	C
Billy Schwer (GB)	1	5	3
Cesar Bazan (MEX)	2	–	–
Lovemore Ndou (SA)	3	–	7
Yong Soo Choi (KOR)	4	–	–
Hiroyuki Sakamoto (JAP)	5	–	–
Rick Yoshimura (JAP)	6	4	–
Victoriano Damian Sosa (DR)	7	–	–
Daomai Sithkodam (THAI)	8	–	–
Djamel Lifa (FRA)	9	7	–
Gabriel Ruelas (USA)	10	–	–
Gilbert Serrano (VEN)	–	1	–
Alberto Sicurella (ARG)	17	2	–
Israel Cardona (USA)	–	3	4
Jean-Baptiste Mendy (FRA)	12	6	–
Golden Johnson (USA)	–	8	–
Edil Martinez (USA)	–	9	–
Oscar Garcia Cano (SPA)	18	10	–
Billy Irwin (CAN)	22	–	1
Vacant	–	–	2
Renato Cornett (AUS)	–	–	5
George Scott (SWE)	–	–	6
Ivan Robinson (USA)	13	–	8
Joel Perez (USA)	–	–	9
Stephane Smith (GB)	–	–	10

JR LIGHTWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Floyd Mayweather (USA)	C	–	–
Lakva Sim (MON)	–	C	–
Robert Garcia (USA)	–	–	C
Goyo Vargas (MEX)	1	–	–
Jesus Chavez (USA)	2	–	–
Derrick Gainer (USA)	3	–	2
Sirimongkol Singmanassuk (THAI)	4	–	–
Kengo Nagashima (JAP)	5	10	–
Dennis Holbaek (DEN)	6	4	9
Tiger Ari (PHIL)	7	–	–
Diego Corrales (USA)	8	3	1
Carlos Hernandez (EL SALV)	9	–	–
Justin Juuko (UGA)	10	–	–
Joel Casamayor (CUB)	–	1	–
Yong Soo Choi (KOR)	–	2	–
Yodsanan Nanthachai (THAI)	–	5	–
Carlos Gerena (PR)	14	6	3
Edson Xuxa Nacimento (BRA)	–	7	–
Takanori Hatakeyama (JAP)	–	8	–
Tontcho Tontchev (BUL)	22	9	–
Robbie Peden (AUSTRL)	–	–	4
Carlos Hernandez (USA)	–	–	5
Santos Rebolledo (VEN)	–	–	6
Harold Warren (USA)	–	–	7
John Brown (USA)	–	–	8
David Santos (USA)	–	–	10

FEATHERWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Cesar Soto (MEX)	C	–	–
Fred Norwood (USA)	–	C	–
Manuel Medina (MEX)	–	–	C
Luisito Espinosa (PHIL)	1	6	–
Takeo Imaoka (JAP)	2	–	–
Guty Espadas (MEX)	3	–	–
Injin Chi (KOR)	4	–	–
Pablo Chacon (ARG)	5	4	5
Takashi Koshimoto (JAP)	6	–	–
Edgar Barcenas (MEX)	7	–	–
Istvan Kovacs (HUN)	8	8	–
Tony Wehbee (AUS)	9	–	11
Augie Sanchez (USA)	10	–	12
Antonio Cermeno (VEN)	–	1	–
Frederic Perez (FRA)	22	2	–
Derrick Gainer (USA)	–	3	–
Victor Polo (COL)	–	5	–
Angel Vasquez (PR)	–	7	8
Juan Manuel Marquez (MEX)	14	9	–
Lewis Wood (USA)	–	10	–
Vuyani Bungu (SA)	–	–	1
Vacant	–	–	2
Mbulelo Botile (SA)	–	–	3
Oscar Larios (MEX)	–	–	4
Jesus Chavez (USA)	–	–	6
Tracy Patterson (USA)	–	–	7
Hector Lizarraga (USA)	–	–	9
Frankie Toledo (USA)	–	–	10

JR. FEATHERWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Erik Morales (MEX)	C	–	–
Nestor Garza (MEX)	–	C	–
Lehlo Ledwaba (SA)	–	–	C
Michael Brodie (GB)	1	7	3
Wayne McCullough (IRE)	2	–	–
Willie Jorrin (USA)	3	–	7
Sergei Devakov (UKR)	4	–	–
Oscar Larios (MEX)	5	–	–
Reynante Jamili (PHIL)	6	10	–
Ariston Clayton (USA)	7	–	–
Kennedy McKinney (USA)	8	–	–
John Johnson (USA)	9	8	10
Salim Medjkoune (FRA)	10	–	12
Yobert Ortega (VEN)	–	1	–
Richard Carrillo (VEN)	–	2	–
Bugiarso (INDO)	–	3	–
Enrique Sanchez (MEX)	11	4	–
Carlos Barreto (VEN)	–	5	–
Vladislav Antonov (RUS)	21	6	8
Guty Espadas (MEX)	–	9	–
Ernesto Gray (COL)	–	–	1
Vacant	–	–	2
Andrian Kaspari (INDO)	–	–	4
Jesus Salud (USA)	–	–	5
Jason Pires (USA)	–	–	6
Sean Fletcher (USA)	–	–	9

BANTAMWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Veerapol Sahaprom (THAI)	C	–	–
Paul Ayala (USA)	–	C	–
Tim Austin (USA)	–	–	C
Adan Vargas (MEX)	1	3	7
Dario Azuaga (PAR)	2	–	5
Hugo Dianzo (MEX)	3	–	–
Cuauhtemoc Gomez (MEX)	4	7	–
Johnny Tapia (USA)	5	4	–
Jess Maca (PHIL)	6	–	–
Manny Pacquiao (PHIL)	7	–	–
Gerardo Martinez (MEX)	8	–	–
Cruz Carbajal (MEX)	9	–	–
Nana Konadu (GHA)	10	2	4
Sahoiu Sithchai Condo (THAI)	–	1	–
Johnny Bredahl (DEN)	12	5	6
Jose Luis Valbuena (VEN)	–	6	–
Kozo Ishii (KOR)	–	8	–
Rafael Marquez (MEX)	17	9	–
Eidy Moya (VEN)	–	10	–
Bernardo Mendoza (CHI)	–	–	1
Jesus Perez (COL)	24	–	2
Jose Mendoza (COL)	–	–	3
Arthur Johnson (USA)	13	–	8
Pedro Rincon (COL)	–	–	9
Mauricio Martinez (PAN)	–	–	10

JR. BANTAMWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
In Joo Cho (KOR)	C	–	–
Jesus Rojas (VEN)	21	C	–
Mark Johnson (USA)	–	–	C
Gerry Penalosa (PHIL)	1	–	3
Luis Bolanos (COL)	2	9	–
Joel Luna Zarate (MEX)	3	10	–
Eric Morel (USA)	4	3	–
Yokthai Sithoar (THAI)	5	1	10
Heriberto Ruiz (MEX)	6	–	11
Genaro Garcia (MEX)	7	–	–
Ricardo Barajas (MEX)	8	–	–
Dimitri Kirilov (RUS)	9	–	–
Masanori Tokuyama (JAP)	10	–	–
Saen Sow Ploenchit (THAI)	–	2	4
Dario Azuaga (PAR)	–	4	–
Akihigo Nago (JAP)	–	5	–
Felix Machado (VEN)	–	6	2
Evangelo Perez (PAN)	–	7	8
Sompichai Kratchingdaeng (THAI)	–	8	–
Julio Gamboa (NIC)	28	–	1
Ratanachai Sor Voraphin (THAI)	20	12	5
Samson 3K-Battery (THAI)	–	–	6
Jose Rafael Sosa (ARG)	22	–	7
Med Lukchaopormasak (THAI)	–	–	9

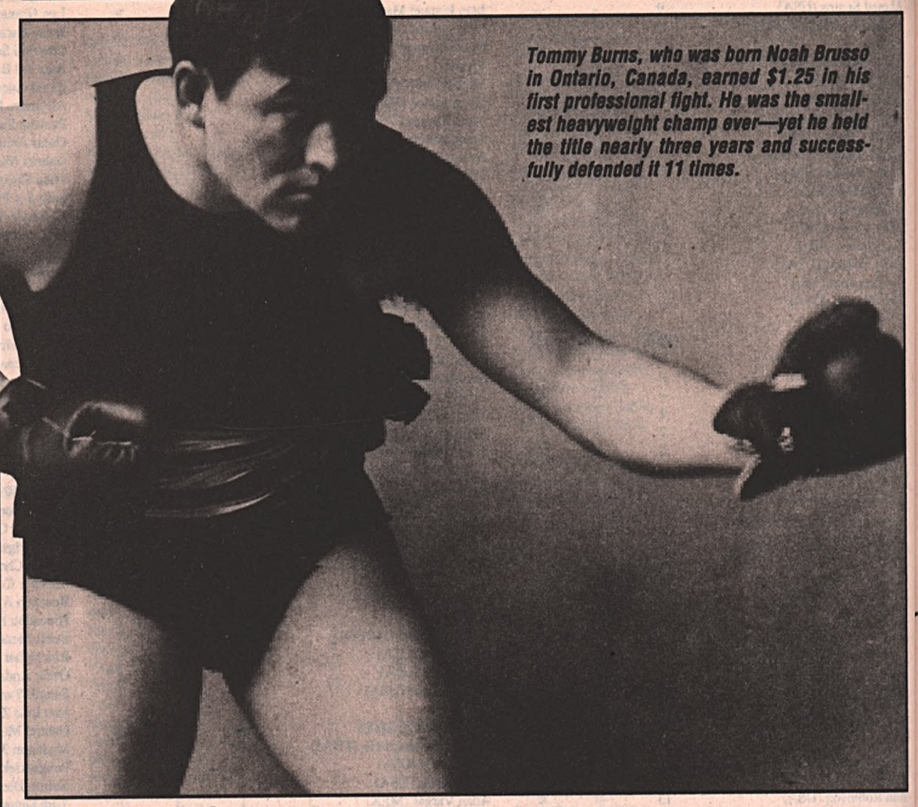
FLYWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Medgoen 3K Battery (THAI)	C	–	–
Leo Gamez (VEN)	–	C	–
Irene Pacheco (COL)	–	–	C
Chatchai Sasakul (THAI)	1	–	–
Alex Ali Baba (GHA)	2	–	11
David Guerault (FRA)	3	5	1
Alejandro Montiel (MEX)	4	8	5
Panieng Sasiprabha Okuda (THAI)	5	–	–
Oscar Arciniega (MEX)	6	–	–
Gabriel Mira (MEX)	7	–	–
Mike Trejo (USA)	8	9	4
Saen Sor Ploenchit (THAI)	9	–	–
Alexander Mahmutov (RUS)	10	–	–
Jose Bonilla (VEN)	–	1	–
Gilberto Gonzalez (VEN)	–	2	10
Denkaosaen Kaowitch (THAI)	–	3	–
Jesper Jensen (DEN)	–	4	–
Panieng Okuda (THAI)	–	6	–
Hugo Soto (ARG)	–	7	–
Gabriel Munoz (MEX)	–	10	–
Pedro Pena (USA)	29	–	2
Ferid Ben Jeddou (TUN)	–	–	3
Fernando Montiel (MEX)	–	–	6
Gerson Guerrero (MEX)	11	–	7
Isidro Garcia (USA)	12	–	8
Zoltan Lunka (TUR)	20	–	9

JR. FLYWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Saman Sorjaturong (THAI)	C	–	–
Pichitnoi C. Siriwat (THAI)	–	C	–
Will Grigsby (USA)	–	–	C
Yosam Choi (KOR)	1	10	–
Melchor Cob Castro (MEX)	2	4	–
Rosendo Alvarez (NIC)	3	1	2
Hidenobu Honda (JAP)	4	3	–
Bebis Mendoza (COL)	5	–	–
Ridchichai Kiatprabhas (THAI)	6	–	–
Oscar Andrade (MEX)	7	–	12
Sangik Yang (KOR)	8	–	–
Jose Luis Zepeda (MEX)	9	–	–
Gabriel Munoz (MEX)	10	–	–
Medngon 3K Battery (THAI)	–	2	9
Pongsaklek Nakornton (THAI)	–	5	–
Nelson Dieppa (DR)	18	6	7
Yura Dimas (MON)	–	7	–
Jose Sanjuanelo (COL)	–	8	–
Jake Matlala (SA)	–	9	–
Pedro Rodriguez (COL)	–	–	1
Anis Roga (INDO)	–	–	3
Ratanapol Sor Vorapin (THAI)	–	–	4
Ricardo Lopez (MEX)	–	–	5
Asdrubal Velasquez (COL)	–	–	6
Osvaldo Guerrero (MEX)	12	–	8
Carlos Murillo (PAN)	–	–	10

STRAWWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Wandee Chor Chareon (THAI)	C	–	–
Ricardo Lopez (MEX)	–	C	–
Zolani Petelo (SA)	–	–	C
Jose Antonio Aguirre (MEX)	1	11	–
Andy Tabanas (PHIL)	2	–	2
Daniel Reyes (COL)	3	8	6
Satoru Abe (JAP)	4	5	–
Erdene Chuluun (MON)	5	–	–
Joma Gamboa (PHIL)	6	7	–
Yasuo Tokimitsu (JAP)	7	–	–
Udomdet Porpaoin (THAI)	8	9	–
Hiroshi Nakajima (JAP)	9	–	8
Fernando Luna (MEX)	10	–	–
Jose Garcia (COL)	–	1	–
Noel Arumbulet (VEN)	–	2	–
Songkram Porpaoin (THAI)	–	3	–
Hurricane Chulun (IND)	–	4	–
Chana Porpaoin (THAI)	–	6	–
Hiroshi Matsumoto (JAP)	23	10	–
Luis Lazarte (ARG)	–	–	1
Mickey Cantwell (GB)	–	–	3
Rocky Palma (JAP)	–	–	4
Faisol Akbar (INDO)	–	–	5
Alberto Rossel (PERU)	–	–	7
Rocky Lim (TWN)	–	–	9
Juan Herrera (COL)	–	–	10

CLASSIC

TOM BURNS: THE CHAMP NOBODY REMEMBERS



Tommy Burns, who was born Noah Brusso in Ontario, Canada, earned $1.25 in his first professional fight. He was the smallest heavyweight champ ever—yet he held the title nearly three years and successfully defended it 11 times.

By Steven R. Nicolaisen

In boxing, certain names are remembered long after others have been forgotten. The price paid is obscurity—obscurity for many at the expense of immortality for a chosen few. It's a shame, because many fighters deserve to be more than just statistics in a record book.

When Larry Holmes decisioned Trevor Berbick recently, it broke his string of eight consecutive knockouts in heavyweight title bouts, leaving him tied for the record with Tommy Burns. Like Berbick, Burns also hailed from Canada—the country's only world heavyweight champion—yet he is remembered by many merely as the man Jack Johnson beat for the title back in 1908.

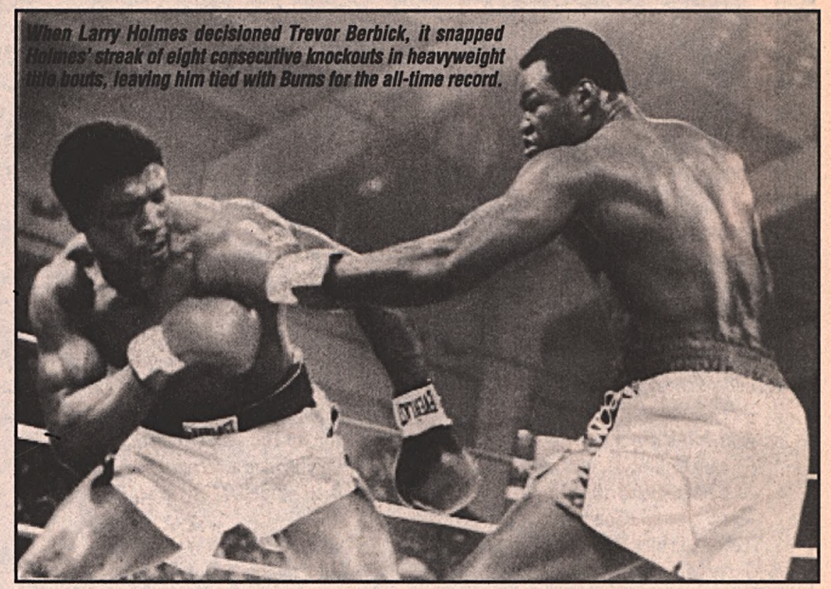
But Burns had much to be remembered for. Although he stood only 5'7" tall—the shortest heavyweight champion by a good three inches—and rarely weighed above 180 pounds, Burns was a good boxer, with a sharp left jab and a powerful overhand right. He possessed an unusually long reach (74 inches) for a man his size, and was a crafty counterpuncher and ring general. Despite his small stature, he held the heavyweight title nearly three years and successfully defended it 11 times.

Born Noah Brusso in Hanover, Ontario, Canada, on June 17, 1881, "Burns" quit school early and worked at several odd jobs before entering the U.S. at the age of 14. He worked as a bellhop in a Detroit hotel, then returned to Canada at 17 to play professional hockey and lacrosse. Burns probably would have stuck with hockey had fate not intervened.

One night at a small Detroit fight club, in 1900, a request was made for a substitute opponent. In attendance was 19-year-old Noah Brusso, who had been working out at a Detroit gym to keep in shape between hockey games. Goaded by friends, he entered the ring against one Fred Thornton; and weighing all of 145 pounds, he kayoed Thornton in five, for which he got a whopping $1.25. Rematched later that year, Noah repeated the kayo, this time getting $60. He now entered boxing on a serious basis.

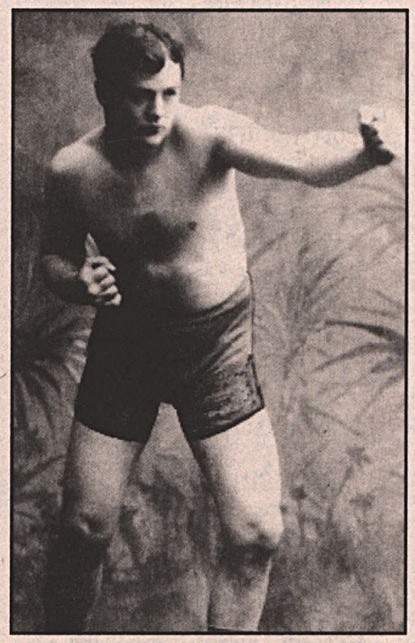
Noah fought and won five times in 1901. He also changed his name to Tommy Burns—Noah "borrowed" it from a then-well-known jockey—so that his parents, who disapproved of his boxing, wouldn't know he was still participating in a sport he had told them he already had quit. As a welterweight, he fought frequently during the next three years, often against bigger men. In November of 1902 he suffered his first loss, a close 10-round decision to Mike Schreck, an experienced light heavyweight. He continued to fight often, scouting opponents and studying their styles to his advantage before signing to fight them. Throughout his career, Burns was to act as both his own manager and trainer. By the end of 1904, he had scored a number of kayos, had fought a draw in a return bout with Schreck, and that October had lost a six-round decision to Philadelphia Jack O'Brien. They would meet again.

As 1905 began, Burns had grown into a middleweight, and was commanding larger purses. By far his biggest payday had been $700 for a 15-round draw with Billy Woods the previous September, but of his six bouts in 1905, five of his purses neared or exceeded the thousand-dollar mark—a lot of money in those days. Burns started the year with a 20-round draw with Jack "Twin" Sullivan, a bout recognized by some for the disputed middleweight title. He defeated Dave Barry in 20 rounds, then fought two draws with Hugo Kelly. A knockout in 20 over Barry in return gave Burns $1,700, his biggest payday that year. He ended 1905 with a rematch against Sullivan, again for a portion of the middleweight title. Burns received $1,000, but lost a 20-round decision to his balding adversary. Even if he had won, Burns could not have claimed the title, as he had weighed 163 pounds, five over the then-middleweight limit. From now on, Burns would concentrate on the heavyweights.



When Larry Holmes decisioned Trevor Berbick, it snapped Holmes' streak of eight consecutive knockouts in heavyweight title bouts, leaving him tied with Burns for the all-time record.

In 1906, the heavyweight title was in dispute. Jim Jeffries, the champion since knocking out Bob Fitzsimmons in 1899, had announced his retirement on May 13, 1905. Marvin Hart of Louisville, Kentucky, largely on the strength of a disputed decision over Jack Johnson the previous March, was matched with Jack Root of Chicago, the first light heavyweight champion, on July 3, 1905, in Reno. Hart, saved by the bell in the seventh, rallied to knock Root out in the 12th. Jeffries, who refereed, "presented" Hart with "his" championship, although later he would say that a promoter did so, using Jeffries' name without permission. Regardless of who did what for and to whom, Hart now claimed the heavyweight title.



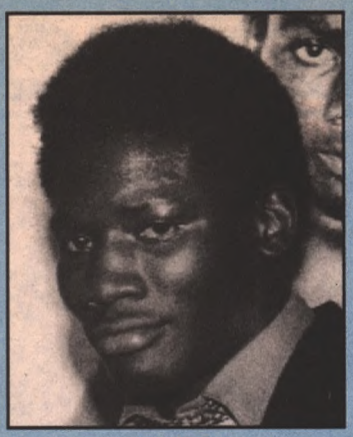
In 1906, the heavyweight title was in dispute. Marvin Hart (pictured) inherited the belt from Jim Jeffries, then quickly lost it to Burns.

Promoter Tom McCarey, looking for an opponent for Hart, offered Burns $2,400 to fight him for the title. Burns accepted, and he and Hart were matched for 20 rounds on February 23, 1906, in Los Angeles.

Hart entered the ring as a 2-1 favorite, but after a few rounds the odds had changed. Hart was the bigger man, but Burns used his longer reach to good advantage. By the fourth round, Hart's mouth, nose, and right eye were streaming blood. In the seventh, a right to the body, followed by a left to the face, sent Hart to the canvas. By the 12th,

From THE RING, July 1981

THE RING RATINGS, July 1981



Ayub Kalule

HEAVYWEIGHTS
World Champ: Larry Holmes, Easton, PA
1. **Mike Weaver**, Los Angeles, CA
2. **Gerry Cooney**, Huntington, NY
3. **Leon Spinks**, St. Louis, MO
4. **Michael Dokes**, Akron, OH
5. **Greg Page**, Louisville, KY
6. **Gerrie Coetzee**, South Africa
7. **Trevor Berbick**, Halifax, Nova Scotia
8. **Marty Monroe**, Los Angeles, CA
9. **James (Quick) Tillis**, Chicago, IL
10. **John Tate**, Knoxville, TN

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
World Champ: Matthew Saad Muhammad, Philadelphia, PA
1. **Eddie Mustafa Muhammad**, Brooklyn, NY
2. **Michael Spinks**, St. Louis, MO
3. **Jerry Martin**, Philadelphia, PA
4. **James Scott**, Rahway, NJ
5. **Carlos DeLeon**, Puerto Rico
6. **Marvin Johnson**, Indianapolis, IN
7. **Yaqui Lopez**, Stockton, CA
8. **Lotte Mwale**, Zambia
9. **Marvin Camel**, Missoula, MT
10. **Mustapha Wasajja**, Denmark

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
World Champ: Marvin Hagler, Brockton, MA
1. **Alan Minter**, England
2. **Vito Antuofermo**, Brooklyn, NY
3. **Mustafa Hamsho**, Syria
4. **Wilford Scypion**, New York, NY
5. **Fulgencio Obelmejias**, Venezuela
6. **Dwight Davison**, Detroit, MI
7. **Frank Fletcher**, Philadelphia, PA
8. **Curtis Parker**, Philadelphia, PA
9. **Robbie Epps**, Clovis, NM
10. **Tony Sibson**, England

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS
World Champ: Ayub Kalule, Denmark
1. **Maurice Hope**, England
2. **Ray Leonard**, Palmer Park, MD
3. **Wilfred Benitez**, Puerto Rico
4. **Rocky Mattioli**, Australia
5. **Carlos Herrera**, Argentina
6. **Kenny Bristol**, Guyana
7. **Tony Ayala, Jr.**, San Antonio, TX
8. **Walter Gomez**, Argentina
9. **Charlie Weir**, South Africa
10. **Nino Gonzalez**, Bayonne, NJ

WELTERWEIGHTS
World Champ: Ray Leonard, Palmer Park, MD
1. **Thomas Hearns**, Detroit, MI
2. **Wilfred Benitez**, Puerto Rico
3. **Pipino Cuevas**, Mexico
4. **Roberto Duran**, Panama
5. **Randy Shields**, N. Hollywood, CA
6. **Pete Ranzany**, Sacramento, CA
7. **Adolfo Viruet**, Hoboken, NJ
8. **Jorgen Hansen**, Denmark
9. **Luis Primera**, Venezuela
10. **Bruce Finch**, Milwaukee, WI

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS
World Champ: Aaron Pryor, Cincinnati, OH
1. **Saoul Mamby**, New York, NY
2. **Jo Kimpuani**, France
3. **Dujuan Johnson**, Detroit, MI
4. **Lennox Blackmore**, Guyana
5. **Miguel Montilla**, Dominican Republic
6. **Domingo Ayala**, Puerto Rico
7. **Sang-Hyun Kim**, Korea
8. **Bruce Curry**, Ft. Worth, TX
9. **Monroe Brooks**, Los Angeles, CA
10. **Leroy Haley**, Las Vegas, NV

LIGHTWEIGHTS
World Champ: Jim Watt, Scotland
1. **Sean O'Grady**, Oklahoma City, OK
2. **Hilmer Kenty**, Detroit, MI
3. **Alexis Arguello**, Coral Gables, FL
4. **Aaron Pryor**, Cincinnati, OH
5. **Rodolfo Gonzalez**, Mexico
6. **Howard Davis Jr.**, Glen Cove, NY
7. **Claude Noel**, Trinidad
8. **Edwin Viruet**, Puerto Rico
9. **Ernesto Espana**, Venezuela
10. **Gonzallo Montellano**, Los Angeles, CA

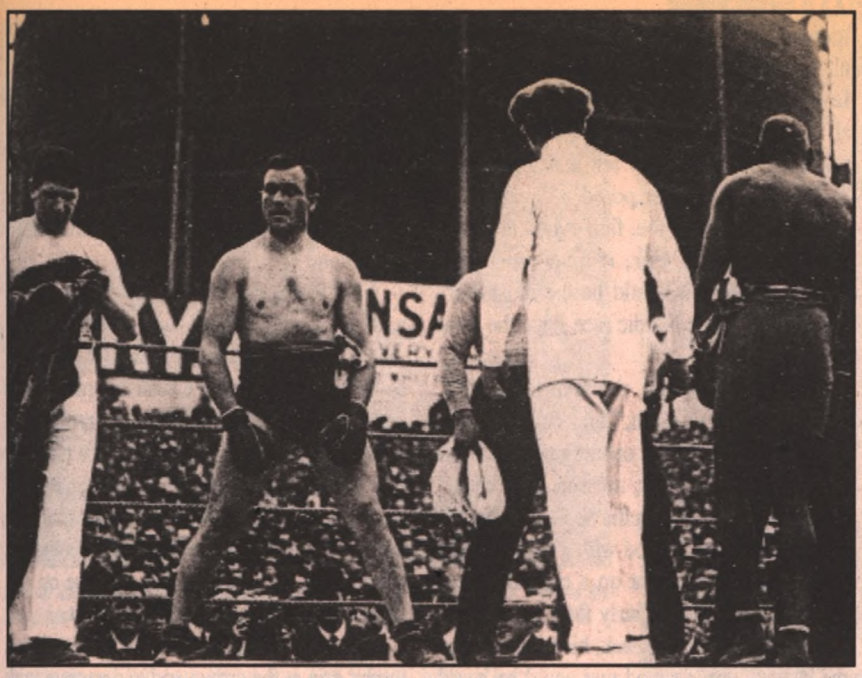
JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS
World Champ: Samuel Serrano, Puerto Rico
1. **Cornelius Boza-Edwards**, England
2. **Rafael (Bazooka) Limon**, Mexico
3. **Bobby Chacon**, Pacoima, CA
4. **Roberto Elizondo**, Corpus Christi, TX
5. **Yasutsune Uehara**, Japan
6. **Ildelfonso Bethelmy**, Venezuela
7. **Johnny Sato**, Los Angeles, CA
8. **Victor Echegaray**, Argentina
9. **Frankie Baltazar**, Los Angeles, CA
10. **Leonel Hernandez**, Venezuela

FEATHERWEIGHTS
World Champ: Salvador Sanchez, Mexico
1. **Eusebio Pedroza**, Panama
2. **Wilfredo Gomez**, Puerto Rico
3. **Rocky Lockridge**, Paterson, NJ
4. **Ruben Castillo**, Bakersfield, CA
5. **Roberto Castanon**, Spain
6. **Patrick Ford**, Guyana
7. **Juan LaPorte**, New York, NY
8. **Gustavo Salgado**, Mexico
9. **Francisco Manzo**, Mexico
10. **Paul Ferrari**, Australia

JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHTS
World Champ: Wilfredo Gomez, Puerto Rico
1. **Sergio Palma**, Argentina
2. **Ricardo Cardona**, Colombia
3. **Leo Cruz**, Dominican Republic
4. **Mike Ayala**, New York, NY
5. **Nicky Perez**, Tucson, AZ
6. **Carmelo Negron**, New York, NY
7. **Edwin Rosario**, Puerto Rico
8. **Juan (Kid) Meza**, Losa Angeles, CA
9. **Jose Caba**, Dominican Repulic
10. **Jaime Garza**, Los Angeles, CA

BANTAMWEIGHTS
World Champ: Jeff Chandler, Philadelphia, PA
1. **Lupe Pintor**, Mexico
2. **Julian Solis**, Puerto Rico
3. **Albert Davila**, Los Angeles, CA
4. **Jorge Lujan**, Panama
5. **Eijiro Murata**, Japan
6. **Roberto Rubaldino**, Mexico
7. **Oscar Muniz**, Los Angeles, CA
8. **Jose R. Narvaez**, Argentina
9. **Norberto Cabrera**, Mexico
10. **Chul-Ho Kim**, Korea

FLYWEIGHTS
World Champ: Shoji Oguma, Japan
1. **Hilario Zapata**, Panama
2. **Pedro Flores**, Mexico
3. **Yoko Gushiken**, Japan
4. **Santos Laciar**, Argentina
5. **Betulio Gonzalez**, Venezuela
6. **Willie Jensen**, Las Vegas, NV
7. **Peter Mathebula**, South Africa
8. **Luis Ibarra**, Panama
9. **Charlie Magri**, England
10. **Antonio Avelar**, Mexico



Despite giving up 24 pounds and five inches to Jack Johnson, defending champion Burns was a supremely confident 7-4 favorite. Burns was forced to shoulder a social pressure: The perception that he had to beat Johnson for the white race.

Burns was firmly in command, in the 14th nearly kayoed Hart, and in the final round widened his lead. When the final bell sounded, referee Charles Eyton, his clothes splattered with Hart's blood, declared Burns the winner and new champion.

Despite Burns' decisive victory, many were to scoff at his titular claims. Among them was W.W. Naughton who, in the San Francisco *Examiner* the day after the fight, called the heavyweight situation "hopeless." He felt that Burns hadn't established any firm credentials by beating Hart. Instead, "he simply proved that the other man was no fighter," and that "... the only thing accomplished tonight was to show that Marvin Hart is a poor apology as a world's champion." Naughton also felt that Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, now the light heavyweight champion, "... is easily the master of either ..." Clearly, Burns would have to shut up his detractors the only way he could—in the ring.

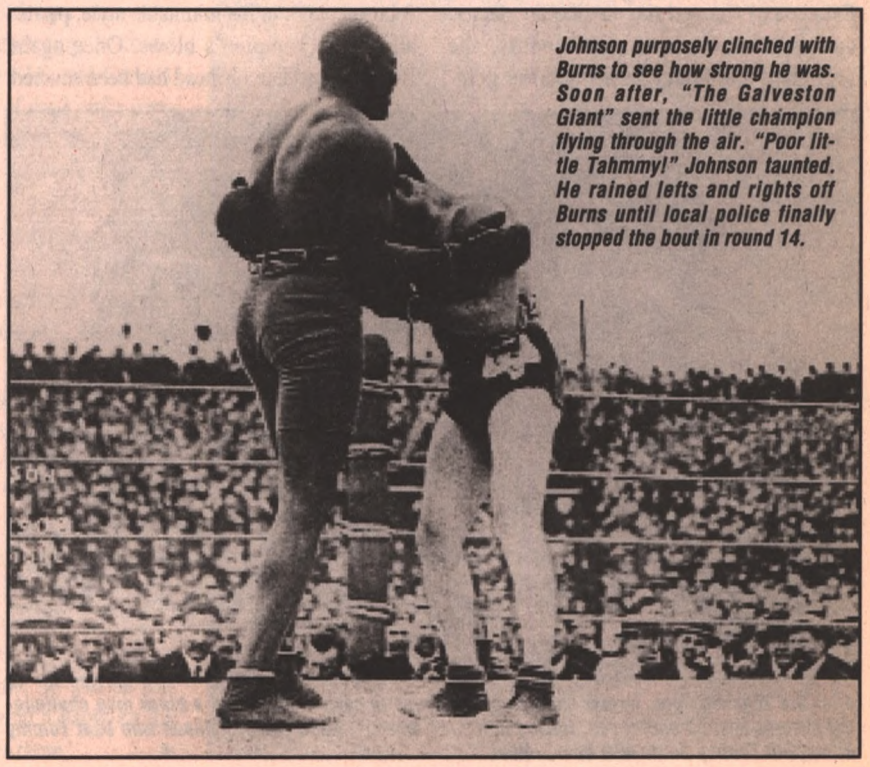
On March 28, 1906, the new champion entered a San Diego ring to fight two exhibitions—against Jim O'Brien and Jim Walker. Neither Jim made it through the first round. Then, on October 2, in Los Angeles, Burns made his first title defense against a third Jim who proved to be much more formidable than the previous two—"Fireman" Jim Flynn of Pueblo, Colorado.

Like Burns, Flynn was a small (5'9½", 185 pounds) heavyweight who specialized in beating bigger men. He was a rough, tough brawler and a redoubtable performer. If Burns were ever to win championship status, he would have to start with Flynn. In round 15, Burns floored Flynn twice, then put him literally to sleep for 10 minutes with a tremendous right to the jaw. Burns had fought and won like a champion—against a man who, 11 years later, would knock out Jack Dempsey in one round.

Despite his victory over Flynn, there were still those who gave Burns little chance against Philadelphia Jack O'Brien. They fought to a draw in their second meeting—though Burns appeared to have won easily—and O'Brien had refused to fight a third time unless Burns accepted a $3,500 bribe to take a dive in the 11th round. Burns told promoter McCarey that he went along with the scheme only to get O'Brien into the ring. The promoter then double-crossed O'Brien by having referee Eyton announce all bets off just before the opening bell.

O'Brien responded by setting a new record for running backward. Burns battered the light heavyweight champion all over the ring, easily winning the 20-round decision. When the bribe story broke a few days later, O'Brien was disgraced and Burns received the plaudits of the sporting press for his integrity. Burns finally had what he really wanted—firm recognition as heavyweight champion.

By 1908, Burns was getting challenges from middleweight champion Stanley Ketchel, Sam McVey, and especially from Jack Johnson, who had been hounding Burns for two years. "The Galveston Giant" had taunted Burns, insulted him, and insinuated the champion was afraid of him. But Burns paid no heed to Johnson and, instead, sailed



Johnson purposely clinched with Burns to see how strong he was. Soon after, "The Galveston Giant" sent the little champion flying through the air. "Poor little Tahmmy!" Johnson taunted. He rained lefts and rights off Burns until local police finally stopped the bout in round 14.

for Australia, and on August 24 the Burns-Bill Squires road show played its last stop at Sydney. This time Squires, who had been kayoed by Burns in eight earlier in the year, gave Burns a real battle, with both men bloodied before Burns nailed his challenger in the 13th. Nine days later—a record for the shortest period of time between heavyweight title bouts—Burns faced Bill Lang in Melbourne. Lang floored Burns in the second, but hit the deck several times before being counted out in the sixth. Lang thus became Burns' eighth straight knockout victim in heavyweight title defenses, a record that remains unbroken after 73 years, although equaled by Larry Holmes.

Then Burns got an offer he could not refuse; promoter Hugh McIntosh offered him $35,000 to fight Jack Johnson in a bowl-like arena at Rushcutter's Bay, outside of Sydney. Burns, who had never earned that much before, quickly agreed to the match, and signed for a 20-round fight against Johnson (who got $5,000). After much haggling, McIntosh was picked to referee.

The day after Christmas, 1908—better known as Boxing Day in the British Commonwealth—every sundowner and digger from the billabongs and outbacks of Eastern Australia with the price of a ticket could be found crowded into the 20,000-seat arena McIntosh had built for the occasion, while another 40,000 milled outside. Excitement charged the air like an electric current, for the two participants, the supremely confident Burns and the gold-toothed Johnson, despised each other. And although Burns entered the ring as a 7-to-4 favorite—with very little Johnson money showing up in the world's most intense betting community—many felt that the 6'1¼", 192-pound challenger posed a threat to his smaller, 168-pound foe, far beyond that of a potential victor. For, if he won, many Caucasians felt, it would be the most fearsome threat to the Nordic race since the days of Tamerlane.

The fight, to use the words of Jack London, "was no fight," and nearly ended before it began. At the opening bell Johnson sprang from his corner, measured the champion with a few jabs, clinched to assess his strength and then feinted with a long left and simultaneously brought up a right uppercut to Burns' jaw. Burns fairly flew through the air and toppled on his back, his head striking the canvas with a sound that could be heard throughout the arena. He arose at the count of eight. But now it was apparent to everyone in the bowl that the little champion had little or no chance of getting to the huge, clean-shaven black man who stood before him, who was ready to pick up his punishment of the man who had avoided him for two years right where he had left off.

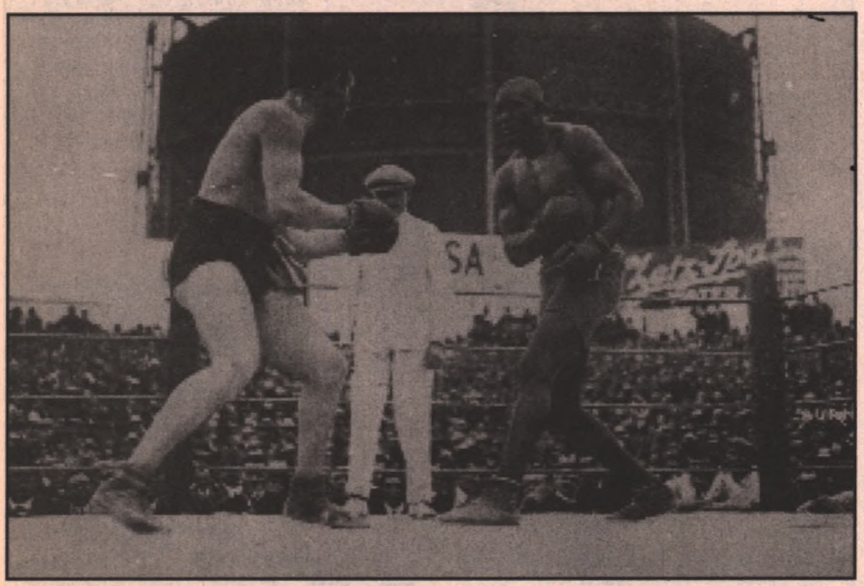
Burns, sensing his only chance was to get inside the longer reach of the challenger, moved in close to the black man, but all he got for his efforts was another hard right by Johnson, who, in his inimitable style, parried all of the champion's blows. Once again, Burns looked like his head had been severed. But he recovered in time to catch Johnson with a right of his own. Johnson retaliated with taunts, his voice carrying beyond the ringside seats. "Poor little Tahmmy! No good, Tahmmy! Come here, I'll teach you ..." And he would, raining lefts and rights off the head of the hopelessly outclassed champion.

For 13 rounds, the large black cat played with the small white mouse, less for nourishment than for sadistic pleasure. Rubbing the collective noses of the Caucasian race in the resin, he talked to the audience and taunted his foe, "Let's fight, you been runnin' away from me long enough. Now I caught you. Show me if you got any guts." Burns, unable to answer him with punches, was reduced to spitting out, through torn lips, "Come on and fight, Nigra!" It was that kind of fight.

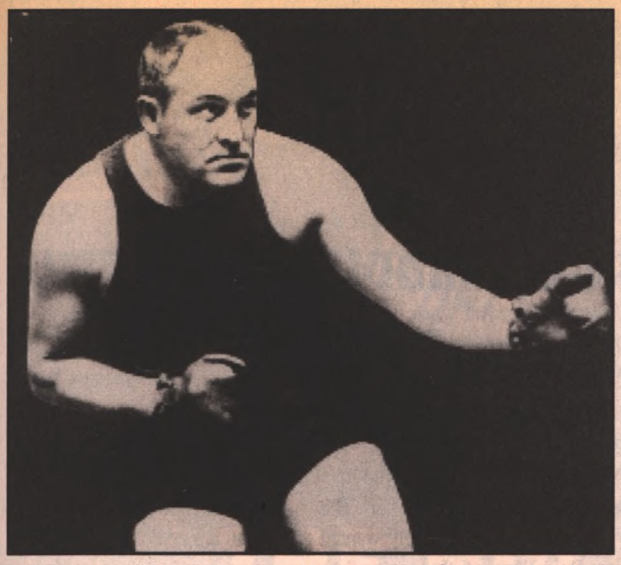
Between rounds Johnson would smile his toothy grin at the crowd and expectorate with unerring accuracy over the heads of his seconds onto a vacant space at ringside the size of a handkerchief between members of the disbelieving white press. He was, to the 20,000 whites in the Sydney stadium, insufferable. And unbeatable. The 14th round found Burns helpless, hanging on the ropes with his jaw dangling open, drooling blood. The local police jumped in to stop the slaughter. Jack Johnson had become the world's heavyweight champion. He was carried around the ring triumphantly atop his seconds' shoulders while Burns, now a battered and bruised ex-champion, stood in the middle of the ring screaming vilifications through torn lips, swearing he would go on fighting and gain revenge on Johnson.

Later, after having gone to the local racetracks and blowing his purse, Burns was to say, "The idea of a black man challenging me was beyond endurance. Hatred made me tense. It wasn't Jack Johnson who beat Tommy Burns, but Tommy Burns who beat himself."

Lingering in Australia, five months later Burns was to win a 20-round decision from the same Bill Lang he had knocked out in six rounds two years before. His next fight was a year later, on August 8, 1912, when he won a six-round decision from Bill Rickard back in his native Canada. He next fought a no-decision contest with "White Hope" Arthur Pelky, flooring the heavier Pelky three times in a bout he also promoted. Over the next six years, Burns fought two more times,



After the Johnson fight, former champion Burns was to say: "The idea of a black man challenging me was beyond endurance. Hatred made me tense. It wasn't Jack Johnson who beat Tommy Burns, but Tommy Burns who beat himself."



Former champion Burns continued to fight until he was 39 years old. He finished his days as an ordained minister and died of a heart attack in 1955.

knocking out Battling Brant and Tex Foster, both in four.

Then at the advanced age of 39, Burns became convinced he could once again call on the skills that had made him heavyweight champion 14 years earlier, and challenged Joe Beckett, the British heavyweight champion. Acting as the promoter, Burns rented Royal Albert Hall and set the fight for July 16, 1920. Burns was stopped in seven, but emerged a winner—of sorts. For after having cleared all the bills and paying Beckett his guarantee, Burns cleared $20,000.

Burns remained in England for several years, managing his own pub in London and operating a hotel in Newcastle before returning to New York to run a well-known speakeasy during Prohibition. Like many others, the 1929 stock market crash kayoed him. To survive, he appeared as an added attraction with a burlesque show until felled by an arthritis attack in 1935. While recuperating, he found religion, spending the rest of his life touring the U.S. and Canada. Proclaiming himself to be "Tommy Burns, one of the Lord's paratroopers of perfect thoughts," he dedicated himself to "fighting the devil" and settled in Coalinga, California, where he became an ordained minister.

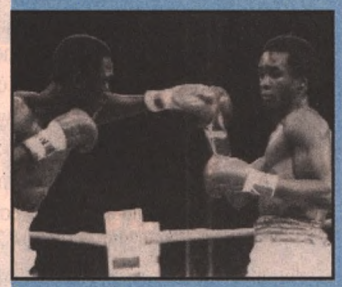
On May 10, 1955, while visiting John Westaway, leader of the John Westaway Society (formerly the Temple of Christ Healing), in Vancouver, British Columbia, Burns collapsed and was pronounced dead of a heart attack at Vancouver General Hospital a few hours later.

Tommy Burns is remembered today only as the man Jack Johnson beat. And yet it took someone with the abilities of a Johnson to finally dethrone him—a man whom the late Nat Fleischer called "The Greatest Heavyweight Champion of All-Time."

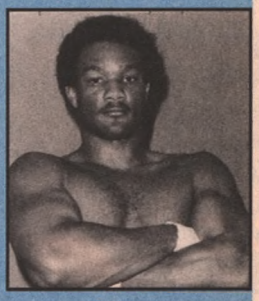
But Burns was more. Much more. And although it is inevitable that the old will make way for the new, fading into obscurity, it is also unfair. Especially in the case of Tommy Burns. Hopefully now that Holmes has tied his consecutive knockout record in defense of the heavyweight crown and resurrected his name, he will be rescued from fistic obscurity. And from merely being a name on the yellowing pages of old record books. He deserves more. ■

THE RING, July 1981

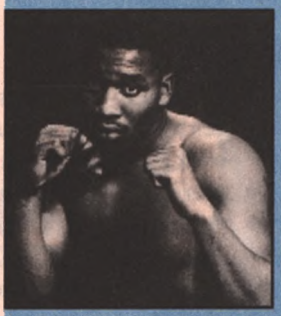
The Cover: WBC light heavyweight champion Matthew Saad Muhammad epitomized excitement in the ring. THE RING took a look beyond the ferocious side of Saad Muhammad, and delved into the gentle soul he was when he wasn't fighting. While Saad had established his identity inside the ring, his identity outside of it was clouded by his search for his real father.



Two Lumps For Sugar?: Thomas Hearns and Sugar Ray Leonard spoke their minds in a special preview of their upcoming fight. Hearns vowed Leonard would gain respect for his boxing ability, while Leonard maintained that "Hearns will get hit more than he ever did before."



George's New Fight: THE RING caught up with former-champion-turned-preacher George Foreman behind a pulpit praising God. After losing a surprising 12-round decision to Jimmy Young in Puerto Rico in 1977, Foreman left boxing, claiming God spoke to him in his dressing room afterward.



New Faces Going Places: Tim Witherspoon was just a budding 23-year-old when he was featured in THE RING's "New Faces" section. Before "Terrible Tim" (a nickname hung on him by Muhammad Ali after a sparring session) became heavyweight champion, THE RING predicted he would be around boxing for a long time.

Fighter Of The Month: Gerry Cooney was lauded for his 54-second demolition job of Ken Norton. The victory solidified Cooney's standing as the number-one contender to either Mike Weaver's WBA crown or Larry Holmes' WBC world title. Some experts, however, dismissed Cooney's victory as nothing more than a beating of a tired, shopworn fighter.

LOOKING AHEAD

By Eric Raskin

RAIDERS OF THE JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHT TITLE

Remember the scene at the beginning of *Raiders Of The Lost Ark* when Indiana Jones tries to carefully replace a golden idol with a similar-sized bag of dirt, enraging whatever gods are overlooking the scene? Well, **David Reid**, with his gold medal from the '96 Olympics and his shiny WBA 154-pound belt, was the idol IBF junior middle champ **Fernando Vargas** wanted. But Reid is out, replaced by someone of similar stature, **Ike Quartey** (who is by no means a bag of dirt), and the switcheroo has drawn the ire of both Vargas and HBO Sports Senior Vice President **Lou DiBella**.

"I thought I had an agreement with **Dan Goossen** [Reid's promoter] to feature David along with Vargas on a December show, then have them face each other next spring," DiBella said in early-October. "But we were unable to close the deal. The differences relate to money. The Reid camp suddenly wanted more than we could afford, and they basically pulled the plug on the Reid-Vargas fight for now."

Quartey-Vargas: Possible showdown next spring

"From the get-go, I always believed that David Reid-Fernando Vargas should be a pay-per-view event and that it wasn't ready to happen yet," responded Goossen. "To do this on regular HBO is like opening up a premium bottle of wine before its time. I see **Oscar De La Hoya-Felix Trinidad** type numbers if we do this fight in 12 to 16 months, where Vargas and Reid can both make $10- to $15-million."

Although a deal had not quite been struck with former WBA welterweight titlist Quartey as we went to press, it was, according to DiBella, looking very promising. Though Reid was the one Vargas really wanted, "Ferocious Fernando" is eager to prove himself against the dangerous Quartey.

"David Reid probably has more skills, but Quartey has more raw power," Vargas said from his training camp in Big Bear, California. "Beating Ike Quartey moves me into the pound-for-pound list, which is something I really want. But the thing I want even more is to unify the titles, and I thought that's what David Reid wanted, too. [WBC champ **Francisco**] **Castillejo** doesn't want to do anything either. These champs should have confidence in their skills. I'll fight anybody, but I can't make the fight. I hate the politics in this game, but I just have to try to look impressive fighting the guys I'm fighting."

The guy he's fighting first, December 4 on HBO, is mandatory challenger **Winky Wright**. On that same show, DiBella hopes to pair Quartey with a quality contender like **Bronco McKart**, then have Vargas and Quartey meet in March of 2000. It may not be Vargas' "American Dream," but if both Vargas and Reid keep winning, that dream could eventually come true on pay-per-view.

LISTEN UP

It's never a sure thing when a boxer announces his retirement, but if you're willing to take **Pernell Whitaker** at his word, then be prepared for the future Hall of Famer's magnificent career to come to an end at The Scope in Norfolk, Virginia, at the start of next year. HBO is looking to broadcast "Sweet Pea's" farewell fight on January 22, and the opponent may be **Willy Wise**, who, appropriately, would engage Whitaker in a pure boxing match. Look for undefeated welterweight **Vernon Forrest** to make his HBO debut in the co-feature ... According to Main Events matchmaker **Carl Moretti**, top junior welter contender **Zab Judah** should finally get his mandatory shot at IBF champ **Terronn Millett** sometime in January 2000.

Whitaker: May get Wise in January

FUTURE FIGHTS

By Art Manteris

VP/Director of Race and Sports Operations Las Vegas Hilton SuperBook

Las Vegas Hilton

Favorite	Underdog	Odds	The Skinny
Oscar De La Hoya	Felix Trinidad	Pick-'em	Even after 12 rounds, still too close to call
Felix Trinidad	James Page	7-1	Page has a puncher's chance, but Tito has way too many tools
Oscar De La Hoya	Francisco Castillejo	7-1	Spanish champ no match for Oscar
Oscar De La Hoya	Shane Mosley	4-1	Sugar Shane no easy fight for any welter
Fernando Vargas	Winky Wright	6-1	Vargas currently the best at 154 pounds
Floyd Mayweather	Stevie Johnston	2½-1	Great fight! "Pretty Boy" beats anyone 135 pounds or less

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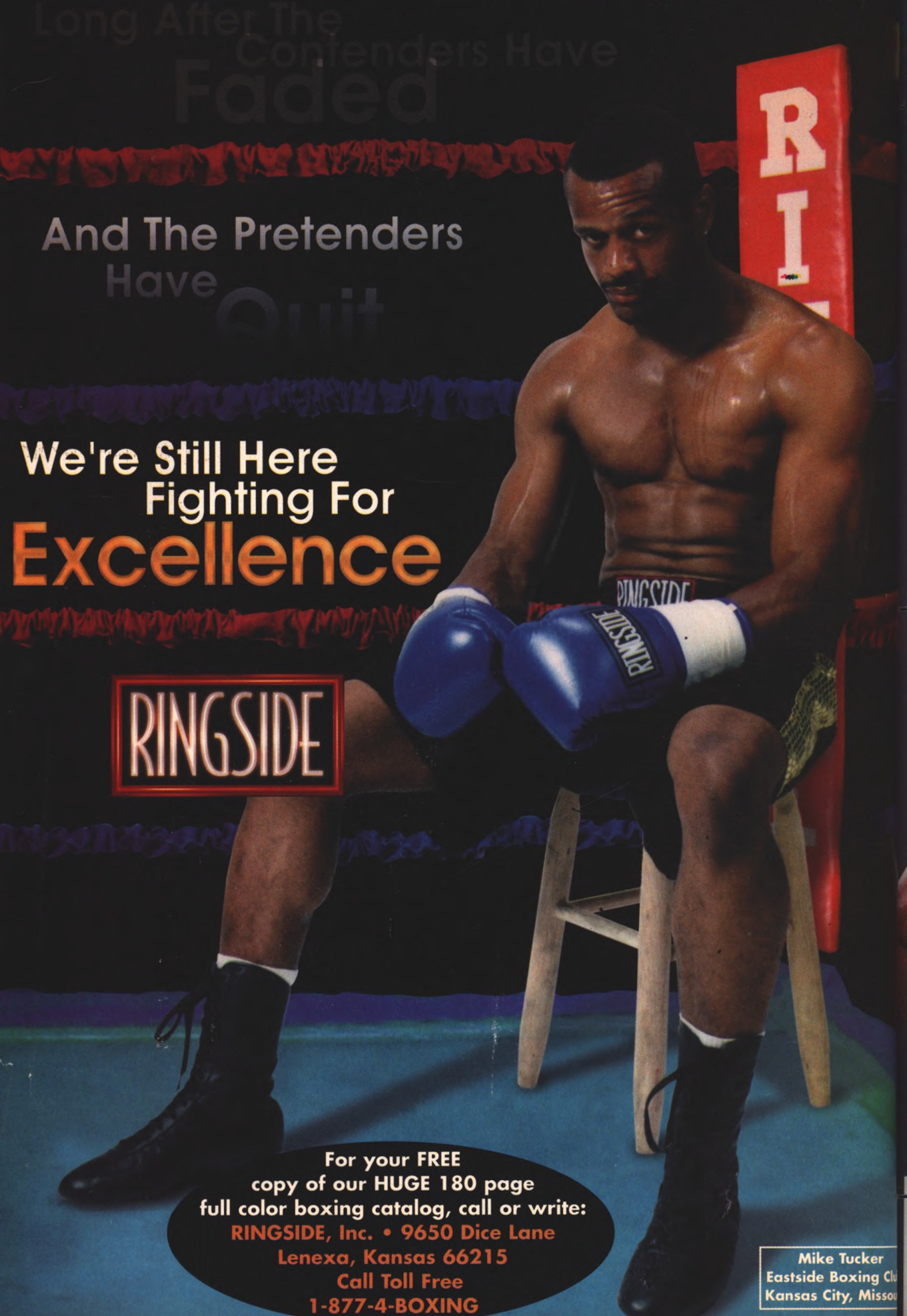
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